

March 24, 1965

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

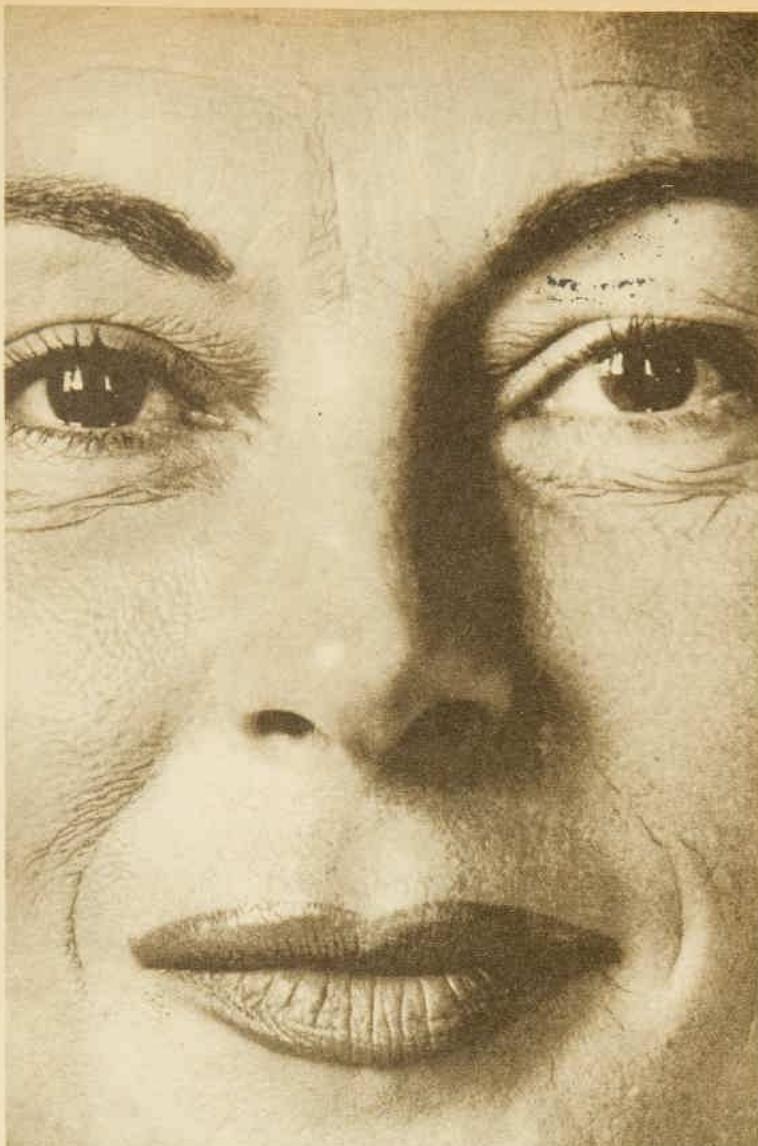
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The originals of these letters can be inspected in our offices.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

WHEN we were organising models to wear garments in this week's lift-out knitting book we were glad to have Justine McCarthy.

Justine was officially holidaying for three months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Justin McCarthy, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., but she made a few working exceptions.

After her great success in London last year, Justine has gone to New York, where she is working for the Eileen Ford agency, which carries other Australian names like Jean Newington, Margo Mc-Kendry, Willi Koopman.

At a mere 19, Justine has a zooming career abroad but claims to be a home girl.

"Already, I can't wait to be back next Christmas," she said before she boarded the plane to America.

**Late start —
going well**

"I'm no literary figure, I'm just 'Mum Brown,'" said the winner of the State of Victoria Short Story



• Mrs. Amy Brown.

OUR COVER

• Roaring flame of the bushfires that have burned out swathes of country through N.S.W. and Victoria. The picture was taken at Penrose, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg. Other pictures, story, pages 10, 11.

Own book of Australia

MRS. M. RICHARDS, of Richmond, Victoria, wonders if other readers keep the Beautiful Australia pictures in the paper.

She told us:

"I kept mine until I had quite a bundle of them, then decided to paste them all in a scrapbook. But no luck—all the scrapbooks I looked at were either a little too narrow or too short to take the pictures."

"Then I hit on the idea of using the Weekly itself as a scrapbook!"

"I selected a back issue with 96 pages, then cut out every two pages, leaving one in between. The pages I cut I left half an inch in the centre, so that the book did not fall apart, and the Beautiful Australia pictures could be pasted on to each side of the remaining pages."

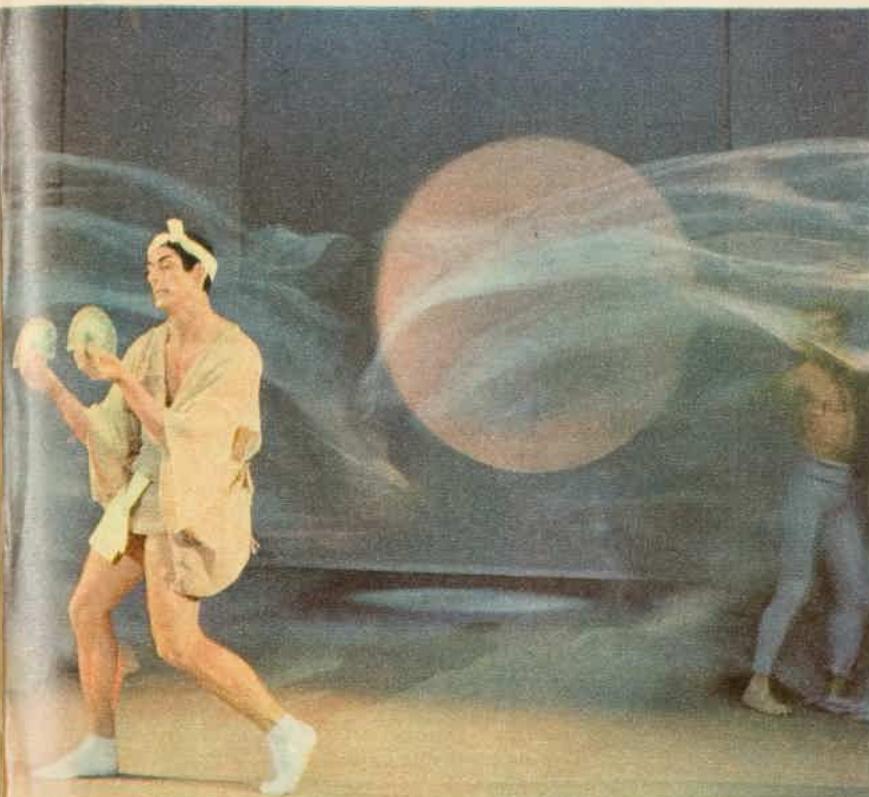
"Now I have a lovely book of Australian scenes all together in one compact scrapbook. And I'm starting another one."

"Incidentally, I have used the same method with old telephone books to make children's scrapbooks."

NEXT time you pack hurriedly for an unexpected trip, ponder this list:

- If you wear glasses, take an extra pair or your prescription.
- Headache pills.
- Extra flints and fuel for your lighter.
- Bottle of spot remover.
- Spare keys for your luggage.
- Alarm clock. For light sleepers, ear-plugs.

NEW HELPMANN BALLET



PICTURES show Moon Goddess (Kathy Gorham) at RIGHT, who takes off her tiny wings to bathe in a lagoon on earth. ABOVE, a fisherman (Garth Welch) finds the wings, and believing they are rare shells puts them away. BELOW, RIGHT, The Moon Goddess with her attendants. Performance is by The Australian Ballet.

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*The Moon Goddess
loses her wings . . .*



ROBERT HELPMANN'S new ballet, "Yugen," tells in exquisite terms a poetic story about The Moon Goddess, who comes to earth each night to bathe in a lagoon.

One night when she removes her wings to go swimming they are found by a fisherman who keeps them, thinking they are rare shells.

Without the wings The Moon Goddess cannot return with her radiance to the moon. When the fisherman learns this he gives his beloved "shells" back to the Goddess.

She flies back to the heavens to bring light to the moon once more.

This ballet is exciting and spectacular one minute, dreamy and enchanting the next.

Shadowy grey chiffon wisps worn by the spirit people make a subtle foil for the white, black, and orange worn by the mortals.

Kathy Gorham, as The Moon Goddess, is a dazzling picture with headdress of silver and white beads, sequins, and jewels.

But while bereft of her wings she wears a drift of filmy grey like the spirit costumes.

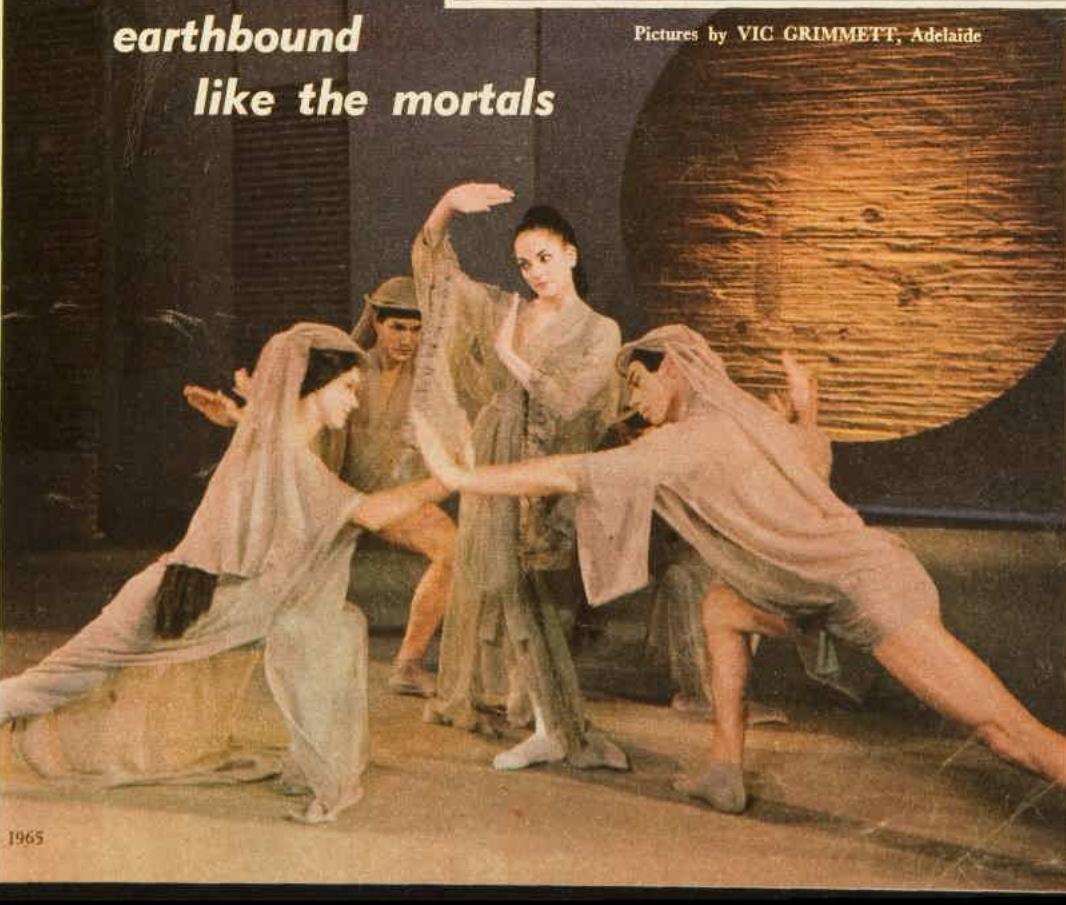
By RITA DUNSTAN

The rippling waves of the lagoon, ingeniously devised by decor and costume designer Desmond Heeley, are made of Japanese silk cut in deep scallops and draped on bamboo poles, which are manipulated to suggest light movement on the water.

Robert Helpmann stresses that "Yugen" (pronounced Yurgen) is not meant as an exhibition of Japanese dance technique, but rather as a tribute to the theatre of Japan.

"Yugen," he said, "cannot be exactly translated into English, but is conceived as a most gracefully refined expression of beauty; such as the beauty of the shadow of a cloud momentarily before the moon."

*...and becomes
earthbound
like the mortals*



NEXT WEEK:

THE BEST 100 BISCUIT RECIPES

Lift-out book



● To pep up that party, meal, or snack — or just to please your palate any time — this 16-page book to keep, colorfully illustrated, offers more than 100 recipes for the whole range of biscuits — from sweet to savory, plain to fancy.

From Paris:

The latest hairstyles . . .

● Three color pages show the new styles hitting the headlines — the curly look, with the revival of the marcel wave, and close-head shapes with light teasing, Edwardian effects.

... "Ideas" designer's Spring collection

● Couturier Andre Courreges' Spring clothes show sparse simplicity — and new proportions — in a Paris season of fuss.

There are two color pages of pictures from his "shot-in-the-arm" collection.

New SNOODS good news!

● Snoods are making a fashion comeback — and there are two designs, with easy instructions, to knit and crochet, in mohair and raffia.



ARCHITECTS'

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Are modern homes too big? Is outdoor living a success? What about a bathroom for everyone in your house?

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Australia think about architects it's usually because they're involved in the very personal business of planning a home.

So, while the experts are getting ready to exchange ideas at a convention in Melbourne this month, it seems a good time to ask them what is happening to Australian domestic architecture.

Melbourne architects will be hosts to their colleagues from all over Australia during this 14th Australian Architectural Convention, from March 29 to April 2.

Eminent speakers will give papers, there will be tours of inspection of city buildings and residential areas, theatre parties, and other social gatherings.

There are fashions in architecture as in anything else, but, of course, architectural fashions do tend to stick around.

For instance, ten or 15 years ago privacy was not a word used freely in regard to fashionable new homes. Open living was the thing.

There were economic reasons for this in the post-war period. The size of houses was restricted and people naturally wanted to make their homes look bigger. Open living was an answer.

And it was easy to be carried away by the glossy pictures in overseas magazines of glamorous homes planned for celebrities, or childless couples living in perfect climates.

Clamor

But it wasn't the same thing at all when there were, say, three young children clamoring round their parents ALL THE TIME, and when the two-way fireplace in the open living area gave out with quantities of smoke (and no heat) in Melbourne or Hobart.

At the height of the fashion, in the late '40s and during the '50s, open living sometimes went a little too far. As architect Robin Boyd recalled, there were extreme cases when even the master bedroom was open to the living area.

There are some who believe that the smaller home with an open plan is still the best house for the average family. Architect Reg Grouse feels this strongly.

He believes that the worst trend in housing today is the trend toward bigger houses.

This, he says, is a direct result of an affluent society.

"The desire to live in a

mansion is a trap in the city, because the housewife becomes a slave to her house," he said.

"There aren't any more servants to look after the big house. Modern household appliances won't help here."

"In actual fact, with modern appliances you need less space."

Reg Grouse suggests a house of 12 squares as adequate for a town house.

"We should be looking for smaller, more efficient spaces," he said.

"The average house ten years ago was about 12 squares. Now you find it rising to 16 squares."

"People used to be quite

have a study only partially screened from it."

He believes there is a trend toward informality in the shape of the building and a much more vigorous play with internal space.

He instances the use of courtyards — not just one internal courtyard but perhaps two or even three in the one house, giving alternative kinds of living conditions between the fully outdoor and the fully enclosed room.

"You could have the choice of two or three entirely different sorts of living space, some more suitable in certain weather than others, but all linked," he said.

"This makes possible one

reasonably small sleeping quarters.

"You can have a bedroom, an area in which one or two people sleep, of absolutely minimum size which, if its doors and windows, its cupboards and furniture are not in precisely the right places, will be pretty well useless," he said.

"But you can have exactly the same sized room planned with due regard for all these things which will be perfectly adequate."

"It is then, in most instances, economically within the range of the average person to have rather larger living areas.

"The ideal is to have two living areas separated by the kitchen, with the formal area on one side and the other, on the bedroom side of the kitchen, serving as a family living area.

"Provided there is reasonable control visually and physically from the kitchen to this area it will serve ideally for all family purposes except entertaining."

"The children needn't be inhibited there. The place doesn't even have to be tidied, because in this type of house the guests don't have to come into the area at all."

From this point of view, the extreme form of open planning, where it's all-in-together, has failed — if only for the noise factor alone.

Guilford Bell suggests

Mansion slaves

satisfied with a minimum-sized bathroom. Now they want a bathroom you could hold a ball in.

"So many people are looking for a seaside house, as well as a town house, that it seems only logical to keep both houses as small and as easy to look after as possible. The same goes for the garden."

He favors partial subdivision of the open plan, perhaps by means of slatted screen sliding panels that shut off areas without taking away the effect of space.

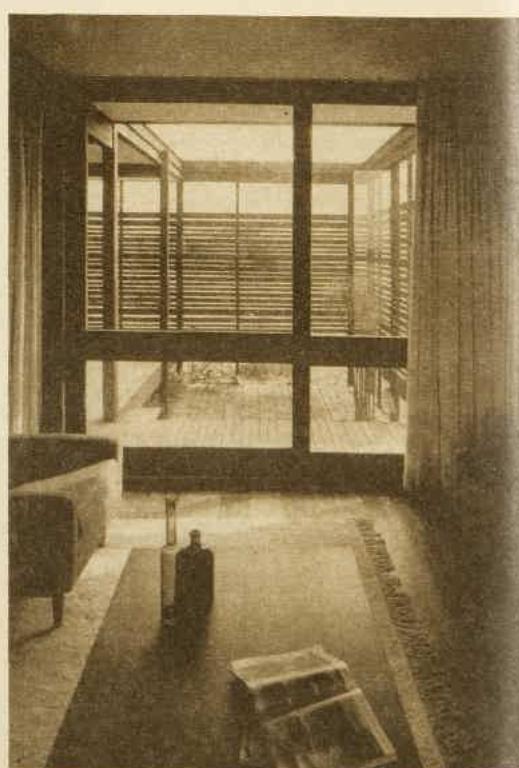
But the trend toward the bigger house makes privacy possible again.

Robin Boyd sees a tendency now to split the house into two zones, one for parents, one for children.

"Within each zone it is possible to have quite a lot of open planning," he said.

"The family room, which is partly open to the children's bedrooms, is a fairly acceptable idea, provided that in the same house there is a sitting-room for the parents which is fully and effectively screened from the children's rooms.

"Since this room is isolated and not disrupted by the children, it would be reasonable to have the main bedroom overlooking it, and to



HOUSE at Killarney Heights, N.S.W., designed for Timber Development Association by architects Allen, Jack, and Cottier, illustrates Robin Boyd's suggestion for alternate living areas for different seasons — sitting-room with wide sliding glass doors, covered verandah, and partially screened courtyard.

IDEAS ON HOUSES

throughout the growing period of the family.

Views were expressed on:

KITCHENS: Both open and enclosed kitchens are being designed to suit individual tastes, but many people are making sure they get the best of both worlds by having an adequate hatch or servery between the kitchen and the living area which can be opened or closed.

"I don't necessarily think this is a good thing," Robin Boyd said. "The open kitchen has a lot to recommend it."

"It depends very much how people live, but in the case of the average young couple, where the wife will be trying to be part of the family, or part of the party if they are entertaining, and at the same time serve a meal, the open kitchen has a lot to recommend it."

Efficiency

"On the other hand, when people get older, or if they can afford a servant, it is more gracious to have the kitchen screened from the living-room.

"A well-designed kitchen of this kind should be considered as part of the living-room. It should look right. There is no reason for the kitchen to look like part of a hotel or a ship's galley.

"It must be efficiently planned for the routine of cooking so that the housewife can keep it reasonably neat while working.

"And, of course, it must have a thoroughly adequate exhaust fan."

A kitchen alcove was still often asked for, he said, but was usually uncomfortable and inconvenient. If people wanted to eat in the kitchen they should allow a couple of feet more and have a separate table and chairs.

The eating bar which developed along with the open plan had come to stay, all three architects agreed, especially where there were young children to be supervised and fed by a busy mother.

BATHROOMS loom importantly in today's house. Robin Boyd, Guilford Bell, and Reg Grouse all see their ideal home as having a separate bathroom for every member of the family.

"Certainly we don't have nearly enough bathrooms in Australia," Robin Boyd said.

"We Australians really are tremendously keen on the bathroom, and the ordinary suburban house should provide two bathrooms as a basic thing."

"You need this for reasonable harmony in the home," he said, and suggested separate bathrooms for parents and children.

Guilford Bell pointed out that the bathroom attached to the bedroom needed only to be the size of a large cupboard.

"Motels have made us used to the small bathrooms," he said.

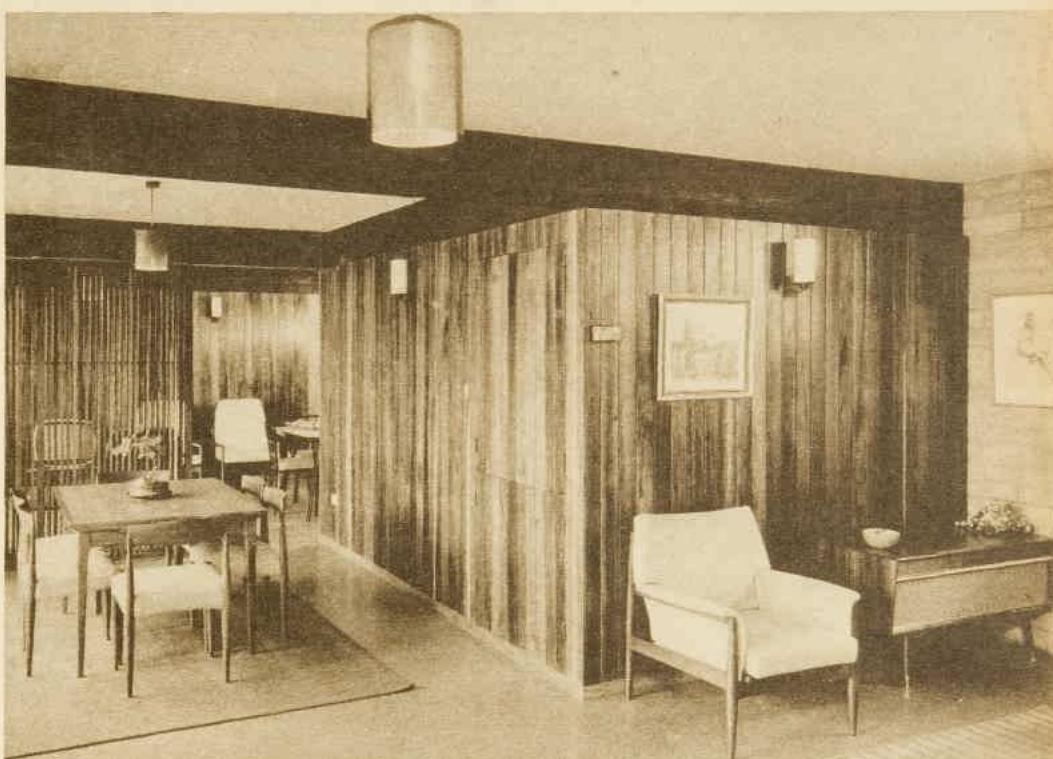
One special hobby-horse of Guilford Bell is his dislike of the separate lavatory—unless it also contains a wash-basin.

"I am astonished that there has been no regulation against this in a country as hygiene-minded as Australia," he said.

Of **ASPECT**, Guilford Bell says:

"The north is the perfect aspect. It doesn't matter where the north is in relation to the block of land, you should design accordingly even if it means a blank wall to the street.

"We can have quite charming places which have no outlook on to the streets at all. Who wants to look at the streets we have with



A PLAN FOR OPEN LIVING featuring architect Reg Grouse's device of the slatted screen, which can be used partially to shut off areas without taking away from the effect of having space.

their festoons of wires, a most unlovely sight.

"I have planned houses that have nothing but open carports to the street, and, although this has raised complaints from observers, I have never had a complaint from the people for whom the house was designed."

TREES: Robin Boyd believes the worst thing still in Australia is the savage destruction of trees on most sites before they are even offered for sale, resulting in the appearance of a desert.

"There is no economic necessity to do this whatsoever. It is true it might need a little more thought and time taken in subdivi-

sion, but results would be worth it," he said.

OUTDOOR LIVING: If you are one of those who secretly feel that outdoor living as practised in suburban backyards is for the birds, there's a more than civilised trend in house design which could make you happy.

This is the insect-screened outdoor courtyard that Robin Boyd suggests as one of his alternative areas.

Guilford Bell suggests covering a whole terrace and points out that when this is done, fly-screens can be done away with on doors and windows.

"This is the hardest country imaginable in which to plan suitable outdoor living—as opposed to Honolulu

HOME UNITS: The well-designed home unit, Robin Boyd said, was the answer for up to 20 per cent or more of Australian housing requirements, for people without children, young marrieds before they have children, and retired people.

"They don't want a garden and don't want the bother of long travelling periods of suburban life," he said.

"Keen"

"Our city life would develop. Cultural activities such as theatre would revive with more people living closer to the city."

"At present after a man has driven home he has to be keen to drive all the way back into town again."

GLASS WALLS: "To my mind," Guilford Bell said,

Beat the glare

which is the best, with no insects and a very mild climate," Guilford Bell said.

"You can even have three-sided rooms in Honolulu with a garden in front. Here we have insects and in some parts violent changes of weather making outdoor living quite impossible unless controlled."

THE HOMESPUN LOOK: Reg Grouse sees domestic architecture getting more and more homespun in design. "Although we enjoy doing it, I can't see any future for this," he said.

"Rough bricks and timber are a charming fashion that fits in with the landscape, but it is not making any contribution to the future of architecture. I ask myself where do we go from here."

"one of the greatest failures in the architectural field is in relation to glass walls."

"This is a very big country and a country of widely differing climates, but there is one aspect of the climate which obtains all over the continent and that is a very harsh, unrelentingly bright light, amounting to a glare."

"If you look at other countries in the world that have a bright light—the Mediterranean, for instance—and look broadly at the fenestration they have, especially in older places, you'll find larger wall surfaces and small windows."

"I don't mean that windows should be reduced in size everywhere—that would have a claustrophobic effect—but where it is

desirable to have areas of glass, for instance, to see into a garden, it is imperative that they should always be under shade and protected in summer from the glare.

"With a north aspect, it is entirely possible to design areas of glass which will be free from the sun at the hottest times of the year—by having 4ft-wide eaves 12ft. above the ground—but in the west it is not possible."

"In the west there are only two things you can do—have no windows at all or protect them outside with screens or louvres."

FLATS: "We need more good flat building close to the city," Robin Boyd said. "The ordinary type of three-storey walk-up flats that have been filling the inner city streets has become the equivalent of the 'spec' built house of last century."

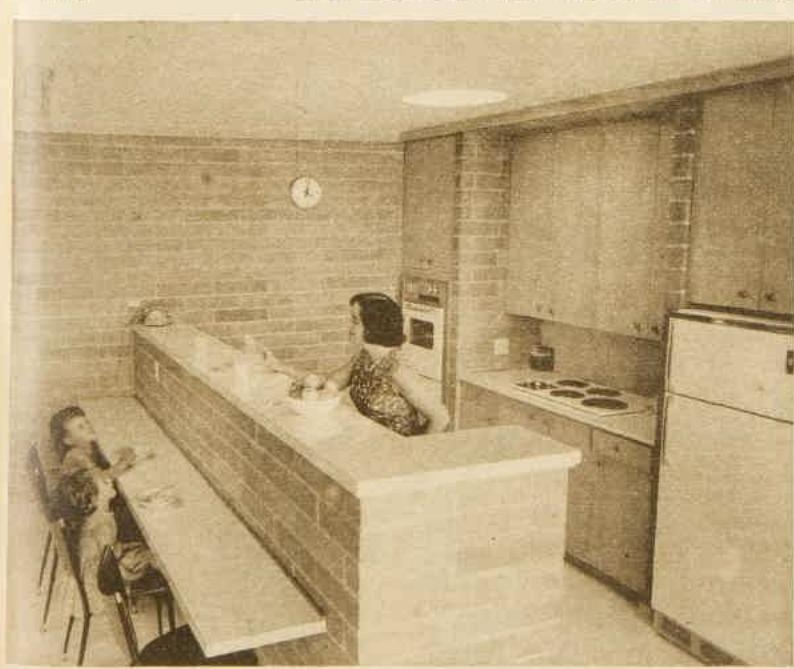
"In many cases these flats are designed not by a builder or an estate agent, and certainly not by an architect, but by an investor."

"So we have bald boxes without even eaves projections, with a few fancy bricks stuck on the front to make them look more presentable."

ARCHITECTS: "More original thought is being done in planning the house to suit the Australian climate than ever before," said Mr. Boyd.

"Architects have always tried to do this but it is a much more vital thing now."

"Australian architects are working from first Australian principles without any undue influence from overseas."



IN THE KITCHEN of her Toorak home Mrs. G. W. Woodward pours a glass of milk for her children Clive (5) and Margot (3) as they tuck into their snack at the eating bar in the family room.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 24, 1965



BEATLES George Harrison (left), John Lennon (right), Ringo Starr (back), and Paul McCartney with Eleanor Bron, leading lady in their new film, shelter from the sun under a director's stand during shooting in Nassau. Below: Eleanor in close-up. The sun hat is to protect her face from sunburn. A pretty and brainy brunette, she has featured in many British TV revues.



Beatles' new film

• The Beatles have been in the Bahamas, the millionaires' sunshine playground, but, though they are now at home in the money class, they haven't been able to play or enjoy the sun.

THEY have been in Nassau making their second film, yet to be titled.

It is a chase from Britain to Nassau and to the Austrian Alps. Because it is in color and the shooting schedule is tight, the boys have had to stay out of the Bahamas sunshine, lest they get burned and alter their skin coloring.

Neither Ringo's bride, Maureen, nor John's wife, Cynthia, went on location with them.

The Beatles' leading lady, Eleanor Bron, 26-year-old brunette Cambridge graduate, hadn't met them until cast in the film.

She plays a priestess of a fanatical Eastern sect, who chases The Beatles in order to recover from Ringo a ring of symbolic significance to the sect.

The Beatles were said to have put on temperamental turns in Nassau and been rude to fans. But these pictures show them their old selves — cheerful, hard-working, and down-to-earth.



"LOOK, DAD . . ." Ringo shows his form during the cycling scene.

A SWIM - CLOTHES AND ALL



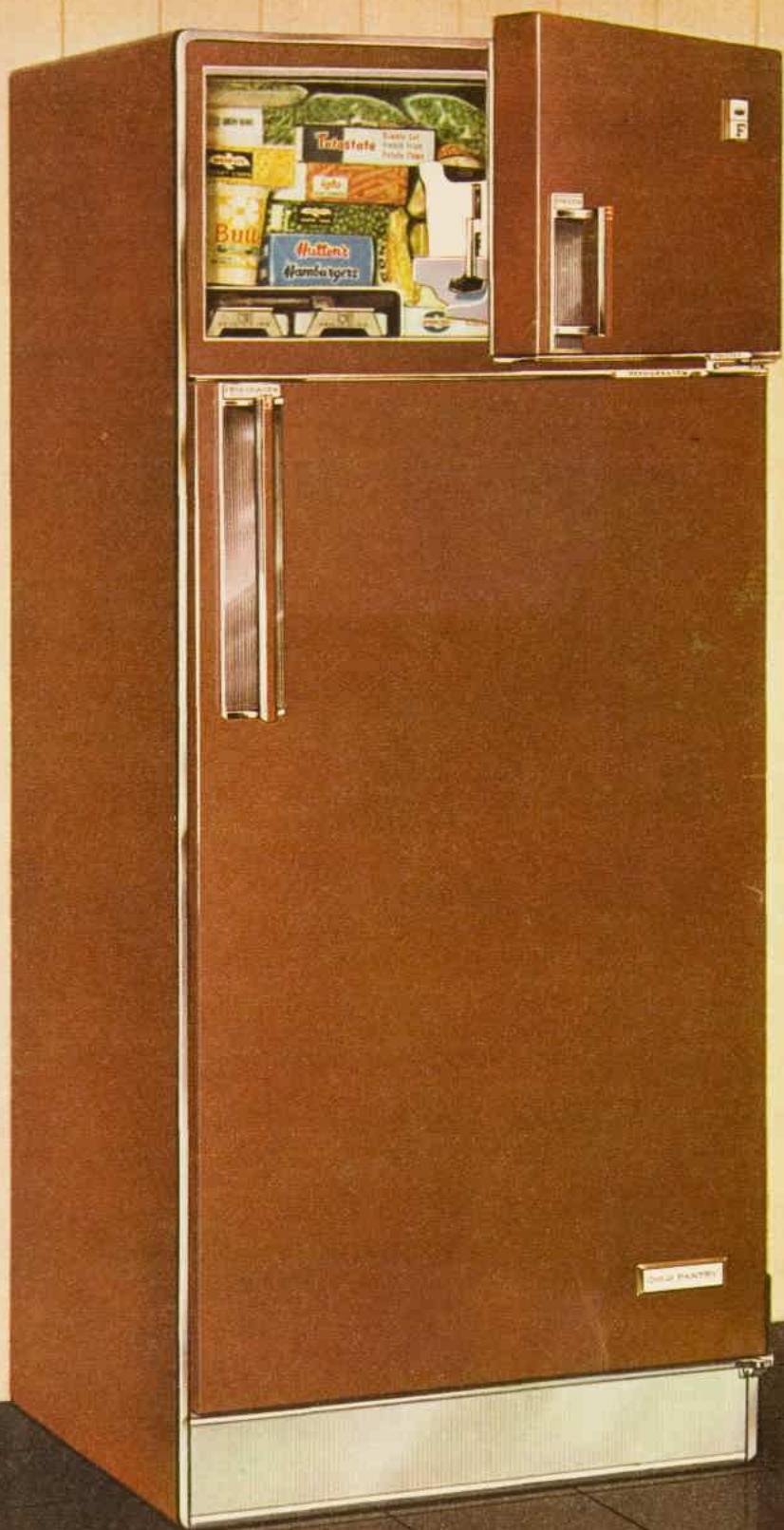
REHEARSING A SCENE (above and right), The Beatles tread water in the pool of a Nassau resort hotel while listening to directions.



SPLASHING TO THE POOLSIDE, the boys show respectable swimming strokes, especially Paul (back) — not so easy in shirt and pants.



FIRST OUT is Ringo, who turns for a word with John. Note onlookers watching the rehearsal from the hotel balconies.



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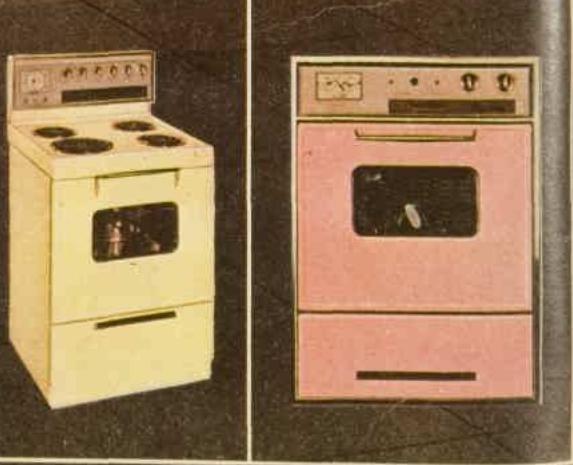
Golden Jubilee



PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS HOLDENS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965



The high cost of marrying!

Queensland Governor's daughter and London shipping executive

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff.

- Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, cousin of the Queen, and shipping executive Mr. Peter Wise, who are to be married next month, are angry about an unexpected bill for 60 guineas.

"WE are absolutely furious," said Elizabeth. "It is a demand from the Home Office for the 60-guinea fee they ask of those relatives who have to get the sovereign's permission to marry."

"Did you ever hear such nonsense?"

"It was entirely a formality—and some of us just can't afford it, particularly as at the moment we are putting everything into marriage and a home."

The wedding, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, will take place on April 29.

Elizabeth, daughter of the Governor of Queensland and Lady May Abel Smith, is a girl who knows just how hard it is to earn 60 guineas.

"I've been minding children all over the world to pay for my travels, and it takes a long while to save up that amount," she said.

Elizabeth came to Australia with her parents when Sir Henry Abel Smith was appointed Governor of Queensland in 1958. Soon tired of the "fuss" of vice-regal life, she decided to explore Australia.

She drove through western

Queensland and helped with mustering on a sheep station; in Western Australia she was governess on a station property, and in Melbourne was assistant to a florist.

"I'm glad to see a Labor M.P. has taken the whole matter up in the House. The Act is antiquated."

"Of course, we love the Queen, but I am only a fourth cousin."

The Queen, who is also Elizabeth's godmother, heads the invitation list of 600 wedding guests. The reception is to be in St. James' Palace—lent by the Queen. And the whole Royal family, as well as Royal cousins in Holland and Germany, are invited.

"We are chopping the list of guests down to 600," said Elizabeth. "After all a wedding is a family affair, and ours is a large one."

Her father and mother are coming to London for the wedding.

"This is a time when a girl needs her mother," said Elizabeth.

"I've enjoyed such a wonderful way of life, going where I wanted to and pleasing myself what I did, that it is quite a change now to settle down."

"I've travelled all over Canada and most of the United States minding children."

"People ask me if it is because I am so very fond

She thinks the whole Royal weddings law is utterly ridiculous."

"It is high time it was changed," she said. "Nobody cares—certainly not me."

"If I could have my little Dominic, whom I was engaged to mind, over for the wedding I would have him in the bridal retinue."



GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith and her fiance, Mr. Peter Wise. The Queen, who heads the guest list, has lent St. James' Palace for the reception.

of children, but I am always frank and reply, 'No, it is because there is no easier way to make money in a strange country.'"

Unexpected

Her favorite job in her wide travels was in New York, where she registered with a firm of child minders.

"I would be called out any hour of the day or night—on a strictly casual basis—to go anywhere from the Bronx to the Bowery, from east side to west side."

"Sometimes I would be minding the children of very rich people. My favorite family is, at this very moment, expecting me to go over and mind their four children because there is another baby due any day."

"They are Monsieur and Madame Claude Boillot, a Frenchman married to an American, and they paid me well for minding their children because I could speak to the staff in French and sort things out generally in the nursery."

"If I could have my little Dominic, whom I was engaged to mind, over for the wedding I would have him in the bridal retinue."

Elizabeth will walk up the aisle with "masses of children as my attendants."

Leading the procession will be Olivia Coleman, a goddaughter, and the Hon. Georgina Baillie, daughter of Lord and Lady Baillie, her future sister-in-law and husband.

Fiona Baillie, a younger sister, will be paired with Ian Liddell-Grainger, the son of her elder sister, Anne, and Charlie Liddell-Grainger will be paired with Elizabeth's niece, Katharine Abel Smith, daughter of her brother Richard. Louise Huntingdon-Whiteley, another goddaughter and a cousin, will be paired with a little boy who has not yet decided whether he can face such a great occasion.

House-hunting will be no problem. Elizabeth and

Peter are moving into her flat in Kensington.

"I had a frightfully hard job finding a flat and an even harder one doing it up and decorating it, painting the walls, and putting up the paper myself, so I feel I cannot move out of it yet."

"I only finished the flat on New Year's Eve, having trudged up three flights of stairs with buckets and brushes for nearly six weeks. I was too tired to even think of going to a party."

"And just as I was settling down in it and thinking of a career in kindergarten work, Peter and I became engaged."

"We have known each other for many years, but he was, really, a friend of my elder sister—always around with her set at parties."

"I didn't think he had noticed me."

It was Lady May Abel Smith who cautioned Elizabeth to make no announcement until they had the Queen's consent.

Much travel

"My parents gladly gave theirs. And my grandmother, Princess Alice, whom we cabled, sent her love and good wishes from the ship on her way to Australia."

Elizabeth's engagement ring is three diamonds in a hoop.

"For an engagement present Peter gave me a marvellous car," she said.

"After such a generous present I was wild when he was fitted with the 60-guinea bill."

"Peter loves travel as much as I do, and his business as an executive of a shipping company takes him abroad occasionally. So I hope he will take me along."

"Also we both love country life, so we'll try to find a country cottage and rusticate at weekends."

And the girl who has had such fun looking after other people's babies added:

"Now I am looking forward to having a family of my own."

For
LEGS
as
SMOOTH
as your nylons

use the feminine safety razor recommended by professional beauty experts . . .

the only razor with a blade-setting specially angled to glide smoothly over your delicate skin . . .

The slim, long-handled Lady Gillette is complete in its own pretty case with a supply of Gillette Blades . . . ready to keep legs and under-arms immaculate, elegant and feminine.

NEW
Lady Gillette

SAFETY RAZOR
21/6 COMPLETE
AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

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CORNS

Cheer up! Forget that burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frozol-Ice and pain goes. Your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out—core and all. Lift out your corns with Frozol-Ice.

FROZOL-ICE Chemists everywhere

FALSE TEETH
Can Not Embarrass

Wearers of false teeth have suffered embarrassment because their teeth dropped or slipped at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little **FASTEETH** on your plates. Makes false teeth stay in place, feel comfortable. Sweetens breath. Get **FASTEETH** at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

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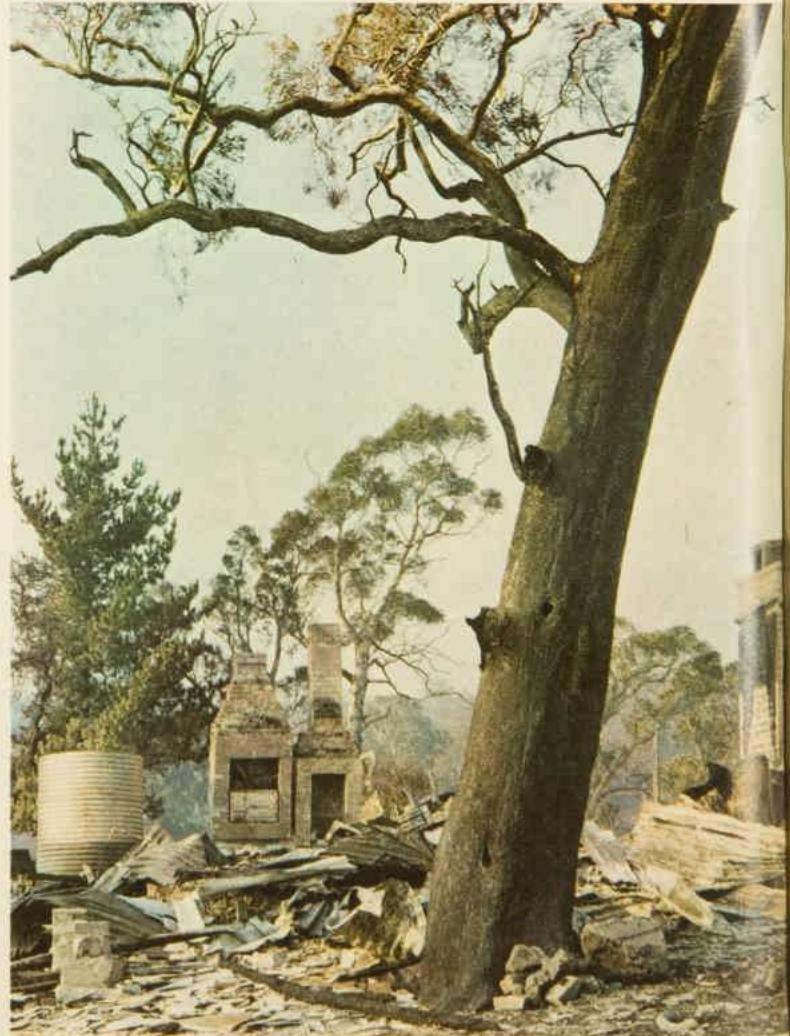
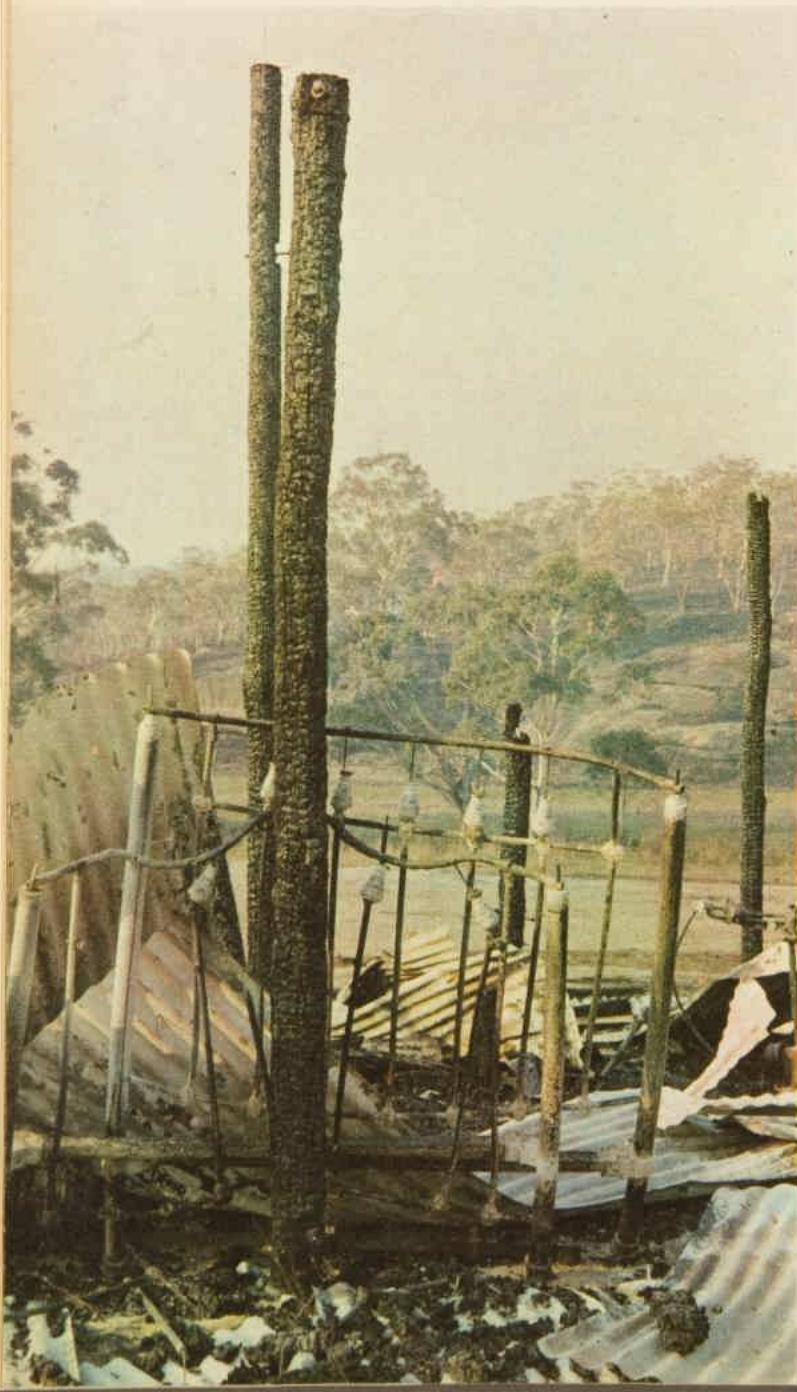
ELIZABETH with her parents, Sir Henry Abel Smith, Governor of Queensland, and Lady May Abel Smith. Lady May is the daughter of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and a first cousin of the Queen.

RICH PASTURES of this prize area, fence-posts, stock, houses were burnt out. This homestead was a victim, but in the illogical, freakish habit of fires, the nearby trees were only scorched, not engulfed. The distant smoke haze was typical of the bushfire area days afterwards.

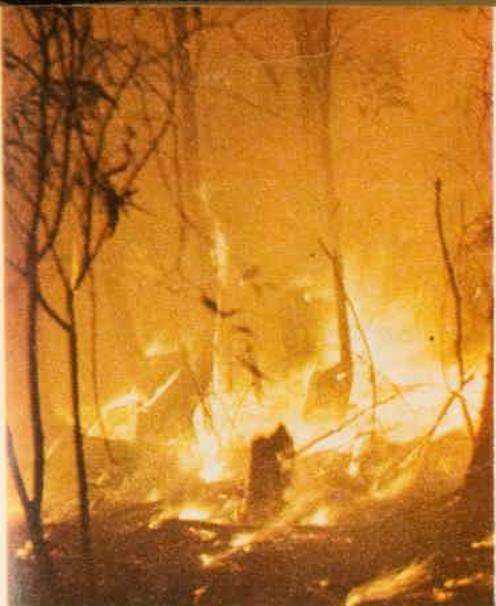


Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg

Bushfire heartbreak



BRASS BEDSTEAD (left) was the only recognisable item in the ruins of this house at Tallong. The chimney and water-tank (above) of another Tallong house were the more typical remains of what were once homes.



LAST WEEK, bushfires made a patchwork of disaster in New South Wales—Lithgow, Gosford, suburban Sydney, the Southern Tablelands, grim patches of the coast to Nowra, and hundreds of miles in the Snowy Mountains.

These pictures were taken in the anguished Tablelands area, where, all day and all night, the sky was red except when black smoke screened the glow the bushfires threw into the sky.

Fire ate through the hills and gullies and pasturelands, razed whole settlements—houses, stock, cars, shops—before it halted outside Bundanoon.

Nearly 1000 men turned out to fight it — local firemen, police, residents, and soldiers.

They all called the fire "she."

With the capriciousness of a vixen, the fire burned this and spared that. One family's rented house and all their furniture were completely burned. But their part-built house next door was untouched, even though the fire ate up the garage between.

Across the street their sawmill was in ruins. The plywood caravan they had parked next door wasn't even scorched.

Even three days after the fire passed through Wingello, burnt-out paddocks were dotted with smoking piles of embers, like forgotten camp fires among the blackened tree trunks. Wooden telephone poles, burnt through, dangled from the wires.

Firefighters patrolled the burned bush to ensure that there was nothing left to start another blaze. By night, the smouldering trees looked like lanterns strung up for a party.

It was black and bitter party fare.

—Jude Ainsworth



IRONIC, FATEFUL NOTICE beside the road near Bundanoon. The bushfire swept through Wingello on toward Bundanoon, but halted about a quarter mile from the town, remembered by most people as a pretty, peaceful centre studded with pine trees. Bundanoon was saved by giant breaks bulldozed and hacked through the bush.



ONLY HOUSE left standing for miles on the main road in Wingello. It belongs to Mrs. Lillian Fenson, 79, who lives here with her brother, Mr. Tom Lyster, 80, shown surveying the desolation. Evacuated 20 minutes before the fire, they returned to find the house untouched. "I can't think straight yet," said Mrs. Fenson, "but if you put this in the paper, please thank the firefighters for me."

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hazard after their marriage at the Holy Trinity Church, Bathurst, with their attendants, from left, Mr. John Bishop, Mr. Daryl Hazard, Miss Lesley McKibbin, and Mrs. Adrian Powles. The bride was formerly Miss Helen McKibbin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. McKibbin, of "Macquarie," Bathurst.

Message to women born before 1940



Have you felt these danger symptoms lately?
Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd
feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches . . .

THESE EARLY SYMPTOMS can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Anyone who spends much time on their feet: housewives, shop assistants, nurses . . . can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS OFTEN SUBSIDE and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

IN THE EARLY STAGES the progress of the condition can be stopped. You need not wait for the drastic therapy of surgery. Tests on actual sufferers have established that varicose disease in the early stages can be stopped and ultimately reversed with Venoruton Tablets.

HOPE FOR CHRONIC SUFFERERS. Even at this late stage Venoruton Tablets are of the greatest value in checking more serious disturbances. Venoruton's active ingredient, Tri-(hydroxyethyl) rutosidum, is one of the most significant develop-

ments in the treatment of varicose veins. This method has been tested in Laboratories in Switzerland in conjunction with University Clinics.

SAFE, NO SIDE EFFECTS even for expectant mothers. Within a few weeks Venoruton relieves the symptoms: soothes pain, reduces swollen legs easily and gently, promotes all-round improvement in your circulation.

YOUR HEALTH IS BEYOND PRICE, but a course of Venoruton Tablets is within your means. To start this treatment costs only 14/- less than 2/- a day. Treatment should be continued without interruption for four weeks, and the longer you continue the more lasting the results. Venoruton is easy to take — just two tablets three times a day. Get Venoruton Tablets from your family chemist without delay.

Venoruton tablets

From the Research Laboratories
of Zyma, Switzerland.



VENORUTON IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF ZYMA, SWITZERLAND. DISTRIBUTOR FOR AUSTRALIA: SERA PTY. LTD.

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INVITATIONS are out for what promises to be the most glamorous ball of the year — the Peter Pan Ball to be held at Menzies Hotel on April 9.

As in previous years there will be lots of pre-ball parties before the big event. Mrs. Robert Brash is planning to have friends in at her Woolahra home, including the president of the Peter Pan Committee, Mrs. Norman Hill, and Mrs. Dick Allen.

And among the many taking parties to the ball are Mrs. Bill Edwards, Celia Winter-Irving, Mrs. Beth Churchill, and Prue Osborne. Susie Hill — by the way, will have her cousin, David Collins, of "Fairfield Park," Benalla, Vic., as house-guest and they plan to be present. However, Susie's sister, Mrs. Gordon Douglass, isn't quite sure whether she will get to the ball, as her husband arrives back from an overseas trip just the day before.

Menzies' ballroom, decorated with red birds, cages, and miniatures of Peter Pan, will be the setting for the gala ball. Two orchestras, modern and old-time, will provide non-stop music for the expected 450 guests. This year, instead of a Twist competition, prizes will be given to the best exponents of the Shake, to be judged by Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere and Mr. Leslie Walford.

ADMIREd the beautiful sapphire engagement ring that Sharon Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kingston Watson, of Hunter's Hill, is wearing. Sharon has just announced her engagement to Michael Champion, son of Mrs. Mara Champion, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. A. G. Champion. They have planned their wedding for next December.

SYDNEY had an interesting English visitor last week in Brigadier E. Mockler-Ferryman, who made a quick trip to Australia as part of a world trip. Brigadier Mockler-Ferryman, who is the president of the B.P. Scout Guild in the United Kingdom, stayed with Sir John Northcott at his Wahroonga home.

DATES for your Diary . . . A March Moon Barbecue to be held at the Bayview homes of Mrs. Gordon Brown and Mrs. Stanley Cohen on March 20. Mrs. Brian Connelly, president of the North Shore Auxiliary of the Asthma Foundation, is handling tickets . . . and a Morning Market at Mrs. Murray Robson's Rose Bay home on March 25 in aid of the Edina Home for the Aged appeal.

WHAT a busy hostess Mrs. Galfry Gatacre has been these last few days. She and Rear-Admiral Gatacre are entertaining Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton, of Ayrshire, Scotland, and his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Laing, on their first visit to Australia. The Admiral travelled here by sea, via New Zealand, where he stopped off to visit the Governor-General, Sir Bernard Fergusson — a close friend and I believe as keen a fisherman as the Admiral is. From New Zealand Sir Frederick flew direct to Canberra and stayed with Lord De L'Isle, and, until he leaves on March 18 in the Orsova, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Gatacre will entertain Sir Frederick. Rear-Admiral Gatacre told me he fought the Bismarck with Sir Frederick — they were both serving on H.M.S. Rodney. Sir Frederick was the Captain and Rear-Admiral Gatacre his navigator.

I HEAR that Lady Lloyd Jones is planning an overseas trip at the end of April. Before then she will fly to Melbourne to spend a few days with her four grandchildren, Susan, Sarah, Charles, and David, children of Mrs. Robert Simpson. Lady Lloyd Jones will fly to London via the East and San Francisco.

—JAYNE O'FLAHERTY



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dow after their marriage at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Cooma. The bride was formerly Miss Alison Ritchie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ritchie, of Cooma, who gave a reception at the Coach House Motor Inn, Cooma. They will make their home in Cooma.

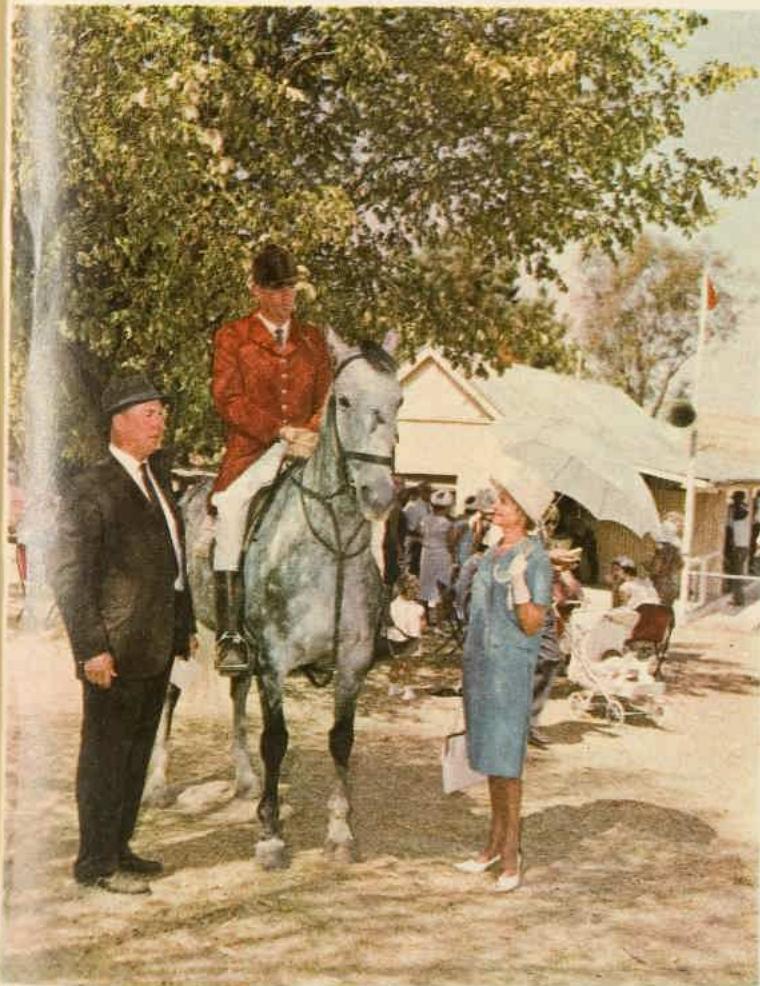


PICNIC lunch in the shade at the races for, from left, Mrs. Peter Shand-Kydd, of "Kooringa," Young, Mrs. John Collins, of "Euralie," Yass, Mrs. Noreen Beran, of "Fontenoy," Walgett, Mrs. Knight Gregson, of "Black Andrew," Coolac, Mr. Shand-Kydd, and Mrs. L. Limon, of Canberra.

PICNIC RACES AT YASS



RACEGOERS Mrs. D. D. Cunningham, of Goulburn, and Mrs. L. J. Clark, of Goulburn, pause before placing their wagers at the betting ring. Race enthusiasts from Sydney, Canberra, interstate and country centres travelled to Yass for the Picnic Race Day and Race Ball held in town that night.



CLERK of the course, Mr. Hamilton Barber, of "Humewood," Yass, with the President of the Yass Picnic Race Club, Mr. Joe Magennis, of "Jin," Yass, and Mrs. Harold Incher, of Goulburn, at the races, which were held at the Marchmont Racetrack on the property of Mr. E. J. Merriman, a few miles out of town.



ABOVE: Miss Judith Styles, of "Wynburn," Yass, Mr. Ian Roseby, of Yass, with Miss Betty Lucas, of "Wantagong," Yass, and Mr. Neil Barber, of "Lucerne Vale," Yass, at the Race Ball held in the Memorial Hall after the race meeting.

BELOW: Race trophies were examined by, from left, Mr. Max Brogan, of Ryde, with Miss Leonie Richards, Miss Julie Findlay, and Mr. John Burke, all of Canberra. The trophies were presented at the annual race ball to the owners of winning horses.



MORE NEW OVERSEAS APPOINTMENTS FOR RAAF NURSING OFFICERS

For many years the Royal Australian Air Force Nursing Service has been regarded as an effective, mobile force responsible, both in Australia and overseas, for the care of the sick and injured members of the Royal Australian Air Force.



Nursing Officers of the RAAF have served in places such as London, New Guinea, Cocos Island, Manus Island, Japan and Malaysia. Now, with the establishment of a new, large RAAF Hospital in Malaysia this year, the need has arisen for this arm of the Service to offer other members the same opportunities for travel and service in a colourful and interesting environment. In addition, these members will share in the excitement of being closely associated with modern fighter, bomber and transport aircraft and the aircrews of the RAAF — an experience providing unusual scope and variation. In addition to normal duties Nursing Officers will study medical air evacuation methods and may be called upon to act in that capacity from time to time. Post-graduate courses are given also to selected personnel.

Service Advantages: In return for the duties the Royal Australian Air Force requires of Nursing Officers many material benefits are to be derived, e.g. salaries commence at £18.16.8 rising to £32.3.5 weekly; free accommodation and food; free medical and dental care; free

initial issue of uniform and clothing and a uniform upkeep allowance thereafter (included in pay); three weeks' annual leave plus public holidays, and travelling time, and free rail travel once yearly to home town. Nursing Officers contribute to a pension scheme which provides a retiring allowance, and covers invalidity during service. A gratuity for each year of service is payable under certain conditions.

Qualifications: Nursing Officers must be registered as general nurses in one or more States of the Commonwealth of Australia. They must be unmarried or a widow or divorcee without dependent children, physically fit and be aged over 21 but under 40 years.

HOW TO APPLY

The first step (and it does not commit you in any way) is to call or write for details or an application form to the —

STAFF OFFICER RECRUITING
Headquarters Support Command
RAAF
Victoria Barracks
MELBOURNE, VIC

RAAF NURSING SERVICE

THE ONLY

● You don't have to be hungry and miserable to lose weight, nor go on a crash diet of black coffee and dry toast. Talk yourself into eating habits which make you slim and keep you that way.

DIETING is commonly accepted as a form of self-torture, something to be endured with fortitude and, of course, with self-pity.

The pleasantly surprising truth is quite the reverse. Intelligent, leisurely dieting for the right reasons is actually a pleasure, contributing not only to your long-term well-being but to your happiness.

Losing weight *permanently* is not a matter of hunger strikes, of painful crash diets like living on prunes and steak for two days, or month-long sessions with dry toast, black coffee, carefully measured - out ounces of cottage cheese, lean lamb chops, and lettuce with non-calorie dressing.

What you need is not an impossible, overnight miracle but a permanent reducing method—one that will work for the rest of your life. And that is what this plan is.

It gives advice on what kind of diet to choose, on how to reduce your calorie intake and lose weight permanently without taking all the joy out of eating.

It is an adjunct, to be read and kept and referred to, as you select and finally launch on the diet of your own choosing: one that will drop your weight to where it should be and keep it there — *for the rest of your life*.

But first take a hard look at all the valid reasons for NOT going on a diet.

Food is a solid, lifelong pleasure in a world of inconstant and diminishing pleasures.

At some time or other, we are lonely. Or bored. Or tense.

Food relaxes all these unpleasant feelings. So do alcohol and tranquillisers — but not so healthily.

"Crash diets help you reduce temporarily. Then you go back to where you were, sadder, wiser, disheartened — and no thinner."

Eating well is a gracious rite, a part of good living.

So there are plenty of sound reasons why you should NOT go on a diet.

You are not going to live forever, regardless of what you eat.

To refuse yourself food is unnatural. It violates your natural impulse toward self-preservation.

In many cultures, and for

many centuries, obesity has been taken as a sign of health, wealth, and vigor.

Everybody likes a fat man (he's jolly and bright) or an opulent woman (she offers an abundance of feminine charms).

So live it up — you probably won't get any heavier than you are now. Are these arguments convincing? Of course they are.

But perhaps — in spite of all this — you may still hope you could go on a diet without a lot of torture, without forcing yourself into intolerable eating habits, and begin to lose weight.

If you have that little wistful ember of a hope still glowing in you — keep it alive. Fan it. Hang on to it.

That's the one thing you need.

Do you like being served a plate piled high with food?

That well-heaped plate may simply be a heartwarming reminder of tender loving care, and mother's generosity.

Do you like midnight snacks?

It may simply be that you need the maternal reassurance you once had nightly as a child.

Stop and think of all the influences that have made you eat in certain patterns.

And, having considered your lifelong eating trends objectively, get on with the war.

This is where we begin to fight back against overweight intelligently, and so arm ourselves psychologically.

No more blaming everything on the old family

"Learn the MORE"

For most people genuine hunger is no problem. But too much good food, conveniently and cheaply at hand, IS a problem.

Yet far more of a problem is the complex of attitudes toward food which, if you had anything like a "normal" upbringing, have been incubated in you since birth.

You probably remember being urged to eat. Did you ever hear:

"Clean your plate."

"Don't waste that good food."

"Eat your crusts — they'll make your hair curly."

"Eat everything on your plate or you can't go out and play."

Eating habits are hard to conquer, until you recognise them for what they are, which means something you learned early.

If you ate potatoes with gravy or butter twice a day until you were 10 years old,

physique, or on "natural weight," or on Mum urging you to overeat.

You're a big boy or girl now, and you don't have to eat anything you don't need.

Remember, you eat because you are hungry.

But what is hunger? Real hunger is a sensation caused by muscular movements in the alimentary canal.

Hunger is not, physically and technically at least, the urge to have constant "treats" or frequent massive portions of rich foods.

Hunger is satisfied by food. Food contains calories: units of measurement of heat quantity. (A calorie is about enough combustion to increase the heat of a pint of water by four centigrade degrees.)

But for those of us who are simply interested in eradicating a few pounds of weight, let us substitute this formula:

POW x 3500 = COW

POW means pounds overweight, a figure determined by subtracting the weight you should be from the actual weight that you are.

The 3500 is the number of calories in a pound of human weight.

COW means the number of calories that you are, therefore, overweight.

To illustrate:

Suppose you decide you are ten pounds overweight (POW).

Then ten times 3500 tells you how many calories you are overweight (COW): 35,000 calories overweight.

DIET THAT WORKS

Because he was putting on too much weight after giving up smoking, HERBERT BREAN, who wrote "How to Give Up Smoking," set about and wrote "The Only Diet That Works," from which this article is condensed.

"I have never had the willpower to count calories or to give up eating delicious foods," he said. So he learned how to control his appetite — and the diet took care of itself.

That means that over a period of time you have eaten 35,000 calories more than you needed. Your body did not burn them off, and you accumulated them.

If, over the next year, you decrease your food intake each day by 100 calories less than you need, your body will use up the accumulation and you will lose the ten pounds.

It will take exactly 350 days, if you do it religiously and mathematically, which, of course, you won't. But you can do it, with a few backslides and make-ups.

You know 100 calories is really a very small amount to deduct daily.

It is less than a thin slice of toast with the usual amount of butter, or a generous scoop of ice-cream.

One idea with which you should become familiar is that people need to change

self, reach around and see how much flesh—not muscle—you can pinch at the back of your upper arm.

A little fat there is natural, but widely separated fingers will tell you there's more than there should be.

Or sit on a bench or bed and with your feet well up from the floor, lean back far enough to flex the abdominal muscles.

Now pinch the fat just below the navel with the fingers of each hand and continue well around toward your back.

A little fat is natural. A big, easily seized "tyre" of fat is its own plain signal.

Doing this will help you decide how much weight you could profitably take off, and how many calories a day should be your limit to maintain that ideal weight.

For instance, if you now weigh 152lb. (10st. 12lb.)

omelet and you have a 250- or 275-calorie dish.

Obesity is generally defined as ten per cent. or more above your ideal weight.

But your ideal weight depends on many things, including bone structure, age, physical activity, and your metabolism rate. Pinching your body in the right places is still a pretty good way to evaluate how much fat your body carries.

So much for the simple facts of weight. Let's get on to the equally simple facts of diet.

Eat what you like, but in a far more intelligent way than you have ever tried. For instance:

- Never clean your plate. Always leave some, even if you like it. It's a way of eating less, and a habit you are after.
- Make a point of learning to eat odd things, new things.

It is an awareness that you have been fooling yourself too long, indulging yourself, even babying yourself — a guilty feeling you have lived with for a long time.

It is knowing that you have started many campaigns against overweight, and after winning a few preliminary skirmishes have lost all the wars.

So you now feel guilty and frustrated and unhappy and much less than confident.

Good. That's the way to start.

"Diet sensibly, and you lose the gnawing discomfort of always feeling hungry and the habit of nibbling."

That is why you should teach yourself to eat intelligently, and lose weight, and become your right size.

Strict, careful calorie counting seldom works long for most people. While you set out to limit yourself to a daily 1500 or 2000 calories, the sheer bookkeeping involved in counting up the day's slices of bread or spoonfuls of low-calorie salad dressing becomes such drudgery that it encourages carelessness.

"Crash" diets fail for practically everyone, because they share a common weakness. They all try to make a quick and drastic change in the human body, ignoring the more basic fact that if you condition your mind to dieting, your body will take care of reducing all by itself.

That conditioning is what we are now setting about.

Making a permanent change in your bodily structure is a step not to be taken lightly.

Six intelligent steps can prepare you for successful weight reform.

Here are some simple preliminaries:

1. THINK ABOUT IT

Remember, losing weight is something you have long wanted to do and have failed at more than once. Ask yourself whether it isn't about time you started an intelligent campaign to accomplish this lifelong ambition?

But don't make any sudden decision.

2. EXPERIMENT

Experiment just a little. How long is it since you have dieted, even for 24 hours? Every now and then try just a little slow-down in your food intake at one meal only. Skip a dessert. Perhaps a day or two later, forgo the second helping of potatoes and gravy.

Some day when you are especially hungry, omit the butter from your bread and see how good bread tastes.

Use saccharin in your coffee for a week in place of sugar.

The real reason is a matter of inner, secret, personal pride and confidence.

Make it into a cheese

their eating habits as they grow older.

Being creatures of habit, they assume that having always eaten eight strips of bacon or three fried eggs for breakfast when they were 14 or 25, it must take the same to satisfy them at 45.

The fact is that as you grow older, assuming you do not become a mountain-climber or a professional wrestler, you need less food.

Eight strips of bacon may have been ideal for you once. Now four might well suffice. But if you let the habit of eight strips govern you, you will go on gaining weight.

If you put on an extra 25 pounds over a year or two through overeating, you will have to continue to overeat in order to give your body the fuel to carry that extra 25 pounds around.

Control your weight, and as it goes down you will need less food because you have to move less bulk.

No foods are of themselves "thinning," because if you ingest it, substance is substance, even if it is saf-flower oil.

Furthermore, fat is not always visible. A 17-stone footballer can look like a roly-poly monster, but examination would show his pudge to be bone and muscle.

The slender, thin-boned man next to him, who seems relatively emaciated, may have little pouches of fat draped around his bones.

If you want to test your-

and conclude that your correct weight should be around 140, multiply that 140 by 15 (calories) if you do average office or housework. That gives you a daily limit of 2100 calories.

If you do unusually heavy work you may have to allow 20 calories per pound instead of 15, making your diet 2800 calories a day.

But first, of course, you must arrive at that ideal weight, which means cutting your daily intake.

Learn to distinguish between what seem to be fattening foods and what is actually fattening.

Potatoes, for example. Most people regard them as fattening, but it is the butter or gravy, cheese, and cream

Your food tastes may be the product of your family's cooking and childhood experience, but they don't have to stay that way.

Ask yourself why you overeat. Do you eat out of boredom, because you're alone a lot? Then join a club, do charitable work, get yourself into a group. Do anything but eat.

Do you eat to prove you're virile, or big and important?

Do you eat for consolation, because your husband or wife seems to neglect you? Don't take solace in eating.

Do you still retreat into the warm friendliness of the kitchen of your childhood, and get a handful of biscuits and a glass of milk whenever the world outside gets too rough? Then recognise what

"You eat because you are hungry. But are you REALLY hungry, or is it just the urge to give yourself a little treat? Learn to recognise the difference."

you are doing and help yourself to grow up.

These will help you want to lose weight, which is the most important thing in your reducing campaign.

All of which brings us to the real reason you want to lose weight.

Health? No. It's important, but not the basic reason.

Appearance? That's important, too. Personal pride is essential to happiness, but that's not the reason, either.

The real reason is a matter of inner, secret, personal pride and confidence.

Fry it in butter, and you add 50 calories to it.

Scramble it (butter and cream), and you are up to 175 calories.

Make it into a cheese

Or, POW
(pounds overweight)

X 3500

= COW
(calories overweight)

In brief, dare to change your eating habits.

Experiment can teach you new experiences and so increase your table pleasure, even while decreasing your calorie intake.

3. KEEP QUIET

Don't tell anyone about your thoughts or intentions, no matter how uncertain they are. A time will come when you can talk about it.

4. MAKE A LIST

This is one of the most important things you can do. Start making a list of all the things that worry you about being overweight.

Wearing un-smart clothes.
Indigestion.
Friends' teasing.

Looking old.
Feeling unfit.

5. DON'T FEAR FEAR

Fear of failure is almost always the result of past experience. You have tried dieting before and failed.

Don't let doubt discourage you, much less defeat you. Of course, dieting involves discomfort as well as pleasure, but when you do it slowly the discomforts are mild and the pleasures are permanent, more satisfying.

6. BIDE YOUR TIME

Wait until circumstances will make it easiest for you to stay staunchly on the diet you will set yourself.

That automatically rules out mouth-watering times like the Christmas - New Year week or periods of intense social activity.

But don't bide too long.

If you start something promptly and do it, you expend less effort than you do by deferring and stewing about your postponements, making yourself unhappy.

When you start on your diet programme, make a point not to try to do anything else in the way of self-improvement until the new habits are established.

Don't, for example, give up smoking simultaneously with dieting.

While you watch yourself vigilantly as far as food is concerned, be good to yourself in everything else.

Buy a new hat or a new tie occasionally. Have an extra drink once in a while — we'll come to the diet aspects of liquor.

7. WHAT TO EAT

Successful dieting is best accomplished, over the long pull, by a little knowledge of sound nourishment and of

the high-calorie foods, plus a hearty fear of them rather than by rote-counting of calories one by one.

Consider what you normally eat for each meal, and how much. Be truthful.

In the same way, appraise how much between-meal nibbling you do, perhaps without realising it. Make mental notes.

Concentrate on the foods you eat regularly — i.e., foods that are habits. Two fried eggs every morning? Why not one?

A roll and butter at every lunch? Really need it? Potatoes in a fattening form (fried or with gravy) twice a day? Why?

Not many foods in themselves are fattening. It is what is put on them that does most of the dirty work — sauces and gravies, syrups and marmalades, frostings, whipped creams and rich fillings, mayonnaises and thick dressings.

A good diet basically consists of — proteins, like meat, fish, eggs, poultry, nuts, and cereals; carbohydrates, in the form of sugars, like jam and other sweet things; starches such as potatoes, bread, and other flour foods; and fats, in meat, cream, butter, olive oil, egg-yolks.

Proteins rebuild your body each day. Carbohydrates give you quick energy.

Fats give the greatest amount of energy, although they also most easily become body fat themselves.

If you do not burn them off they go into the body almost ounce for ounce.

8. DETERMINE YOUR PROPER WEIGHT

With these facts in your mind, you will decide realistically what your weight should be, appraising the size of your bone structure and natural contours.

Let us apply our formula: POW x 3500 = COW

For example, you are a girl who weighs 9 stone 1lb. — 127lb. You feel your ideal weight is 8 stone 7lb. You're 8lb. over.

Multiply POW by 3500 and you get 28,000 calories of overweight.

Go back to the average day's food intake you estimated for yourself. Subtract 280 calories a day from it, and you will reach your ideal weight in just one hundred days — little more than three months.

And 280 calories a day isn't much. It is a single roll, generously buttered, the sugar and milk in four cups of coffee, a single piece of

To page 59

KISS IT BETTER WITH A **BAND-AID** STRIP

TRADE MARK

Hurry up the Healing



Air vents over the pad let healing air through.
Air vents on the tape keep skin from wrinkling.
Super-Stick keeps the bandage put.

Johnson & Johnson

SEE THE WORLD FOR £696!

• Last week we announced The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1966—a fabulous 17½-week holiday abroad for a record low price of £696 per person.

THIS holiday tour—arranged by World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., acknowledged experts in the travel field—is THE one to make all dreams come true, and the offer is available to our N.Z. readers as well for £NZ585.

Travelling in February in Orcades and returning in Oriana—two of P. & O. Orient Line's popular liners—the fascinating itinerary takes you to England, Scotland, Liechtenstein, Italy, and France.

Ports of call are among the most famous in the world—Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Naples, Lisbon.

Altogether you will visit a total of 16 countries, protectorates, principalities, and colonies, and there is something to offer everyone, no matter what age.

As well as travelling in the right season you will find (despite the reasonable cost of the tour) that the high standard of accommodation in the ships and hotels will please even the most discriminating tourist.

We have secured the best-situated cabins in Orcades and Oriana. The basic tour cost provides four-berth

cabins; two-berth cabins, with or without private facilities, may be reserved at a small additional cost.

On arrival in London, you will be assisted quickly through Customs, arrival procedures and baggage will be taken care of, and you will be whisked off to your hotel.

A few days later you begin an exciting 23-day European coach tour, taking in the highlights of Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Liechtenstein, Italy, and France.

On your return there will be a three-day pause for you to explore beautiful historical London, from your hotel.

Then you depart again by Pullman motor coach for a seven-day tour of England and Scotland.

If you want a holiday free of care or worries about tipping, forward bookings, baggage, then this is the trip for you. Book now.

What you get for £696

- Shipboard accommodation in best four-berth cabins. Extra charges for two-berth cabins range from £10 to £65 per person in Orcades and from £10 to £60 in Oriana.

• European tour, full board, comprising Continental breakfast, lunch, dinner (all table d'hôte), inclusive of tips, taxes, service charges, excursions specified in itinerary.

• United Kingdom Tour (escorted), full board (table d'hôte), afternoon teas, service charges, specified sightseeing. Private bathrooms may be reserved when available for an extra charge.

• Sightseeing from London, as specified in the itinerary.

• London accommodation at well-situated hotels including dinner, bed, and breakfast (table d'hôte), total 13 nights.

• Transfers on arrivals and departures where this is part of the tour itinerary.

• Porterage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. Tours; two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.

Not included

Items such as baths at European hotels, lunches during the London stay, coffee, teas, or alcoholic beverages are not included in the tour price.

Nor are excursions at ports of call, launch tickets between ship and ports of call.

laundry, or room service. The period in London (April 27-May 12) has been left free for individual activity. Accommodation and touring expenses for this period must be paid for separately. However, the tour director will help with bookings.

HOW TO BOOK

Write or call at any of the General Sales Agents listed below for the tour booklet.

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 33-35 Bligh St., Sydney. Tel. 28-4841.

VICTORIA-TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 330 Collins St., Melbourne. Tel. 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND - N.T.: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek St., Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington St., Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs St. East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

Or see your accredited travel agent.

Travel expert

• Travellers on The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1966 can look forward to the personal service and attention of a tour director.

THE job of a tour director calls for an accomplished travel expert familiar with all ports of call and stopovers.

Tour director for The Australian Women's Weekly tour is expected to be Keith Fuller, of Dover Heights, N.S.W., who has had years of experience in Europe arranging successful cross-continental tours.

An attractive Englishman in his late thirties, Keith Fuller has spent the past 18 months in Sydney, where he has been with World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., arranging and escorting group tours around Australia and to other parts of the world.

"This is a wonderful country," he said recently, "and there is a tremendous scope for increased tourism."

For the past few months Keith has been busy perfecting the travel arrangements for The Australian Women's Weekly tour.

Organised group tours are THE only way of seeing the world, according to Keith. "What's more, they are more fun."

"I've often had people on coach tours come back the next year for a similar tour—but this time on their honeymoon."

"Most people find friends of their own age and interests within a day or two of the tour beginning."

Keith Fuller's entry into the travel business was accidental.

In Europe

As a teenager he made his first trip to the South of France on a motor-cycle and he said, "I never quite got travelling out of my system after that."

In 1952 he visited Paris to play Rugby football with an English County team.

"I took off to see friends in Basle, Switzerland, to spend a few days, but after I had stayed six weeks I was really sold on the country," he added.

While he studied German (he speaks Italian, French,



MR. KEITH FULLER, World Travel Headquarters tour director.

and understands Dutch as well) he worked part time in various tourist hotels.

After 2½ years there he returned to England to train in travel-agency business.

Later he was posted to Austria as representative of a large British agency which specialises in coach travel, and organised entertainment and excursions for more than 100 guests a week.

During this Austrian stay he met Australian girl Margaret Anthones, of West Wyalong, N.S.W., who was on one of his company's tours. They married in Australia in 1958.

Keith and his wife returned to London, where he was a planning executive for continental group tours.

Later, with a staff of 20 bilingual couriers, he arranged details for large

and small groups to tour Venice, Florence, Rome, and San Marino by coach.

Now a widower, Keith lives in Sydney with his three-year-old daughter. Since his return to Australia he has personally escorted ten different tours of American tourists around Australia for World Travel Headquarters, and four months ago he escorted 138 businessmen on a whirlwind 15-day world tour.

(The schedule involved chartering a Boeing 707, and when the flight left Australia it made history as the first foreign charter flight to leave the country.)

"The trip was exciting, but I would have preferred more leisurely travel," said Keith. "Six weeks is ideal for air travel, and three to four months if you go by sea."

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De-luxe tin, 6/6. Regency-striped tin...

3/11

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live in it...
the Kayser line!

KAYSER
'Gina'



Love it in 'Gina'

the elegant Shadowprufe Bri-Nylon slip you can't see through — shows nothing but your beautiful outline. Pink Magic, Spun Gold, White.

9664 Sizes 32-40. 39/11

9694 Matching Half Slip. Sizes 24-30. 29/11

9264 Matching Brief. SSW-OS. 14/11

From the fashion world of Kayser International

DOCTOR IN SPACE



VESTIN, one of the Flying Menoptera of the Web Planet Vortis, taken over by the Zarbi. This series will be screened later in the year.

BILL STRUTTON (right), creator of the Zarbi series, based his monsters on childhood memories of huge ants. Bill was formerly a member of our London staff.

Television

THE ZARBI, malevolent creatures controlled by a powerful mastermind who communicates with them through thought forms.

● The spine-tingling science-fiction fantasy "Dr. Who" is one of England's most popular shows, watched by millions of children—and adults. Dr. Who (William Hartnell) is an eccentric scientist who builds a strange craft which takes him to weird and frightening worlds on other planets.

"Dr. Who" is screened on the A.B.C. network in Sydney and Brisbane on Fridays; Melbourne, Saturdays; Adelaide and Perth, Mondays; at 7.30 p.m.



Partners in mime

By MILDRED EDEN

• Two of the great mime artists of the world get together when Red Skelton presents his entire show in pantomime with Marcel Marceau as his special guest.

IT is Red's fourth completely "silent show" in 14 years on television, and it was taped before a very distinguished black-tie audience in Hollywood.

Host and narrator of the show, "A Concert in Pantomime," is Marcel Marceau's fellow-countryman Maurice Chevalier, and it will be shown on TCN9 at 7.30 p.m. on March 23.

Many would dispute Skelton's ability as a comedian, but as a clown and a mime he is a recognised master. Skelton specialises in humor of the ridiculous, sometimes of the pathetic.

When Marcel Marceau, a Frenchman, toured Australia a couple of years ago, audiences panted with him as he climbed the flight of stairs and laughed as he walked his dog in the park.

It was incredible to realise afterwards that not a word had been spoken throughout the performance.

For the television show Marcel Marceau has chosen several situations with his favorite character, Bip. He will present Bip the Gambler, the Skater, and the Mask-maker, and will also perform a silent tug-of-war.

Red's contributions will be "Mixing a Salad," "Drunk Doctor," "Girl Dressing," and "Old Man Watches a Parade."

Together they will appear in a mimed version of "Pinocchio."

This is the first time Red Skelton and Marcel Marceau have worked together, and it is not to be missed as a rare treat in television viewing.

★ ★ ★
JUST in case there was truth in the rumor that Cathy Gale met her match and her Maker in the final episode of "The Avengers," I tuned in. She was very much alive at the end of the programme, but few others were.

It was one of the most grisly stories I've seen for some time, about two cold characters whose business was arranging the demise of unwanted relatives for well-paying clients.

Honor Blackman and the suave Patrick MacNee gave their usual slick performances.

I'm surprised Miss Blackman allows such cruel camera close-up shots. She is an attractive, vigorous actress and in her famous smart leather outfit could pass for a girl in her twenties — until the cameras close in, adding a good ten years.

The performances I enjoyed most came from two Australian actresses, Madge Ryan as a rich matron who applied to become a rich widow, and Annette Andre, who was the one dash of fresh young innocence in the show.

Taking over Channel 2's 8 p.m. time-slot on Tuesdays is that highly improbable Casablanca Richard Crane.

"Crane" is one of the poorer English TV exports, through no fault of star Patrick Allen, whom I have seen in excellent roles. Glamor is provided by the sultry Laya Raki, real-life wife of Australian Ron Randell.



SCENE FROM "PINOCCHIO" with Red Skelton (left) as Geppetto the carpenter, Marcel Marceau as the puppet.

If you like nightmares . . .

AFTER watching two or three hours of television, it takes really good entertainment to keep my eyes open by 9.30 or 10 o'clock.

There are so many good shows at that time that it's not a bad policy to cat-nap in the middle and wake up in time for such programmes as TCN9's "East Side, West Side" and "Climax," and Seven's "Love Story."

"Climax" (10.30 p.m., Fridays) is a British crime series with no regular characters and usually has a little

Television

extra touch of horror which makes it good nightmare material.

The last show I watched, "The Girl in the Picture," "hooked" me from the first scene in which a gentleman opened his newspaper, froze at what he saw, and dashed from the screen.

The suspense was stretched when a garage mechanic opened his paper and went through the same motions, telephoning to a dapper, slick "badie" who told him to sit tight and not panic.

For the first five minutes the viewer didn't know what was going on, which is clever bait.

It turned out that a picture entered in an amateur photography competition showed the get-away car on the day of a murder and a girl waving to its occupants.

A newspaper reporter turned amateur detective tracked down the girl and saved her from an obvious fate at the show's climax.

The stories are spiced with excitement and the English acting gives a final touch of polish.

★ ★ ★
THE Colosseum looks the same whether the guide is James Fitzpatrick or Sophia Loren, but I would have followed the entrancing

Sophia on the dullest bird-watching expedition or trek across the Arctic.

The hour with "Sophia Loren in Rome" (Channel 7) was disappointing in many ways, often just a view of a building, a street, or a scenic panorama, with insufficient interesting commentary and little connection or direction.

But my eyes were glued to the beautiful, expressive face, the famous undulating walk, and the Yves St-Laurent wardrobe.

Perhaps the star's gestures were too dramatic, her manner studiously casual at times, but when she was on screen the programme showed a spark of life.

I enjoyed the meeting with the devastating Marcello Mastroianni, but whatever happened to Vittorio de Sica, who was also meant to put in an appearance?

Having toured Rome, Monaco, and London with famous screen stars (and I believe Sweden, with Inger Stevens, is a future production), I wonder if the itinerary will ever include Australia — perhaps a "Diane Cilento Down Under" or Rod Taylor's "Sydney"?

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, after one of her back-fence conversations with the next-door neighbor (she says she can get more news from her than from any newspaper), "Well, I never! She said her husband has never looked at another woman since the day he married her." I asked Momma if Dad ever looked at other women, and she said, "I certainly hope so. I like him to look at other women and perhaps compare us — it keeps me on my toes. He must like what he sees in me — after all, we've been married a long time."

Momma's moral: The husband who has never looked at another woman must be awfully discouraged.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Stocks to consider now

By MARY BROKER

• One of the oldest and best-known sayings in Stock Exchange circles throughout the world is: "Sell when everyone wants to buy, and buy when everyone wants to sell." One can see the logic: this is more or less a corollary of the law of demand and supply.

WHEN demand is great and supply limited, prices will obviously be higher. This, of course, is the time to sell.

When demand is small, however, and the number of sellers leads to a good supply, prices will naturally be lower. And, as every woman knows, this is when the bargains will be picked up.

Applying this to the current state of the Australian share market, it is clear that with prices going lower and lower, investors should be buying and not selling.

This is particularly so in the case of stocks with good growth records which, if anything, have improved their appeal since last year's high prices tumbled, by issuing excellent interim reports.

One such is Union Carbide Australia Limited, whose 20/- shares at around 69/- are quite a bit lower than they have been recently.

One reason why these shares have always appealed to me is the fact that 60 per cent. of capital is held by the giant Union Carbide Corporation of the United States.

In addition to giving shares a certain scarcity value, this adds to the company's prestige to a certain extent, and gives its products a good, solid backing of research design, and quality.

Another thing is that the Americans seem to have a certain courage and flair with their money that so far is lacking in the majority of Australians. They seem to be prepared to suffer enormous losses in Australia because they have faith that in the long run everything will come good.

Examples

There are any number of examples of this. The Ford Motor Co., for instance, has just announced a loss close to £5,000,000, while Campbell's Soups and Parsons General Foods have also been making fairly substantial losses.

A great part of the trouble is that the Australian financial world is not yet large enough or sophisticated enough to like the look of big establishment losses. However, the fact remains that American-backed companies out here are gaining firm footholds and impressing everyone with their drive.

Back to Union Carbide, which was formed in 1957 by the takeover of Timbro Ltd., an Australian company, by the Union Carbide Corporation.

The company now operates quite a large complex, and activities are separated into three main divisions: plastics, chemicals, and consumer products.

In 1961/62 a polyethylene plant commenced production at Altona, in Victoria, to produce plastic film and bags, plus polyethylene compounds for both the Australian and New Zealand markets. It has since been expanded, and is operating at full capacity.

Known products

Chemicals produced are used in agriculture, plastics, pharmaceuticals, and so on, a well-known product being "Bakelite" resins and powders.

The consumer products division handles a wide range of batteries under the "Eveready" label.

Export trade rose last year from £1 million to £1.75 million and directors are confident that this can be further built up.

Latest issue was a 1-10 bonus in October last year after good earnings of £382,000, earning 16.7 per cent. on capital.

Fifty shares at the current price of 65/- would cost about £165, for which dividend return would be £5 per year at the present 10 per cent. rate.

Another chemical company in which the Americans have recently taken a controlling interest is Australian Chemical Holdings Ltd., now partly owned by the Hercules Powder Company of Delaware, U.S.A.

This deal was finalised only over the past few weeks.

Actually, Hercules and Australian Chemicals have been associated for over 30 years, but this closer link-up, as directors have stated, will ensure that Australian Chemicals keeps up to date with the rapid movement of overseas techniques.

Since the credit squeeze in 1960/61, Australian Chemicals has not been able to return to its former high rate of profits, and this closer association should help speed up the process.

At 25/- the 10/- shares are only 9d. above the offer price from Hercules. One hundred would cost about £129 and dividend return would be £5 per year.

HAY FEVER?

Then get quick relief with tried and proven **Bethal TABLETS**

When your eyes smart and the poor old nose twitches and itches with irritant Hay Fever — be sure to have your Bethal Tablets handy. Thousands of sufferers have proved Bethal's effectiveness over many years. This effectiveness is soon noticed as Bethal Tablets work swiftly through the bloodstream. Bethal Tablets are easy to carry and easy to take . . . two tablets bring quick, long-lasting relief. Try them! See your chemist today and dry up Hay Fever sniffles with Bethal Tablets, only 2/9, 6/3 and 19/6.

Bethal Tablets for HAY FEVER

Bethal also give wonderful relief from Asthma & Catarrh

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

AUSTRALIAN WOOL FASHION AWARDS, 1965

● The trend-setting clothes here and overleaf are part of an all-wool, made-in-Australia fashion parade presented by The Australian Wool Board. The clothes were all given fashion awards by a panel of experts. During the two days' judging more than a thousand garments were paraded.

The panel considered this year's garments were equal to fashions anywhere in the world, and the wool fabrics were of a similar high standard. The public may see the parades, with special musical score, a cast of 18 glamorous girls, and some big-name TV stars at times and places set out overleaf.



ELEGANT floor-length shift (above, left) combines smooth wool and wool crochet. The shift has moulded semi-fit lines and collar and sleeves in wool crochet. The dress won a fashion award for John J. Hilton Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Approx. retail price 32gns.

TUCK-IN BLOUSE in sheer wool and slim skirt in heavy basket-weave wool (above, right). Blouse has self-ruffle trim, skirt has fringed hemline. The outfit won a fashion award for John J. Hilton Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Approximate retail price 32gns.

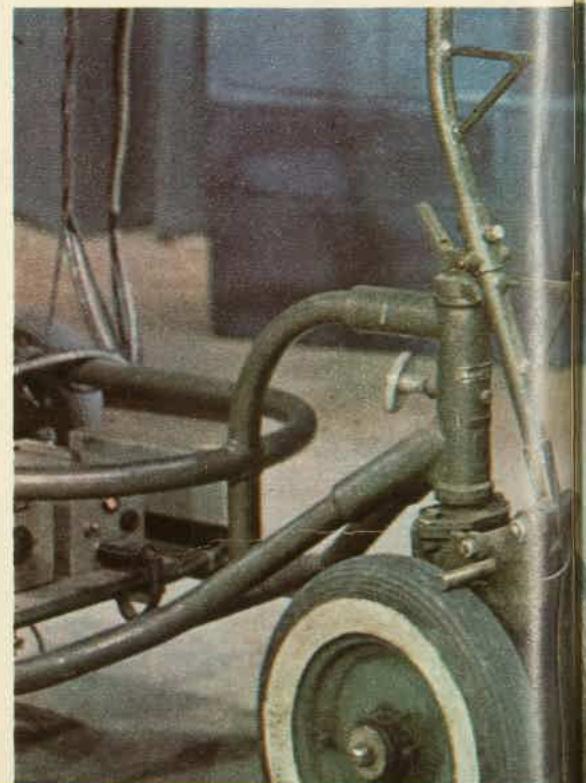
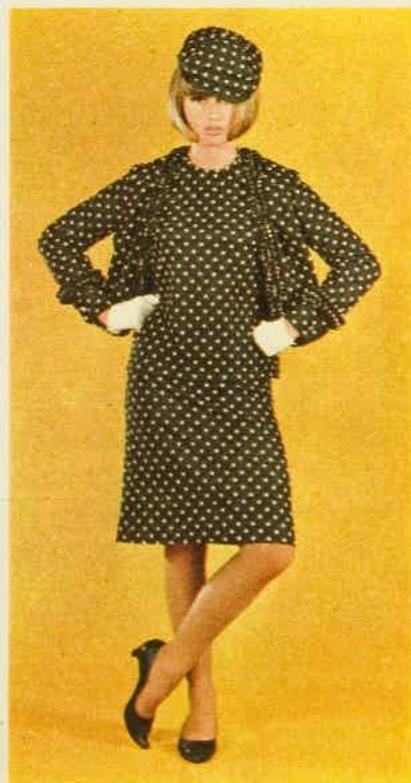
SUPERB ensemble (right) in wool. Coat has an intricate pattern in wool yarn. Won the Supreme Award for Stephen Glass and Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Approx. retail price 75gns.

SUPREME AWARD WINNER



CHIC DRESS and matching stole (above, left) is made in brushed wool boucle. The slender beltless dress has twin pockets. Won a fashion award for Vogue Overseas Fashion Pty. Ltd., Adelaide. Approximate retail price 15gns.

SLEEVELESS one-piece dress in fine check wool (above, right). The dress, worn with a matching kerchief headscarf, has a fringe trim round neck and hemline. The dress won an award for Mr. Simon, Melbourne. Approximate retail price 9gns.



MOD ENSEMBLE and matching cap (above, left) in coin-spotted double-knit wool jersey. Won the Avant-garde Award for Norma Tullo Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. Approx. retail price, suit, £28/19/11, blouse, 8gns.

AVANT-GARDE AWARD



EMPIRE - LINE DRESS (above) made in wool chiffon plisse. The bodice has a lacey wool trim, skirt has soft gathers. The dress won the designers' award for Norma Tullo Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. Approximate retail price £24/19/11.

**DESIGNERS'
AWARD
WINNER**



TAILORED ONE - PIECE DRESS (above) in fancy wool has double - buttoned front fastening. The dress won an award for Miss Sportscraft, Melbourne. Approximate retail price 12gns.



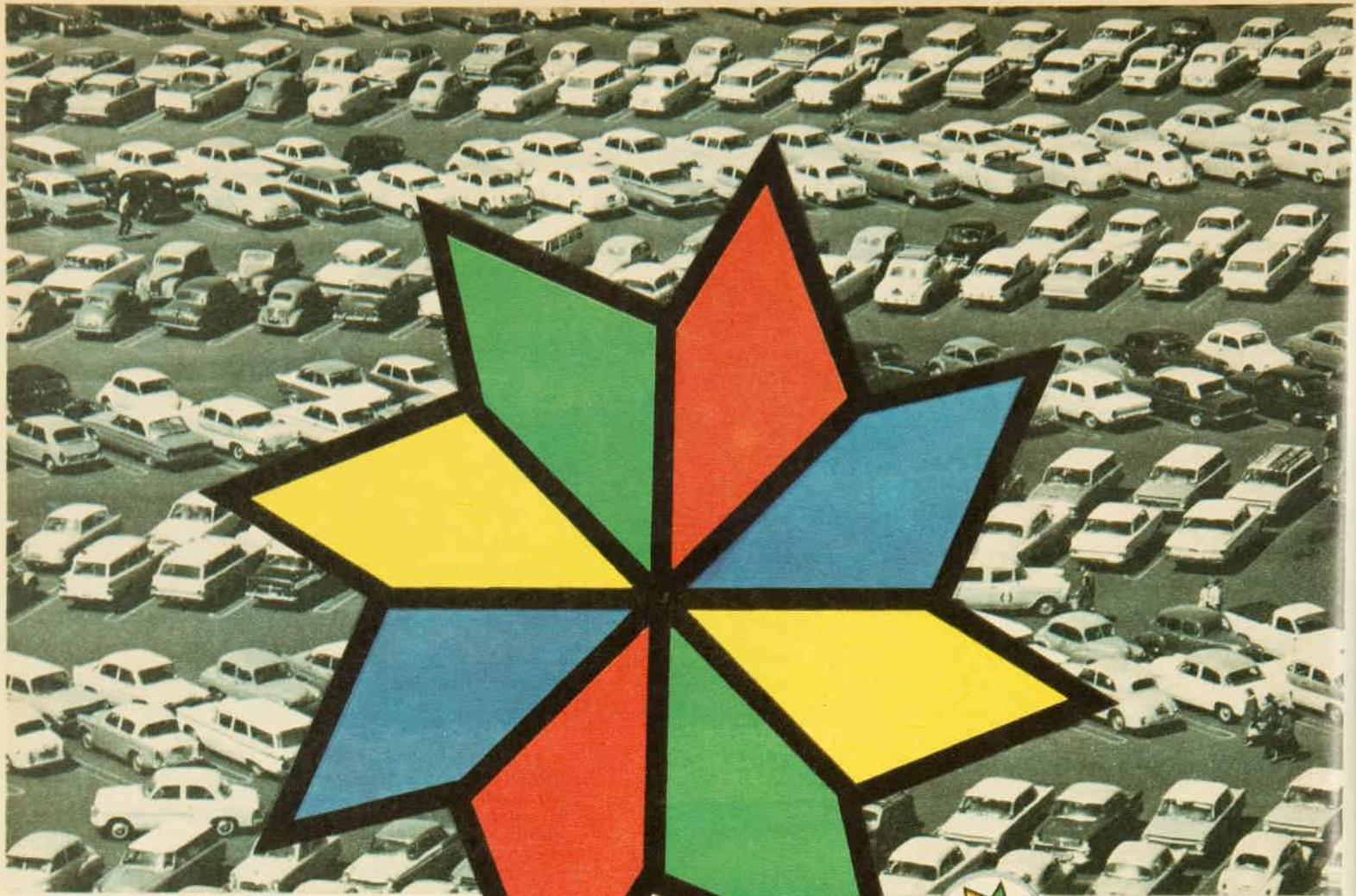
THREE-PIECE SUIT (above) in wool boucle, blouse and revers in wool jersey. The suit won a fashion award for Exmoor Creations of Melbourne Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. Approx. retail price £22/15/-.



CASUAL SUIT (above) made in wool flannel. The jacket has four pockets and rouleau loop buttonholes, skirt is easy. The suit won a fashion award for Miss Sportscraft, Melbourne. Approximate retail price 18gns.

Continued overleaf

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There's a right blend of petrol for every car - here

Different cars need different petrols. BP Super Mix offers you a blend of petrol to suit every car.

When you buy one of the five BP Super Mix petrols you know you're getting a petrol blend that's right for your car's performance. You're not paying for a petrol that's more powerful than your car can use. You're not buying one that isn't powerful enough. Call in soon at a BP Super Mix pump (you'll recognise it by the colourful Super Mix symbol).

Fill up with the recommended petrol blend for your car. Get the best performance your car can give and save money too.



SUPER MIX

THE RIGHT BLEND OF BENZOL PETROL FOR EVERY CAR

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**AUSTRALIAN
WOOL FASHION
AWARDS, 1965**

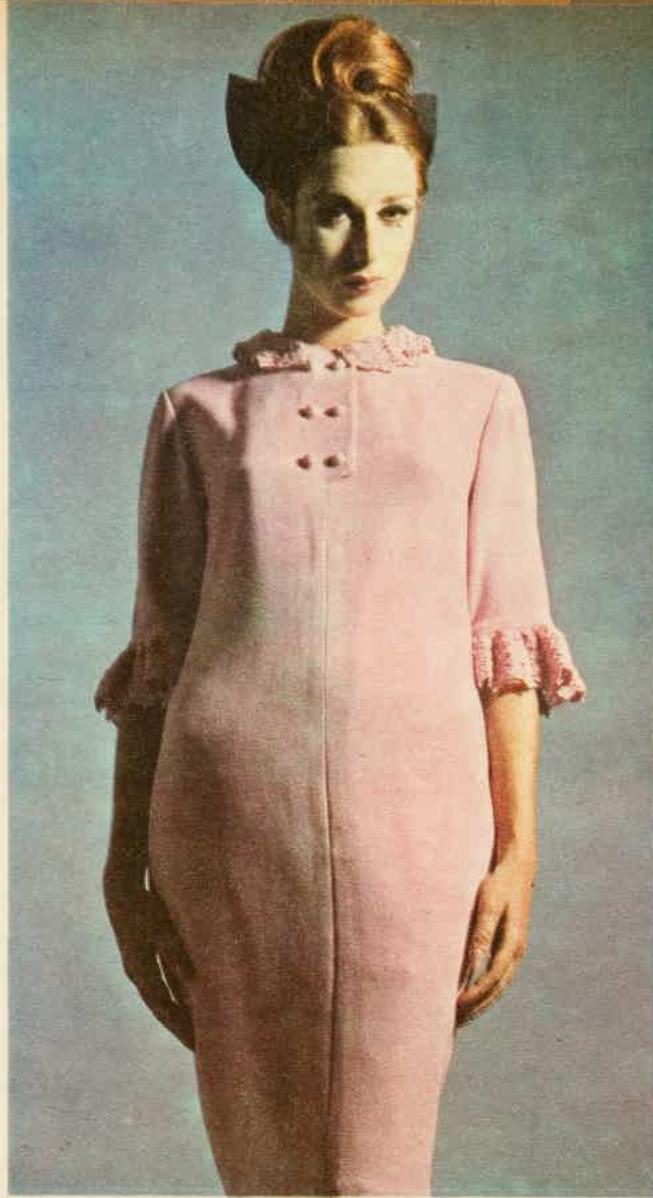
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DRESSY-TYPE SHIFT (right) is made in pale pink wool. The dress has a crochet collar and cuffs in matching pink. Fashion award for John J. Hilton Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Approximate retail price £11/11/-.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY GOLD CUP AWARD

SLENDER-LINE DRESS in sheer wool (above) has a rhinestone trim. Won The Australian Women's Weekly Gold Cup Award for John J. Hilton Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Approx. retail price 42gns.



• WHERE TO SEE PARADES

MELBOURNE: Gala night, Southern Cross Ballroom, Southern Cross Hotel, March 15, at 8.45 p.m. (tickets by invitation only); Myer Mural Hall, Myer Emporium, March 16-17, at 3 p.m. (tickets available from Myers' Bourke St. Enquiry Desk). GEELONG: Corio Shire Hall, Myer Emporium, March 18, 2.30 p.m. (tickets available from either Ticket Secretary, Rotary, phone Geelong 91287, or from Myer Booking Office, Geelong). ADELAIDE: Gala night, John Martin Auditorium, John Martin and Co. Ltd., March 22, 8.45 p.m. (tickets available from Charities Section, Box 924H, G.P.O., Adelaide); John Martin Auditorium, March 23-24, 3 p.m. (tickets from Charities Section, Box 924H, G.P.O., Adelaide). SYDNEY: Gala night, David Jones' Great Restaurant, David Jones Ltd., March 29, 8.45 p.m. (tickets available from the Social Organiser, Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children, 299 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, phone 61-8811, or from David Jones' Booking Office); David Jones' Great Restaurant, David Jones Ltd., March 30-31, at 3 p.m. (tickets from David Jones' Booking Office).



AUSTRALIAN FASHION NEWS TROPHY

WOOL ankle-length dress (above) has a padded and beaded hem. Won Australian Fashion News trophy for Sharene Creations Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. Approximate retail price is £42/10/-.

GLAMOROUS dress (left) is made in lurex brocaded wool. The Josephine bodice has a plunge neckline and beaded fringe trim. The dress won an award for Ninette Creations Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. Approx. retail price 21gns.





Now Patons bring you the Gentle Look in handknits ...in 6 original designs by Norma Tullo

You can't buy these lovely Tullo originals in the shops.
You knit them for yourself, from Patons Book 750.

Imagine! You can soon be wearing one of these lovely boutique-style garments, after just a few hours of simple and pleasant knitting, and very little expense.

Top designer Norma Tullo has created the styles exclusively for Patons, in her award-winning 'Gentle Look', selecting a soft, romantic colour for each, from Patons wools.

Patons have interpreted Tullo's designs into very simple instructions every knitter can follow. You get all six in Patons Book 750 for just 4/-.

You'll look wonderful in these romantic styles, feel proud to have created them for yourself, and save pounds.

Which 'Gentle Look' is for you?

Left: 'Petal', a stunning yellow sweater with clusters of spring flowers inserted on each crocheted scallop. It's in Totem.

Above: Left: 'Hyacinth', a romantic blue cardigan in Patons Mohair with soft flounces of crochet on neck and sleeves.

Right: 'Forget-Me-Not', a soft blue sweater in Patons Mohair with rows of crochet and tiny flowers on the sleeves.

Mid Top: 'Rosebud'. Ruffles of flowers on neck and sleeves, a touch of crochet on buttons and loops. In Totem.

Mid Bottom: 'Spring' knitted in Totem with an upsurge of white crochet on collar, buttons and cuffs.

Far Right: 'Camelot' brings a little black magic to your wardrobe. Knit it in Bluebell with crochet sleeves and collar.



Patons Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965





Are you treating your skin problem only half the time?

Now DOROTHY GRAY brings you the first ever 'Clear Skin Program' you can follow night and day!

To really give your skin problem a chance to heal — you must maintain the medication both night and day. Why? Because only the continued use of the right medication — in flattering cosmetics as well as corrective products — helps stop the spread of the bacteria that causes your problem.

Only Dorothy Gray brings you a complete range of medicated cosmetics so you can choose the exact "Clear Skin Program" you need. (Corrective products for morning and night — and medicated make-up to flatter and help heal all through the day.)

Dorothy Gray is one of the world's leading specialists in young complexion problems.

Select the treatment for your special skin problem — and start your Dorothy Gray "Clear Skin Program" today!

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3. Blemish Pads — Soft gauze pads impregnated with a specially formulated antiseptic cosmetic, to banish pimples, blemishes and oily skin conditions.
4. Clear Skin Lotion — A medicated refining lotion to clear away oily skin secretions — stimulates, refreshes — fights the bacteria that causes your skin problem.
5. Blemish Cream — Covers imperfection to perfection. Matches normal skin tone and promotes healing

while concealing blemishes. Greaseless, antiseptic ingredients reduce danger of infection.

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FOR BEAUTY THE MODERN WAY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1968



Panic-stricken and alone in the deserted

cottage, Pat waited as the sinister figure

lurked outside . . . a dramatic story

ESCAPE!

By DOROTHY G. BUTTERS



As she climbed Birch Hill, Pat noticed that the young man in the red plaid shirt was still behind her, whistling softly through his teeth. She had first been aware of him at the railroad station in town when she had said goodbye to the three friends who were so precipitously deserting her three days early; and again he had been nearby at the bus stop.

Four miles and half an hour later he had climbed off the bus behind her and now she wondered idly where he was going. Even in midsummer few strangers came to the north shore of the lake and this was only June, when few of the cottages had been aired and opened. Summer would officially begin on Thursday, when her parents would arrive.

At the top of Birch Hill, Pat left the dirt road and cut through to the path that led abruptly from the hill's crest down to the shore of the lake. As she reached the door of her family's cottage she saw her neighbor, Mrs. Elphinstone, just vanishing into the woods. "Hello there," she called. "Looking for me?"

Mrs. Elphinstone turned, leaning heavily on her cane. "Yes, dear," she said with a bright smile. "I'm afraid I came to complain again. The radio, you know — all that thumping last night. If I was only deaf instead of arthritic . . ."

"Oh, dear," Pat said sympathetically. "Honestly, I'm sorry, Mrs. Elphinstone. I kept telling the girls how noise travels here, but with your cottage out of sight they never could believe you were there. It won't happen again, though — I just saw them off at the railroad station."

"Really?" Mrs. Elphinstone beamed. "Then why don't you have dinner with me tonight, dear?"

Pat hesitated. "Tomorrow might be better," she said cautiously. "I'm awfully tired."

"Well, if you get lonesome and change your mind just run over and let me know." With a wave of her cane Mrs. Elphinstone turned and moved out of sight among the trees.

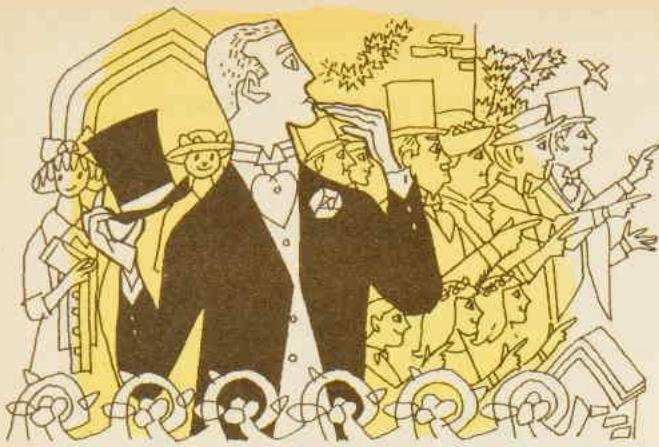
Pat fumbled in her purse for the key and inserted it into the lock. Once inside the house the wind from the lake slammed the door shut behind her — as usual — locking it. Pat turned and gave it the usual exasperated glance, then walked into her bedroom and slipped out of her shoes and cotton dress.

She found it more than irritating to face three days here alone when she had expected company until Thursday. It was what came of including in her invitation two classmates she scarcely knew. Tracy, her room-mate at college, had been due in New York today — Pat had known this from the beginning — but Avis and Beth, obviously bored in such a secluded place without men, had only last night announced they must leave, too.

"A foul trick," Tracy had shouted from the train's open window, gesturing toward the girls behind her. "Pat, are you sure you're going to be all right until Thursday? It's such a lonely place — you know I'd stay and keep you company if I could."

"Don't worry so much, I'll be fine," she had shouted back, wishing Tracy would lower her voice, because people were beginning to stare. As the train moved off she had turned and bumped into the young man in a bright red plaid shirt. Murmuring, "I beg your pardon," she had sped from the station platform.

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THE COMPLACENT BRIDEGROOM

The wedding had been planned to the last detail—a short story

By HEATHER WATSON

Get more when you pour . . .

**No other tea regardless
of price can match
Bushells for consistent
flavor, freshness and
all-round quality.**



Remember what the Tea Council of Australia says:
"One good spoonful for everyone and one for the pot—that's the secret of good tea!"



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965

It was, Mame decided, time "something" was done. Mame was my mother, a very young forty, and flighty as she had been twenty-two years ago, when my father had cast aside his well-established bachelorhood to marry her without a second thought.

The problem in question concerned the marriage of my elder sister, Amanda, then twenty-one, to David Young, a lawyer of some standing in our district. It wasn't that mother disapproved of David, on the contrary she thought him an admirable young man. However, she did disapprove of the conduct of my sister. Amanda, we considered, was much too stable.

Why—Amanda had never even dated any other young man for any length of time, and was always so punctual and obedient to David's wishes, that it wasn't any wonder he took her for granted, as indeed he did. Mother had spoken to Amanda in this regard several times, but without result, and so it was that she decided to take the matter into her own hands.

She was a great believer in the policy of "never letting them think they've got you," and if her own marriage was to be the example it had certainly worked well. My father worshipped the ground she walked on. Not without reason I might add, as apart from her flightiness mother was a very sweet and intelligent woman, who, by dint of a little scheming here and there, had helped my father considerably in his business career.

Amanda, however, was "another kettle of fish," having taken after my father. She was a very hard-working and stable young woman, so far, and much to mother's chagrin has displayed not the smallest amount of feminine flightiness. Since Amanda seemed unable to rectify the state of complacency she had induced in Mr. Young, mother intended to do it for her.

Amanda's marriage to David was scheduled for the following afternoon and everything appeared to be in well-ordered readiness. Amanda had seen to that.

Mother, of course, had a new outfit for the wedding of which she was very proud. She was proud of the entire ensemble, but especially of the hat. The hat she considered a masterpiece. It was a bright green, and sported a large green feather. We were all well aware how much she was in love with the hat, though privates Amanda and I both thought it an eyesore.

The couple were to be married in the next town some thirty miles away, as this was where David's practice was, and where they intended to live. Therefore, we had calculated that in order to be there in plenty of time we would have to leave home by two o'clock, as the wedding was scheduled to take place at three.

The day of the wedding dawned fine and sunny, and by ten minutes to two all members of the wedding party appeared to be almost ready. Amanda was her usual calm, assured self, and I drew in

my breath as I looked at her. I had never before thought of Amanda as being beautiful, though she was certainly attractive, but on her wedding day she was as beautiful as any bride could wish to be.

Up till then things had gone without a hitch. Suddenly, there was pandemonium. Mother and dad were observed running up and down stairs. Amanda and I didn't take much notice at first, but as two o'clock neared Amanda began to get restive.

Then mother burst dramatically into the room "Amanda! my hat! I can't find it. Your father and I have looked almost everywhere. Could it possibly be in here?" and she began looking in cupboards with a most anguished expression on her face. "Oh, mother, of course it's not here. You had it only yesterday—you were showing it to grandma, as she won't be at the wedding."

"I know, dear, and I was keeping everything together in my cupboard, and everything else was there, but the hat's gone." Mother's voice rose slightly.

"Take it easy, Mother. It must be there somewhere," Amanda headed for mother's room trailing her finery to search for the missing hat. Mother followed looking anxious. The search, however, proved fruitless, as mother knew it would. A little frown appeared on Amanda's forehead. Just then a car horn tooted loudly.

Amanda looked out of the window. The wedding cars had just arrived. "The cars are here, Mother—we'll have to go." "But, Amanda," wailed mother, "I can't go without my hat."

"Well, think hard, Mother. It must be somewhere." "I know, dear, I know, but your father and I have looked simply everywhere." Mother turned to me "Jackie, run and have another look downstairs." I searched the downstairs part of the house thoroughly, but to no avail, and as I was coming back encountered my father running up the stairs swearing under his breath. My father does not usually swear.

Mother was at the top of the stairs wringing her hands and weeping, while Amanda tried to remonstrate with her. "Mother, I have a green hat which will go quite nicely with your suit, you will just have to wear that and make the best of it." By this time Amanda had lost her usual patient manner and was becoming quite angry.

"Oh, Amanda," wailed mother, "how could you expect me to wear another hat instead of my own beautiful green hat. I just wouldn't feel right!"

"Mother, we are already half an hour late in leaving, and, quite frankly, I don't care much how you feel any more." Amanda was clearly almost at the end of her tether.

Suddenly the telephone shrilled through the house. Mother sniffed and picked up the receiver. Then she dropped it with a little shriek of excitement. "It's your grandmother. She just discovered she took my hat home by mistake yesterday. She didn't wear one herself, and as its similar to one of hers, she took it by accident."

We were all so relieved we accepted this explanation quite readily, though Amanda was heard to mutter "two nuts in the one family — preserve me," and I thought I detected just the hint of a twinkle in mother's eyes. But, of course, I must have been wrong—it was just excitement at locating her precious hat.

Hurriedly, we all headed for the waiting cars, the drivers by this time were smoking and reading newspapers. We had decided that we would pick the hat up at grandmother's on the way.

We finally arrived at the church almost three-quarters of an hour late. Mother was resplendent in her green hat, with the feather cocked at a jaunty angle, and was very chirpy. Amanda was quite distraught, though we had been in touch with the minister on the way and knew that the bridegroom was waiting.

Amanda's condition, however, was nothing to that of David's, who had waited in the church a half-hour before receiving word of what had happened to his bride. For at least 15 minutes of that time he had been convinced that he was going to be jilted at the altar, and so were all the guests, judging by the amount of fidgeting, shif-

fing, and head-turning that went on.

The minister was also far from happy, and was not mollified when he learned it was all because of a hat. The following Sunday he preached a sermon about the folly of being too much concerned with fashion and worldly things.

His annoyance worried my mother not a whit. After all, she had accomplished her mission, and the look of relief on David's face as Amanda entered the church was her reward. David had obviously suffered quite a shock, and mother was satisfied that he would not take Amanda for granted again. She fingered her green hat with a satisfied smile.

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your skin needs
a natural
cleanser

Neutrogena

Regd.

Nature in its wonderful way has protected our skin with an acid cloak which guards against blemishes, dryness and dullness. Many ordinary soaps and cleansers, being alkaline in action, tend to remove this acid cloak, leaving the skin unprotected and defenceless against harmful accumulations and residues which in time cause these blemishes, dryness and dullness. But with Neutrogena, which contains no free alkali, your skin, be it oily, dry, normal, or a 'problem' skin, is perfectly safe, because Neutrogena preserves, rather than destroys, this natural protection. This helps to maintain the suppleness, elasticity, and cleanliness of the skin, and so works towards a more youthful appearance. Neutrogena is recommended by doctors, so take their advice—for a clear, radiant, beautiful complexion, give Nature the chance she deserves—cleanse only with safe, gentle Neutrogena, the *natural* cleanser.

Prove to yourself that Neutrogena should be your cleanser. Start your one-month beauty treatment today! Thoroughly cleanse your skin with Neutrogena, rinse with clear, clean water, then cleanse and rinse again. Do this each morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed and delighted with the youthful fresh appearance of your skin. One month's supply of 3 cakes of Neutrogena is only 13/6.



Neutrogena is prepared under the original formula of the eminent Belgian cosmetic-chemist, Dr. Edmond Fromont, and is protected by Australian Patent No. 164532.

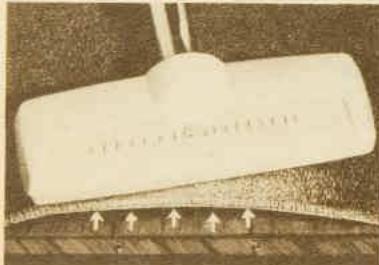
Your Family Chemist and selected Department Stores sell Neutrogena—amazingly priced at only 4/-
Sole Australian distributor: The House of Paulding

NTG 4A

How can we dare to call this the world's best Vacuum Cleaner?



Here are just 4 of the reasons . . .



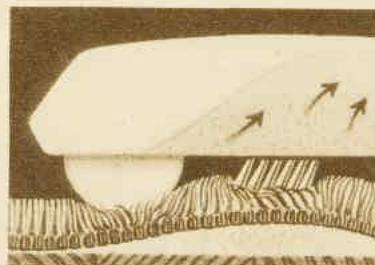
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G-E's 'Jumbo-sized' power of 750 watts is as much as 75% higher than some cleaners and highest of any in Australia. Why settle for less?



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Exclusive Swivel Top allows you to reach every corner of the room without dragging. Smooth-rolling castors glide at a touch. You'll finish faster, fresher!



... collects most dust

Exclusive G-E 'Deep Grooming' Head 'beauty' brushes your carpet for most thorough cleaning, least wear. Cleans on both forward and backward strokes, too!



... holds most dust

You're saved the mess and fatigue of scores of emptying trips because G-E's 'Jumbo-sized' bag is the biggest of all — up to 2½ times larger!

it's GENERAL ELECTRIC for the finest Floor Polisher, too!

A U S T R A L I A



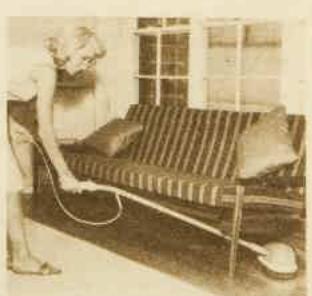
FLOATING BRUSH ACTION

A major problem with many polishers is to 'duck' and run away on slightly uneven surfaces. G-E's exclusive floating-brush action makes the brushes self-leveling. No side pull, no vibration — you can control it with one finger!



MOST POWERFUL MOTOR OF ALL

(350 watts) — for the most thorough polishing and scrubbing job you've ever seen, yet the low noise level is easy on the nerves.



LOW CONTOUR AND PIVOT HANDLE

lets you polish thoroughly in hard-to-get-at places. You can polish under low furniture, deep into corners, right up to skirtings.



COMPLETE ACCESSORIES KIT

— you get Polishing Brushes, Scrubbing Brushes, Lambswool Buffing Pads, easy-to-wash Foami Waxing Pads, plus Disposable Waxing Pads.

MANUFACTURING PLANT: AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD. NOTTING HILL, VICTORIA.

To Kathy, the prospect of
the dance was a wonderful
dream come true . . .

a romantic short story

ILLUSTRATED BY ASTRA



then
at
midnight...

By PHYL GURLEY

KATHRYN TRENT, her eyes sparkling, pirouetted joyfully around the kitchen watched by her mother, who was scrubbing potatoes at the sink, and her ten-year-old sister, Pudge, who was sitting at the breakfast-bar munching biscuits.

"It's going to be a simply fabulous evening," Kathy laughingly announced.

"Kathy, dear!" Mrs. Trent stopped scrubbing the potatoes, a frown creasing her forehead. "I wish you wouldn't be so intense about things. You're making tonight seem too important. And do be careful of your leg."

Kathy stopped twirling. "Tonight is important," she stated, "the first dance I've been to in over a year, the first dance since the accident, the first dance Ted's ever taken me to."

"I know, dear, but . . ."

"He'll see me all dressed up and dancing instead of strung up like a side of lamb or limping around with a stick. Mum, I don't want his pity. I want his love."

"And tonight you think . . ."

"Think?" Kathy shivered with excitement. "I know! Why, I've planned it all perfectly." She wandered over to the sink, the slight drag of her left leg barely noticeable. She looked through the window at the big, turreted cloud castles in the sky. "He'll be the Fairy Prince," she murmured dreamily.

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DELICIOUS for SAVOURIES

Ivanhoe
NORWEGIAN
CRAB PASTE

Available at all good stores

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BICP107

NO OTHER FURNITURE POLISH DOES SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE!

- Removes scratches and stains
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Lost!

15 lbs. in one month

"By following the Menthoid Diet Chart Slimming Plan," states Mrs. R.V. of Richmond.

Another happy lady, Mrs. C.R. of Hurstville, writes:

"I had to let you know how grateful I am for Menthoids and the Diet Chart I sent for. I was 12 st. 7 lbs. and was told I was too fat, which was true. I now weigh 9 st. 12 lbs. and all I have done is followed the Diet Chart and taken Menthoids. I have never felt so well."

Happiness and health such as this can be yours when you follow the Menthoids Plan to correct excess weight and regain vital, youthful energy.

LOSE FAT AND BE FIT!

Menthoids are different, because of a remarkable double action. Menthoids diuretic action, quickly, surely and safely helps your system throw off poisonous fat-forming fluids causing overweight, aches, pains, loss of energy.

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Menthoids have NO side effects, and are SAFE for even delicate people.

Menthoids Slimming Plan is easy to follow with NO violent exercises, NO spartan dieting. You simply eat tasty meals selected from carefully devised diets.

So, for health, happiness, vital energy, start Menthoids Slimming Plan TODAY.

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15/-, 9/- and 5/- EVERYWHERE!



MACKENZIES MENTHOIDS
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

Final instalment of
our two-part serial

The Island

By RICHARD
MARTIN STERN

**Martha waited as Rod
pounded on the door
of Henry Sim's shed.**



Sam said, "I heard you were leaving." His manner was wary, but there was no indication that he still resented the things I had said to him.

"I was." The decision must have been made already in some secret part of my mind. I said to the man with Sam, "I'm Rod Parsons. You're Martha's father."

He said that he was. He added that he was very pleased to meet me and that he understood he was under an obligation.

"No obligation at all," I said. "I don't know where she is. I've lost her."

Sam did a slow take. "Nice work, boy. Now what?"

"Now we find her," I said. "Wherever she is. You two, Bill Yang, Morris Kastner, myself. The island isn't all that large."

"No," Sam said. He looked at Robert Blake. He looked again at me. "I don't want to be brutal," he said, "but while the island isn't all that large there's an awful lot of ocean, too."

The mail boat gave a blast on its whistle. I looked up and Captain Dan was standing in the pilothouse doorway watching me, eyebrows raised. I shook my head. He shrugged and turned away. To Sam I said, "We'll try that too — someone in a small boat."

Robert Blake said, "If I may suggest, the authorities should be notified."

"The island has no authorities," I said. He showed nothing, but I didn't get the impression that he liked it; Robert Blake would live in a world where authority was constantly and readily available.

Bill Yang was quick to offer his help. He and Sam and Robert Blake took the road toward the millpond, to separate and follow the marked paths. There was no danger of Blake's becoming lost even though he was a total stranger to the island. Sam assured him of this and Blake smiled that polite little smile and said, "In that event we can rule out, too, the possibility of Martha's being lost, can't we?" He meant, of course, that wherever she had gone, she had gone deliberately. And he nodded, answering his own question, as the three of them set out.

To Morris Kastner I said, "We need someone with a small boat."

He nodded. "Henry Sims has an outboard."

"I'm not sure Henry would be . . . interested."

"I think," Morris said, "that it would be entirely just if Henry joined in the search." I knew then that Morris had heard about Henry's stated views on girls in skintight pants; and probably Morris knew everything else that had happened as well. Marjorie Yang always maintained that everybody knew what everybody else did on the island, and that there was no use trying to pretend that it was not so. "I'll speak to him," Morris said.

I did not like it. Customarily, relations between the summer visitors were entirely amicable; but Henry Sims had already made his position plain, and Henry was a bull-headed man and island-born.

"A matter of retribution," Morris said, and in his tone there was finality. "And you? Where will you be?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965



Even Dad doesn't
mind change-time now!

Chix Nappy Liners.
Disposable. Save soiling of nappy.
Cut washing time.
Soft, non-woven fabric
won't disintegrate when wet.
Medicated - checks nappy rash.
So gentle - prevents nappy
chaffing. Kiss change-time
problems goodbye. Kiss Dad too!

Chix Nappy Liners

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"chicken
soit"



also available CHIX DISPOSABLE NAPPIES

Johnson & Johnson

From the world's greatest name in table silver—
the world's most beautiful stainless !



Community Stainless in two new and beautiful patterns

Long famous for their superb silverplate, Community now present two exquisite new patterns in solid Stainless Steel. Both as practical as they are lovely, they need no polishing to stay lovely. Always. You'll love the rich and lustrous finish, the perfect weight and balance. Where can you buy Community Stainless? At leading Jewellers and the best Department Stores.

'Frostfire', clean of line, crisply contemporary... with satin finished handles... Sumptuous in the modern manner. 'Cantata', gracefully baroque stainless steel, richly elegant traditional. Both packed in 43-piece canteens £37/17/6.

Community
THE FINEST
STAINLESS

A PRODUCT OF MYTON'S LIMITED, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

MC8



LETTER BOX

Children have a say

HAVING seen the letter from Mrs. McKenzie (Vic) about her son's quaint remark, I thought this might amuse you. Asked what she would like for breakfast, my small daughter, who is at present having chewing trouble with loosening baby teeth, replied, "Soft, clean, skinny toast, with lemon butter, and cut in four, please."

£1/1/- to "Cookie" (name supplied), Alphington, Vic.

WHEN my small brother had his first experience of pins and needles, he jumped to his feet and cried, "Mum, my foot's sparkling."

£1/1/- to "Pip" (name supplied), Casino, N.S.W.

MY girlfriend had put her five-year-old daughter in the bath, telling her to wash herself. After five minutes there was a cry of "Mummy, quick! My hair's melting!" Quite a good description of the way very fine hair feels when it's covered with soap and water.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Gregory, Redhead, N.S.W.

OUR daughter invaded the kitchen on her tricycle. I asked her to leave and use a little common sense, and her father inquired if she knew what common sense was. "Yes," was the quick reply, "it means use your brains, but I'm not going to use mine, I'm saving them for my next party."

£1/1/- to "Nonsense" (name supplied), Evandale, Tas.

MY little two-year-old girl is quick to pick up people's expressions, especially those used in the family circle, but usually has her own versions. When something good is given to her an exclamation of "Perla!" bursts forth. If something unusual takes place, she utters with "Good gravy!"

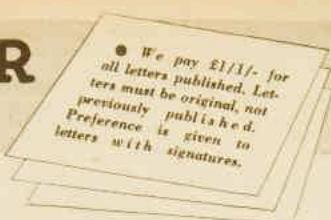
£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Brewer, Clemapp, Qld.

CONVALESCING after a serious operation, my husband was holding his flabby legs out of bed to see how much weight he had lost. Our young grandson, sitting on the bed intently watching, summed up with, "Grandpa, your skin doesn't fit you very well, does it?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Byrt, Narrabeen, N.S.W.

AFTER spending a day on the beach at our holiday resort, with the waves high and pounding, we were all surprised to find next day that the sea was as flat as a pancake. "Look, look," cried my little three-year-old, "all the waves have soaked in!"

£1/1/- to "Beachcomber" (name supplied), East Malvern, Vic.



Classes for parents

THE headmaster of our local primary school has instituted a series of classes for parents. These will cover new methods of teaching writing, maths, and decimal currency, and will enable parents to cope with children's homework difficulties and keep abreast of the times. I think this is a very good innovation, and here's one mum who will be glad to go back to school.

£1/1/- to "Stupid" (name supplied), Grafton, N.S.W.

From Tinder Box to Pea Soup Creek

EARLIER this year you published a letter under the heading, "On the Pioneer Trails," giving unusual place names in Western Australia. Tasmania also has many unusual ones. In the south there is Shoemaker's Point, Tinder Box, Egg and Bacon Bay, and Sandfly. The Devil's Kitchen and Eagle Hawk Neck are near Port Arthur. On the east coast are Bust Me Gall and Break Me Neck Hills. On the west coast is the township of Needles and Pea Soup Creek.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. E. Farnell, Huon, Tas.

Watch that pen, pardner!

MY husband is a great reader of Westerns, and finds considerable humor in the lack of thought displayed by the authors. In "The Man Without a Gun," a yarn of early America, the hero purchases "a handsome bouquet neatly arranged . . ." (the trade name of a modern transparent wrapping). In another yarn of the pre-car period, a horseman is told by the sheriff, "Hurry, man. Step on it." In another the author writes, "Her eyes were blue, either side of a pert little nose." Where else could they be?

£1/1/- to "Amused" (name supplied), Nowra, N.S.W.

Meals for remembrance

WHEN I was growing up, a family with eight children lived near us. The father had irregular work; with overtime the pay was wonderful, but other times there was nothing. When there was money there was corn in Egypt — their meals were wonderful. If the money had been stretched out the family would have had very little better than they had when there was no employment for the father. As the mother worked it, they did have the memory of some good times. I still think her attitude was right.

£1/1/- to Miss S. D. Lord, Hawthorne, Qld.

COP THAT!

• An 18-year-old youth in Taunton, England, was gaoled for three months for tweaking a policeman's nose and saying, "You are the handsomest man in the force."

A policeman's life is difficult, he mightn't seem to mind. But he's often somewhat sensitive, as countless critics find. He doesn't relish insults and he's apt to take offence, So do not treat him rudely but use your common sense, Which means you must be wary of the opposite extreme And exercise discretion in expressing your esteem. His experience tends to make him suspicious and austere And if your praise is fulsome he may think you insincere.



— Dorothy Drain



Life is so much more exciting when you are SLIM!

And now it is so much easier to become slim—and to stay slim.

No need for hard-to-keep, complicated diets; no need for sickly food substitutes; no boring exercises. You eat normal food . . . and simply take three American Slimming Tablets each day. They reduce your appetite for fattening foods, and also assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. Nothing could be simpler—or safer.

American Slimming Tablets are obtainable from Chemists, and they cost only 10/- for 14 days' treatment—9d. a day to be slim.

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Margaret Merrill.

Ross Campbell writes...

GREAT INVENTIONS

state when the red-handled breadknife was mislaid at a picnic.

It has a wavy blade. It cuts bread much better than our previous breadknives, which had sawtooth blades.

"What about the pencil sharpener?" I said.

She was crazy about the pencil sharpener when we bought it a few years ago. It is a fancy one with a handle. For the first time she was able to cope with the colored-pencil problem.

"I take the pencil sharpener a bit for granted now," she said.

Her passion for it has died down. It was too intense to last.

The thought came to me that other people, too, must have gadgets

I remember how she got into a



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that have changed their lives. I questioned a few neighbors.

Mrs. Hopkins, who is a grandmother, replied without hesitation: "The rotary clothesline and half-pounds of butter."

In her young days, she said, she had used a clothesline with props. She bought butter by the pound, cut off a big block, with no grease-paper round it.

She had never stopped feeling glad that was all over.

Mr. Donkling said to me: "Off-hand, what I appreciate most is those free coathangers you get when suits come back from the cleaners."

Mrs. Wilson was lyrical over a thing she has for chopping up vegetables.

Mrs. McDill spoke with tears in her eyes (almost) about her plastic dish-cloth. She was also very keen on plastic bags, for keeping cheese in.

I was cheered up by what these people said. It showed that the world is making progress, after all.

Personally, I have profited from only one big technical advance. It was finding that wet newspaper is the best thing for cleaning windows.

But that discovery has brought me a great deal of happiness.

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As she pulled on a knit shirt to match her shorts she heard the sound of pebbles crunching on the path outside and peered through the curtain to the back door, expecting to see Mrs. Elphinstone again. But it was the young man in the red shirt who had left the bus behind her.

"I don't wonder he's lost," she thought, remembering the labyrinth of paths that led from cottage to cottage. She recalled that the back door had blown shut behind her as she came in, and that she needn't answer his knock if she didn't want to. "And I don't want to," she decided crossly. "Let him find someone else to ask."

It was how she felt — still a little aggrieved at being left alone, and too aware of that aloneness just now to be pleasant, or even communicative.

Continued from page 27

The young man knocked again, rather aggressively this time, and she thought, "Well, really!" There was something a little insolent about the second knock and she was glad she had not gone to the door. She waited until he walked away before deciding — it was almost half-past one — to make herself lunch and iced tea.

She tiptoed into the kitchen, moving softly in her sneakers, to the window over the sink to make certain the young man had gone.

But he hadn't gone. He was sitting under a tree not ten yards away, a piece of grass between his teeth. His eyes were fastened on the ground between them, but she was so jarred by the sight of him calmly

ESCAPE!

sitting there, so startled by his odd persistence, that she jumped back from the window.

She knew at once this was a mistake; that he must have been aware of her sudden movement. She even thought she had seen the flicker of his eyelids as she jerked out of sight.

She pressed herself against the wall next to the door, trying to tell herself that he couldn't possibly have seen her but wishing she hadn't been careless, because now he might stay longer and she'd have to go on pretending she wasn't here.

The young man moved. She heard him push away the blackberry vines under the kitchen window, heard

the snap of twigs, and then, to her astonishment, his face pressed itself against the screen and blotted out the light as he peered inside.

He couldn't see her. He could see — she cautiously turned her head to look — he could see the back wall of the kitchen opposite him: the refrigerator, the kerosene stove beside it, and the rough shelves that held the canned foods. He would probably guess that the half-opened door in the left wall concealed the tiny bathroom.

Beneath the window he would see the rim of the sink and a corner of the linoleum-covered table. Then came the back door — windowless, made of rough boards — but he would not be able to see the wall against which she stood.

He remained there for what seemed an eternity of time, as if he had to learn what had moved, or

must memorise everything he saw in the room. But why would he want to do that?

When his head left the window she heard the blackberry vines scrape the shingles as he moved through them to the back door. The latch next to her began to move up and down, softly and then demandingly.

"The important thing to remember," she told herself through clenched teeth, "is that he doesn't know anybody is in this house. People do strange things when they don't realise they're being watched."

It occurred to her that next he might go to the side door and she wondered if it were securely locked. There was also a small window in that side door. She was going to have to reach it before he did and draw the muslin curtains across the window or she would be denied any freedom of movement in the house until he went away. If she didn't, he could stand there looking into the living-room for as long as it pleased him.

The thought of leaving this wall obscurely frightened her. It was a feeling she had never felt before, an almost primeval insistence that open spaces be avoided.

She wished Mrs. Elphinstone would come back. It was this abnormal silence that was getting on her nerves, she decided, the feeling of being here in the cottage and yet unable to take possession.

"You've got to move now," she told herself, and suddenly saw the situation as ridiculous, herself in here hugging the wall simply because some silly young man was outside.

There had to be a logical reason for his presence: perhaps she had dropped something on the road and he was trying to return it, or he needed directions and had followed to ask. Perhaps he was just a masher — that was what her mother still called flirtatious and determined men.

SHE slid from her corner and tiptoed soundlessly across the living-room, her confidence returning as soon as she left the kitchen. Quietly, she drew the extra bolt on the side door and pulled the curtains.

She was safe now from observation as long as she avoided the rear bedroom and the kitchen, because the house was set into a very steep hill; it fronted on the lake, and its long, screened-in doorless porch was some twelve feet above the ground.

She picked up a book and walked softly into her parents' bedroom; a small room always in shadow because of the huge hemlock just outside the window. She pushed pillows against the wall, patted them into shape, and lay down on the bed to outwait the young man.

It was just two o'clock. She promised herself that she would remain there until four, when he would certainly have gone. But if her eyes strayed on the pages of her book her thoughts did not. The seconds dragged — she'd had no idea that minutes could seem so long.

She began to be furious with herself now because she had not answered the young man's knock the first time instead of being drawn into this absurd pretence that the house was empty. Why hadn't she had the good sense to open the door, step outside, and say, "Hello — I was just leaving," and walk away?

By the time the hands of her watch nudged four she stood up in relief. She had heard no sounds from outside for at least an hour. Now she could have her lunch, go swimming, or lie in the sun.

She turned to enter the living-room and stopped. Across the room was the side door with its drawn curtains. Through the curtains, worn thin from frequent washings, she saw the clearly outlined silhouette of the young man's head. He was still there, standing — simply standing — on the side steps.

At this moment she felt the first clutch of real fear.

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All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965

With the arrival of fear — and its impact was stunning — all of her rationalisations collapsed. Suddenly she saw her position, with a distinct and unpleasant clarity. There was no telephone in the cottage. The only house in sight, some five hundred yards away, was empty.

On the west shore, nearly half a mile away, there was a small general store, but other than this there was no one nearby except Mrs. Elphinstone, whose cottage lay on the other side of the woods, well out of sight. She was alone — chillingly and utterly alone — and this young man knew it.

He did know; she had realised this all the time, not daring to admit it because it was too alarming to consider. He had stood behind her on the station platform long enough to hear Tracy describe the loneliness of the cottage both in detail and at the top of her voice.

Except for Tracy and Avis and Beth, now speeding toward New York, he and Mrs. Elphinstone were the only two people on earth who knew she was here alone for three days — and having refused Mrs. Elphinstone's invitation to dinner she was not likely to see her again today.

"I mustn't lose my head," she whispered, and backed into her parents' room to sit down with her head in her hands.

She realised her fingers had curled into fists and the nails were cutting the palms of her hands. She spread them out and stared at them blankly. What kind of man was it out there, a young man who followed a girl home because he knew she would be alone for several days? But she knew she mustn't follow that thought to any kind of conclusion.

She had two choices: She could let herself imagine just what might be wrong with the young man, until she turned into a gibbering idiot, or she could use her head and fight.

FROM THE BIBLE

Though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel.

— I Corinthians 9:16.

Her only weapon was silence, she realised — with silence she could outwait and outwit him. Eventually he would get tired of waiting and go away, and then she could run out of the back door to Mrs. Elphinstone's.

The important thing was to keep an eye on him so that she would know when he went away. Right now he was on the side steps. She walked to the door and looked. Thank heavens, he was gone. But she quickly realised it was safer knowing exactly where he was.

She was hungry and terribly thirsty. The first thing she must do was to get a drink of water. She tipped to the door into the kitchen and found its window empty. Dropping to her hands and knees, she crawled to the rear door and listened. She could hear no sounds.

She realised almost at once that she couldn't risk a drink from the kitchen sink. The taps were directly under the window, and she would have to stand to reach them. Instead she would have to crawl into the bathroom beyond.

Heartened by the silence, she crept into the bathroom, remembering to leave the door open no wider than she had found it. Kneeling beside the sink, she turned on the tap, a cup ready in her other hand.

A few drops of water appeared at the end of the spigot, then dribbled into the sink.

She turned the tap again, farther. Nothing happened, and she sat back and stared at it stupidly. She recalled that the cutoff was outside, just under the kitchen window. Every autumn her father went out and turned the knob before he drained the water pipes. Now it had been turned off again!

Continued from page 36

ESCAPE!

Sitting back on her heels and staring at the pipes, her world narrowed until it contained only an oppressive thirst and a waterless tap, and she whispered reproachfully, "Why did you do this? Why did you do this when you can see nobody is here? Don't you know I'm not here?"

He wants me to come outside, she thought, except that how could she go outside if she wasn't here? Her mind felt blurred and stupid. She turned and crawled out of the bathroom, not pausing until she reached the sanctuary of the far wall.

There she stopped to stare at the shelves of canned goods just out of reach. Soups. Grape juice. Orange juice. Her throat ached and she

crept to the shelf and snatched down the tall can of orange juice.

Then, with a cowering she had not known she possessed, she remembered how the man had stared through the window for nearly ten minutes, as if to memorise exactly what he saw. She put the bright can back where she had found it and groped behind it for the small can of pineapple juice he could not have noticed.

She was barely back against the wall when she heard him again. He passed the window, and in her one quick glimpse of him she saw that he was eating a sandwich. He must have visited the general store to buy food and she hadn't even known he was gone.

Wearily she grasped her can of juice and crawled back into the bedroom on her hands and knees.

Darkness came slowly. And when the dinner hour had long since passed, she gave up all hope of Mrs. Elphinstone's returning to repeat her invitation.

From time to time she could hear the young man prowling around the house. Once she heard a bottle strike the hemlock with force and shatter, as if he'd aimed and thrown it. How boyish, she thought, crouched on the floor and hating him.

Then all at once it was dark, utterly and opaque black, as only country nights could be, and with the coming of night she knew how small her courage was going to be.

She could summon back neither indignation nor logic. There was only a lethargy of mind and body,

and it seemed that there had never been a time when she had not been hidden here alone. She felt bereft and frightened, like a small child lost in a black and terrifying void.

Over and over she repeated to herself, "There can't be any harm in him, there has to be a reason for his staying here. I'm imagining too much. I've always had too lively an imagination."

She realised that she desperately needed food to fortify her nerves. She'd had nothing to eat since breakfast at eight o'clock and there was a roast in the refrigerator. She thought that if she could just reach the refrigerator and open the door — but no, there was a hitch there somewhere. Think, she told herself, and mentally, step by step, she

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Continued from page 37

ESCAPE!

crawled to the refrigerator and opened the door. Of course — the light inside the box.

She felt a cold sweat break out across her neck as she pictured herself opening that door and light spilling out to illuminate the room. "Then I'll take out the fuses," she thought wisely, remembering that the fuse box hung on the wall of her bedroom.

Soundlessly she crept across the living-room into the back bedroom, rose to her feet, and felt along the wall. The door of the fuse box squeaked a little as she pulled it open and for a moment, in spite of the darkness, she panicked.

With trembling fingers she counted the fuses because she couldn't allow herself a mistake. There were four. She checked and rechecked, and then carefully unscrewed them and placed them on the bureau.

The last fuse clicked into something metallic as she put it down. Her cautious fingers found a quarter and a dime and, with relief that she hadn't knocked them clattering to the floor, she shoved the two coins into the pocket of her shorts.

There was almost relief in admitting it. She put her hands to her eyes but there were no tears left. There was only revision at the intimacy between them now, the intimacy of this cat-and-mouse game being played out between them in the darkness.

And yet at the same time it was all in her imagination, she remembered, and she tried to summon back reason. All he had done was knock on her door. He thought the house was empty. Surely he would be as frightened as she was if he knew it was occupied, and certainly he would go away. He wanted to break in for food, or a place to sleep, and he was afraid to do it. He didn't know she was here.

The light came from the window, where it seemed pasted on the darkness like a moon. Slowly it moved across the floor to examine the shelf of canned goods and then it swerved abruptly toward the bathroom.

She huddled behind the door to the kitchen and covered her eyes to shut out the searching, indecent light. Her terror was so acute that for a moment she believed she was going to be sick. She realised that in only one more second she would have been captured by that light and she crouched there and wept softly to herself.

After a long time, weak and trembling, she crawled into her parents' bedroom and lay down on the bed. The night was full of noises — small, stealthy animal sounds and sharp creaks of contracting wood. Each sound was different and each one produced a whimper deep inside of her. It was cold and she reached for the comforter at the foot of the bed and pulled it over her, knowing she mustn't close her eyes but aching to be warm again.

Suddenly, aware that she

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mind had shrunk to the size of this room.

It lay inert and beaten so that she yearned only for some small, enclosed, comforting space in which to hide.

She knew of such a space. There was a cupboard in the rear bedroom, high in the wall beside the chimney. If she removed the blankets and climbed up there and pulled the door shut behind her —

"He wouldn't find me right away," she thought proudly. "Not right away." It would be dark and warm, just small enough for a curled-up body and there would be safety there.

She got to her knees and crept through the living-room into the rear bedroom, the rasping sound was louder now because she was very near him. As she stood up to pull open the cupboard door she heard him whistling softly through his teeth, and she thought in astonishment, "He's enjoying himself."

The discovery shocked her. She thought, "It isn't I who's losing my mind. It's he who's mad, he's really dangerous!"

A tiny flame of anger ran through her and fed on a sense of outrage, and her tired brain, rousing under the

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Whoever started the idea that an annual holiday is just what you need to set you up for the next year's work? Ridiculous! The only thing a holiday does for me is to give me an acute distaste for all sorts of work and an equally acute desire for lots and lots more holiday.

MY sister Alison and I had been planning this holiday for ages, but as Alison kept changing her mind about when she could go, bookings got more and more complicated.

We'd planned to rent a cottage on the N.S.W. South Coast from some friends, but when D-Day finally arrived we had four days in hand for an easy one-day's drive.

So we went by the most circuitous route we could find—up through Canberra and the Snowy Mountains area, staying at motels, swimming in icy-cold rivers, and eating far too much to get warm enough to get back swimming.

I adore motels. I regard them as one of the really Good Things invented in the 20th century, but it's my sad duty to report that a change has come over some of them since I last darkened their doors two or three years ago.

Some of them (not all, I understand, but each of the ones Alison and I spent a night in) have given up the heavenly habit of taking your breakfast order the night before and bringing it to you on a tray in your room.

Now, if you want to eat, you have to get up and get dressed and present yourself in the motel dining-room for your bacon and eggs.

The wonderful joy of NOT keeping house . . .

WHEN we got down to the coast we had our friends' rambling shack full of beds, bedding, an electric stove, a shower, and little else.

Wonderful. The world's best housekeeper, if she tried all day, couldn't find more than a few minutes' housework to do and we didn't try.

Alison, who's a shocking housekeeper and a wonderful cook, decided in true holiday spirit that I should do the cooking and she'd do whatever housework there was.

This suited me, since, except when our families turned up at the weekends, we ate fruit and things out of tins and great slabs of fish from the local fish-and-chip shop.

When Alison felt the urge to wash-up or sweep the sand out of the limeoiled cottage, she'd say "sit down, get out of the way, and read me the crossword clues."

"A small tool," I'd say. "Five letters; third one's g." "Gadget," Alison would say triumphantly.

"That's six." "It's not six. It's five. G-a-g-e-t. You said the third one was a g."

"I think it might be auger," I'd say, ignoring her arguments. Alison would give a mocking laugh. "Five letters, you said, you dope. Auger is o-g-r-e-t."

I can see that Mike's terrible spelling is an inherited trait, and from my side of the family.

We had no dictionary with us (I must remember that a small dictionary is essential baggage on future family holidays) and we got more fun out of the arguments than the crosswords. Alison always boasts she can solve any crossword, given time. I can now see it's done by a severe brainseizure and bending of the English language.

Most of the day we spent on the beach or in the water, snorkelling gently round rock pools and shallower reaches.

This is one of the greatest joys I know, and if you've never done it, then feed your family on mince for the next week and use the housekeeping money you've saved to buy yourself a mask. You don't need to be young or a strong swimmer or a fearless, devil-may-care type.

Immediately you get your face under water you find you're in a new world—and incidentally you feel so much safer than in surface swimming, because you can see.

We found some wonderful areas of rock pools, varying in depth from four to about 14ft., where we felt 100 per cent. safe from sharks, and where there was the most astonishing variety of fish and plant life.

A pool that looked empty from above would prove to be full of trevally and cod and mullet and the inevitable toad-fish, as well as the most extraordinary little rainbow-bright fishes, which were as tiny as aquarium specimens, lived in archways in the underwater rocks, and never ventured more than a few inches from their hiding places.

A world where fish are as curious as cows

ONCE you get your masked face under the water you discover that fish are as curious as cows.

They'll swim to within a foot of you, peering to see what you are, and hordes of little ones will follow you about.

hoping, I suppose, that you'll catch some food and drop some choice crumbs for them.

A word of warning—passed on from a woman we'd met on the beach after she'd risen from under the water in the pool where we were.

Snorting and choking and breathing flames of fury, she said: "I'm going to kill my dentist when I get home."

She'd been a snorkelling enthusiast for years, but had just had her lower teeth out, her new lower plate didn't fit properly, and she couldn't get a watertight seal with the snorkel-tube held in her mouth!

Alison and I are saving this story up for our family dentist, who's getting old now and never fails to bore us each time we visit him by saying he's been asked some funny questions by patients about to lose the last of their teeth, but the best of all came from our grandmother.

She, in her old age, looked at him fiercely and said: "Will I be able to bite a thread, when I'm sewing, with my false teeth?" We think "Will I be able to hold a snorkel-tube?" is a much better question.

I suggest that nobody, from 20 to 70, lets himself or herself be put off by this problem. Just give the family mixer for one more night, and save the small extra cost of a mask with snorkel attached which lets you breathe through your nose instead of your mouth.

All this, even if you go to the expense of buying a pair of flippers as well, will cost you less than one two-hundredth of a plane ticket to Europe, but it'll take you into a world as startlingly new as anything you'd be likely to find there.

Untidiness led to a broken home

● Most marriages don't run altogether smoothly, and, inevitably, there are adjustments to be made before happy, peaceful co-existence can be achieved. But when HE, after a mere two months, announced that "it was finished" and began to pack I somewhat doubtfully admitted that the maladjustment could be my fault (hateful thought).

I WAS, however, at a loss to understand how divorce talk could originate from such an insignificant shortcoming. Infidelity, finance problems, immaturity—all these were explicable. But UNTIDINESS, surely not!

Impossible, it happened. Soon after, however, he remembered something he'd read in a marriage-guidance book, and came back to talk things over. A family conference he called it.

This consisted primarily of an explosion which reduced me to tears and secondly to a sympathetic explanation of the reasons underlying the cause of my fault.

My mother, he said, had always picked up everything after me. Furthermore, he pointed out that HE was not my mother, and was not going to pick-up after me.

He said it was not essential to utilise all my new kitchen equipment each time I cooked a meal, and so create a formidable wash-up which invariably remained unwashed.

He reasoned that if I hung my clothes in the wardrobe immediately after I undressed, I would save myself a job later on.

He asked me if I actually LIKED living in a mess. As I was quite used to the latter, I didn't mind at all.

In fact, I felt distinctly more comfortable surrounded by litter. However, I did not inform my husband of this "abnormal" fancy.

Finally he announced that he was going to rid me of all superfluous possessions, and thus eliminate much rubbish and chaos-creating articles.

I balked at this one. I was an inveterate hoarder. He wasn't. What HE called "junk" I called "essentials," even "treasures."

HE insisted. So out went all old greeting cards, clothing I intended (but never got around to) converting into something fashionable.

Out, too, went stacks of magazines (kept to re-read some article long since forgotten), recipes collected since I was eleven, all goods kept "in case I needed them," letters, broken jewellery, old school books, brown paper bags, coupons, gift wrappings, my collection of pretty bottles, dust-collecting ornaments, and, lastly (oh horrors), all make-up I didn't use.

This was the throwout. He built a bonfire. I became nostalgic and cried. Heartlessly he told me, "You'll never miss any of this stuff," and surprisingly enough I didn't.

Furthermore, he packed away all "junk" which was not

A READER'S STORY

in immediate use, or did not need to be in immediate use.

All my wedding presents—"You can't display fifty objets d'art in a bed-sitter without bedlam"; my dinner set—"We're paying for a furnished flat, so we'll use the crockery provided"; my gift-boxed linen and napery—"We just don't need them"; all winter clothes and blankets—"No, we're not in for a cool change"; and all my trousseau lingerie—"Well, you have shown them off, so we'll keep them for when you go to hospital to have our first baby."

Things improved. He bullied me and I tried to co-operate. There was less mess—until the first baby arrived. I was virtually back where I started.

We moved to a larger flat, I had more storage space. I hoarded madly—baby clothes, toys, articles on child care, clinic cards, formulas, and weight charts. I created havoc.

I became the perfect mother, and the vastly imperfect housewife. How, I argued, could I be expected to wash nappies, mix formulas, feed, bathe, and dress baby and still keep the flat tidy?

According to him, organisation was the secret. So HE worked out a daily schedule for me to follow. He also conducted another throwout.

The situation improved once more. I was on the right road. Then I decided to return to work. This spotlighted another of my shortcomings, an absolute inability to rise at a specified time each morning.

Consequently, when he arrived home an hour before me in the afternoons, the trail from the unmade, dishevelled bed into the bathroom littered with curlers, tissues, and make-up, to my half-eaten breakfast and unwashed plates in the kitchen, to the ironing-board set up with iron in the laundry, and ferry ticket forgotten on the phone table reminded him of my morning's misdemeanors.

Patiently he explained that planning the night before was essential. So accordingly I followed his directions to clock-work precision, and operated myself as efficiently as a computer.

By this time I was beginning to get the hang of it. My own tidiness was impressing me. The thought that I could rear a child, hold down a job, and still have no mess went to my head, especially after I read a psychological article on autosuggestion.

I became a fanatic. I began repeating to myself "I hate mess." The thought took hold and grew.

I learnt to hate cigarette-ash in ash-trays, the morning paper unfolded, a dirty dish in the sink, muddy boots in the house, cooking because it dirtied the stove, and people—how they dirtied the house!

I lived in a perfection of cleanliness, and woe-be-tide anyone who disrupted it.

My husband left last week. He said I was neurotic.

I'm not really. It's just that I can't stand a mess!

FAMILY AFFAIRS

myself as efficiently as a computer.

stimulus of this brief anger, whispered, "Look at you." With infinite detachment her mind looked at herself as God might look down upon this house with light and pity, and she recoiled at what she saw: the nest of blankets in the other room, the turned-over, empty juice can, herself creeping from room to room on hands and knees.

Like an animal, she thought in horror, and it was true — terror had done this. Hour by hour she had sloughed off successive layers of civilisation until she had become scarcely human in her fear.

Her hand dropped from the cupboard door and she straightened her shoulders and lifted her head. She could at least meet him like this, with dignity. There was no escape, no door or window from which she could run without his hearing her and finding her with his light. And surely there was no way to escape without using a door or a window?

Think, her mind cried again.

She crept out to the high, screened-in porch, to the place where for years there had been a hole in the screen no bigger than a finger. She found it and gently tugged. The rotted screen resisted only a little. She leaned against it, ripping until she felt blood run down her hands. She needed a sharp tool to finish. She waited until the young man began again on the door and — almost trance-like now — she entered the living-room and brought back scissors and three cotton blankets.

With the scissors she cut a hole in the screen large enough for her body. The blankets she tied together, pushing the last knot through the large hook that held one of the porch hammocks. She worked without hope, recognising hope as the most treacherous feeling of all as she lowered one blanket through the hole in the screen.

HE was still working at the door. She grasped the rope of blankets with both hands and pushed her bare legs through the screen. The torn edges ripped her flesh. The blankets held her for only that moment in which she was suspended twelve feet above the ground and then, as the knots slipped, catapulting her downward, the kitchen door crashed open and the young man burst into the cottage.

Dazed and bruised she picked herself up from the ground and crawled into the water and began swimming.

The telephone booth stood next to the darkened general store like an upended coffin ablaze with light. For a moment she could not bear to expose herself to so much brightness. She felt in her dripping pocket for the dime and the quarter and forced herself to step inside and drop a coin into the slot.

A male voice said, "State Police Barracks."

She whispered, "Please."

"I can't hear you," the voice said patiently.

She told him where she was and said, "I'll be waiting outside. If you'll just hurry."

"Is something wrong?" said the voice obtusely.

She began to cry. "Yes," she shouted at him, and hung up, and in a frenzy tore open the door of the booth and plunged into darkness again.

She waited a long time. There were no sirens and she began to think that nobody would come, that perhaps she was doomed forever to darkness, when she looked up and saw the lights of a car.

It stopped next to the telephone booth and a man climbed out, the twin beams of light shining on black boots and khaki trousers. She stood up in the bushes and said, "Here I am." She took a step forward and then she stopped. Now that she was on the perimeter of safety her own escape was suddenly not enough.

She said with a sob, "There's Mrs. Elphinstone — you must get to her, she's alone on the north shore, and there's a man in a red-plaid shirt — oh, please hurry before he finds her. Please."

The policeman reached her just as she fell.

She opened her eyes to find herself in a white hospital room with the starched white skirts of a nurse

Continued from page 38

ESCAPE!

vaniishing through the door. A man in uniform was standing at the foot of the bed. "It's Wednesday morning," he said. "You've been under sedation but the doctor said it's all right to ask you for a statement now — that is, if you feel up to it."

"Wednesday," she said in a puzzled voice, and turned her face to the morning light that streaked through the window. "Wednesday," she echoed, and suddenly it all came back to her and she covered her eyes with her hands to blot it out.

"Your family's on the way, they'll be here soon," the policeman said gently. "Are you sure you feel up to making a statement?"

She dropped her hands from her

face and looked at him, knowing there was something she had to ask. "I'll be all right," she whispered. "It's just — is it over? Did you find him? Did I only imagine he was insane?"

"Suppose you tell me about it," he suggested.

She told him slowly, in a monotone, her voice faltering only near the end. When she had finished, still without asking her question, he put away his notebook and said, "It always helps to tell someone, you know."

She nodded, nervously twisting the sheets between her fingers. "I have so little courage," she explained, and now the question bore down on her like a weight and yet

she dared not speak it because she was afraid she had been too late.

"I wouldn't say that — you have a great deal of courage," he insisted. "We found him last night, and he was no ordinary young man."

"Where did you find him?" she asked desperately.

"At Mrs. Elphinstone's cottage. It was clever of you to think of that. How did you guess he would go there?"

She closed her eyes and said painfully, "Because he would have seen me talking to her earlier. Because in the darkness — all alone there — I came to know him better than I may ever know anyone again."

She opened her eyes and there were tears in them. "I can't remember his face, and I don't ever want to learn his name, and yet I know him —" She shivered, realising that she could never explain to anyone

the terrible bond that existed between a stalker and his prey.

"Mrs. Elphinstone," she said quietly, knowing the question could no longer be postponed. "Did he — is he?"

"We reached her just in time," he said gravely. "We got to her cottage just after he had broken into it. That's what you have to remember now — that you saved Mrs. Elphinstone's life. It's no small accomplishment, when you think of the others."

"Others?" she said in a startled voice.

He nodded. "Yes . . . A housewife in Boston, a secretary in Brockton, an elderly woman in Cambridge. There were these others, quite a few of them — but you were the first to get away from him alive."

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THE LIVELY TASTE OF HERRING.



"Fairy Prince?" asked Pudge incredulously. "Ted O'Connor?"

"And he'll take me to the Grand Ball at the Palace."

"The Civic Centre," corrected Pudge through a mouthful of biscuit.

"Then at midnight . . ."

"There'll be supper," suggested Pudge eagerly.

Kathy flicked her gaze from the clouds to the short-round figure of her sister. "Why do you have to be so practical and stodgy?" she demanded.

"And why do you have to set your mind on things being done your way all the time?" protested Mrs. Trent.

"Why not?" Kathy looked defiantly at her mother. "I've chosen a night Ted gets off work early so he can take

Continued from page 31

THEN AT MIDNIGHT . . .

me to dinner, and I've told my sister I want a shoulder spray of those special soft pink rosettes because my lipstick . . ."

"You and your plans!" snapped Mrs. Trent. "You can plan an evening praps, but you can't plan how another person falls in love."

"Can't I?" laughed Kathy.

"Why, when Ted sees me in

that fantastic dress of mine,

he won't be able to help falling in love."

"That fluffy white one?" asked Pudge.

Kathy nodded. "That fluffy white one," she said. "And, in it, I'm going to look like

a Fairy Princess." She twirled back to the centre of the room and posed dramatically.

"Oh, Mum, he'll be so impressed with me — the dress, the grand entrance I'll make at the hall, the way I'll look at me, the way I can walk . . . dance . . . do everything as well as any of the other girls can . . ."

"Especially Doreen Hamp-ton," put in Mrs. Trent.

Kathy nodded, frowning. "Especially Doreen Hamp-ton," she agreed. Then she shook away the frown and started twirling again. "Oh, I can't wait to see me!" She picked up her skirts to run

a simply fabulous evening." And she twirled out of the kitchen and down to her bedroom.

Two hours later, when she had put on the fluffy white dress, she made an entrance into the living-room and stood eyes sparkling in front of the whole family.

"You are like a fairy princess," marvelled Pudge.

"Oh, darling," murmured Mrs. Trent.

And Mr. Trent whistled.

Kathy was smiling graciously at the three of them when the front door bell rang. "He's early," she said. "He can't wait to see me!" She picked up her skirts to run

then let them drop and walked with repressed excitement to the door. She opened it, her eyes bright with welcome, but as soon as she saw Ted the brightness faded.

"Ted!" she exclaimed.

"Why, Ted!" Her gaze swept over him. No dinner jacket. No black tie! He was still in his heavy, greasy overalls. "Your clothes?" she cried.

"I know. Ted's frank grey

eyes were worried. "Look, I can't make it tonight," he said. "There's been an accident at the plant and I've got to go back. Sorry, Kathy. I know how you've been counting on this evening, and now . . . and now . . . Gee!

I wouldn't have had this happen for the world."

He stared at her face. "Kathy, don't just stand there. Say something."

Kathy swallowed. Then she managed a smile. "That's all right, Ted," she said. And she added, "Can you come in?"

"No." Ted shook his head. "I've got to get right back. I only took the time to come over because I didn't want to tell you this on the phone."

"Thank you," said Kathy. "That was nice of you."

Ted stood there looking miserable. "I know what this evening means to you," he studied her face earnestly. "You sure you're going to be all right, Kathy?"

Kathy forced her smile to deepen. "Quite all right," she said. "Don't worry about me. There'll be lots of other evenings." She took two slow steps backwards. "Ring me tomorrow," she suggested, and with a wave of her hand she slipped inside, slammed the door, and flattened her back against it.

As she stood there she heard her father say, "What's all the fuss about tonight?"

And her mother replied, "Jim, really? Ted's never taken her to a dance before. She's only known him since the smash-up. Surely you remember he was the driver of the other car."

Kathy stiffened. The driver of the other car! Was that the only reason Ted came around a lot? Because he felt responsible? But it hadn't been his fault at all. Still, he'd never mentioned the word "love" to her, never even tried to kiss her.

She stared down at the fluffy white dress. That was what the dress . . . the whole evening . . . was supposed to be.

Kathy stiffened. The driver of the other car! Was that the only reason Ted came around a lot? Because he felt responsible? But it hadn't been his fault at all. Still, he'd never mentioned the word "love" to her, never even tried to kiss her.

She raised her head and looked at him. "Did you notice my dress tonight?" she asked.

"Dress?"

"Yes. When you came over to tell me you had to work."

Ted cocked his head to one side. After a moment, he said, "No. The only thing I noticed was your face. You were hurt, Kathy, but you smiled for me. It was then I realised that . . . I love you, Kathy. I love you."

His face bent nearer but suddenly he hesitated. "That dress, Kathy, if you want to slip it on quickly . . ."

He glanced at his watch. "It's almost twelve, but we'd have time . . ."

Kathy put her fingers lightly on his mouth. "No," she said. "I'd rather stay here alone with you."

He put his arm around her, drew her close to him. Then . . . at midnight . . . his lips brushed against her cheek, reached for her mouth. Dizzily . . . breathlessly . . . Kathy responded.

After a time, as she nestled her head back against his shoulder, she murmured, amazement in her voice, "This is a simply fabulous evening."

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ENJOY IT THIS LENT!

Serve herring with a hearty host of vegetables. Or in a sprightly curry spiked with crisp shallots. Make a herring patty or a spicy herring spread. Mmm! That lively taste of Crosse & Blackwell Herring. What a sparkle it lends to Lenten cooking! Crosse & Blackwell Herring (in Tomato Sauce or Scotch Fresh Herring) . . . so inviting, so easy-to-prepare and more economical than salmon or tuna. Give a lift to your Lenten mealtimes with Crosse & Blackwell Herring. See the lively recipes below!

delicious for Lent!

HERRING PIZZA PIE

Base: 6 oz. plain flour, 1 tsp. baking powder, 3 tbsp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 3 oz. butter, 1 cup water.

Topping: 1 x 14 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 1 large onion finely chopped, 1 tbsp. capers. Garnish with black olives, stuffed green olives and slices of tomato.

Method: Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter and add water to make a soft dough. Roll out to fit an 8" greased sandwich tin. Cook in a moderate oven for 20 mins.

Mash Herring and Tomato sauce with a fork, add chopped onion and capers. Spread over top of cooled pizza base and garnish.

HERRING PATTIES

1 x 14 oz. can Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 egg slightly beaten, 2 tbsp. onion, chopped, 2 tbsp. parsley, chopped, 2 tbsp. flour, 1 tsp. salt, oil for deep frying.

Method: Combine all ingredients. Shape into 1" balls. Roll in a little flour. Fry in hot oil until golden. Serve with tomato sauce. Makes 36 1" balls.

TANGY HERRING CREAM

1 x 14 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Fresh Herring, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise, 2 tbsp. sour cream, 1 tbsp. chopped shallots, 1 tbsp. chopped red capsicum.

Method: Remove bones from herring. Mix with mayonnaise, and sour cream. Top with shallots and capsicum. Serve cold with salad.

CRISPY HERRING AU GRATIN

1 packet potato chips, 3 oz. cheese — grated, 1 x 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 2 shallots, 2 tsp. capers, 4 dsp. milk, 1 egg, strips green capsicum.

Method: Grease a pie dish. Place 1/2 packet chips around sides and bottom. Cover with alternate layer of cheese, herring, shallots and capers. Cover with remaining chips. Top with remaining cheese. Whisk egg with milk, spoon over casserole. Place in moderate oven for approx. 20 mins., until egg mixture is set. Garnish with chopped shallots. Serves 3.

NORTH SEA CURRY

Oil for frying, 2 cups boiled rice, 2 tsp. curry powder, 1/2 cup pineapple pieces (strained), 1 x 14 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Fresh Herring, 3 shallots chopped (white and green), salt, pepper to taste, lemon juice.

Method: Heat oil in frying pan. Add rice, curry and cook for few mins. Add pineapple pieces, herring and shallots. Mix well. Heat through for approximately 10-15 mins. Add lemon juice. Serve garnished with shallots. Serves 3-4.

TARTARE SPREAD

1 x 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Fresh Herring (Mashed), 1/2 cup finely chopped celery, 2 finely chopped gherkins, 2 tsp. chopped capers, 2 tsp. lemon juice, 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1/2 cup cottage cheese.

Method: Combine all ingredients and chill before serving.



Like some other lively ways to enjoy herring this Lent? Look for the free Crosse & Blackwell recipe leaflet at your grocer's.

CB1712 WW JCP

LULUBELLE



RIVETS



"I'll go back to the headland," I said. "Then I'll follow the paths we've taken together." I was pinning my hopes on one idea.

"Good luck!" Morris said. He turned away, angling down toward the water of the anchorage.

As I walked I looked back from time to time, and it was almost as if I were seeing scenes of a silent film. Henry Sims was there, and Morris approached him; they spoke briefly. Henry shook his head, they disappeared into the fish shed. After a brief time they reappeared and walked together straight to a beached dory and pushed it out, climbed in, started the outboard, and headed for the point. Henry sat in the stern, handling the engine; he was upright and a trifle stiffer than usual. Well before I reached the headland, the dory passed me and disappeared around the point.

Continued from page 32

I set out, following the path Martha and I had taken yesterday morning.

I told myself that she would be in the place where she had found restfulness and peace, where together we had planned the cathedral; that there in the golden light that filtered down through the evergreens I would find her. I did not.

The grove was empty. Oh, she had been there; I found a burned-out match and a carefully stubbed-out cigarette butt with lipstick on its tip beside the log where she and I had rested that first day. So she had come here, and then gone. Where, and why?

Now, at last, I was beginning to

THE ISLAND

I thought about this, and found it almost incredible but true. I had experienced the loss of my wife with what people must have thought to be composure. Only I knew the sham in that view. Marian was gone, but where was grief?

Now, hurrying eagerly around each bend in the path, feeling the sharp pang of disappointment and then the rekindling of hope, calling Martha's name from time to time and straining to hear an answer, I began to understand that the promise I had made last night had been to myself as well as to her, because each of us loneliness was now unthinkable.

When at last I hurried around a bend and almost collided with Sam I merely stopped and stared at him, for the moment uncomprehending.

Sam looked at me for a moment and then looked away. "Sorry, boy," he said.

"What do you mean? You've found her?"

"No," Sam said. "I mean we haven't."

I said, "She is not in the sea. I know it."

All Sam said was, "We'd better get back. Bill Yang and Blake will be coming in."

"Morris is out in a boat," I said.

Sam nodded. "I saw. Apparently Morris changed Henry's mind about girls in skintight pants. Persuasive fellow, Morris."

SO Sam, too, knew about the Henry Sims episode with Martha; apparently I was the only one on the island who had not known — until it was too late. While I had been tidying the house, wasting time that could not be recalled, she had heard first that I had no intention of keeping my promise, and then she had heard, or been shown, that once again her mere presence was upsetting. She had needed me and I had not been there.

"Sam," I said, "we've got to find her."

"You've got it bad, haven't you?" he asked.

"That is the first sensible thing you've said in a long time. The answer is yes," I said.

We set off on the path toward the village.

Bill Yang was waiting at the post office. When we reached him he said gently, "Sorry, Rod. No luck."

I knelt down, smoothed the dirt with a small stick, and sketched an outline of the island. I then traced in my own route. When I was done I handed the stick to Sam, who drew in the route he had taken until he met me. Bill Yang added his route. The three of us squatted there and stared at the crude sketch, trying to pick out an area that might have been missed. No one spoke.

Robert Blake appeared, a trifle dusty and with tiny beads of sweat on his forehead, but still wearing that faint, defensive smile. He looked down at my sketch. Sam pointed with the stick. "Here's where we split up," Sam said. "I went this way, Bill that. Oriented?" We all watched Blake's slow nod. "Now, Sam said, "the path I started you out on goes like this." He drew it in.

"I followed it," Blake said, thereby closing the last gap. He paused. "I'm sorry, gentlemen."

I took the stick from Sam's hand. "Lavinia says she went this way toward the headland."

Sam's head jerked around, and I knew precisely what he was thinking.

"No," I said. "She didn't fall or jump. I looked. So did Morris from the boat. And, besides, I have her located farther on, in these woods. She sat there and smoked a cigarette." I could think of nothing more to say.

"Well, from there she could have gone in almost any direction," Sam said. It was obvious; there was no need to comment. "And we're pretty well covered —"

"No, we haven't," I said. "Not yet. There's Lighthouse Hill, for one."

"I'll walk up and check," Sam rose to his feet. "Any other place you can think of?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965



How does she keep her skin so naturally lovely? She keeps it clear and healthy with Rexona's four medicated beauty oils... Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth. Your skin will look lovelier, too, when you keep it healthy with Rexona Toilet Soap.



A popular selection of NATIVE SHRUBS

By R. H. ANDERSON

The native plants of Australia include many attractive flowering shrubs, some of which have been successfully grown in gardens, both here and overseas, for many years.

IT is true that not all are easily grown under normal garden conditions and treatment, but the interest in these shrubs in recent years has developed a much wider knowledge of their needs.

The following are well established in popular favor:

GERALDTON WAX FLOWER (*Chamaelaucium uncinatum*) is one of the most commonly grown native plants; has dainty needle-like foliage and attractive sprays of pale pink flowers in winter and spring, very suitable for cutting. Red- and white-flowering varieties are also available. Some gardeners find it a difficult plant to grow, but its chief need is very good drainage. Preferably, the soil, unless very sandy, should be raised at least 6in. above the general level. Water regularly in summer.

Plants tend to become leggy unless regularly pruned; best way to get compact growth is to tip-prune after every 12in. of growth. Don't cut older plants

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HEATH-LEAVED HONEYSUCKLE (*Banksia ericifolia*).

back to the hard wood, as they might die. The roots should not be disturbed.

Not suitable for very cold or tropical regions.

ROSEMARY SPIDER FLOWER (*Grevillea rosmarinifolia*) is one of the most popular Grevilleas grown, although others have more showy flowers. It forms a compact shrub 6ft. or more high, with attractive bright-green slightly prickly foliage and rosy-red flowers.

Hardy, quite fast-growing, and useful for hedges.

The variety *jenkinsii* has rich red flowers and larger leaves.

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DOG ROSE (*Bauera rubioides*) is a lovely little shrub, up to 3ft. high, with soft-pink flowers freely produced, especially in spring and early summer.

The delicate, somewhat feathery foliage enhances its beauty. It prefers a moist, shady position, resents lime, but will grow in full sunlight, although losing some of its depth of color. Most districts

SWAN RIVER PEA BUSH (*Brachyscome lanceolata*) is an attractive shrub, usually about 4ft., but sometimes taller. In winter and early spring it has rich scarlet pea-shaped flowers, up to 1in. long, clustered along the branches.

It is quite easily grown in most soils, but is not suitable for tropical or cold districts with frosts exceeding 8-10deg. Propagated by seeds or cuttings.

NATIVE WAX FLOWER (*Eriostemon myoporoides*) has deservedly become a popular garden plant, being easily grown and producing lovely white or pale pink flowers in long spikes, from late autumn to spring. Plants are of compact growth, up to 5ft.

It adapts itself to most soils and conditions, but prefers a fairly heavy soil and partial shade.

HEATH MYRTLE (*Baeckea virgata*) is a hardy, easily grown shrub up to 6ft., of open growth habit, and with small narrow leaves and white or pale pink flowers in spring and early summer. It is very effective for cut flowers, the little starry flowers being profusely scattered through the delicate foliage.

Suitable for most districts, but prefers a light sandy soil with good drainage.

NATIVE MINT BUSH (*Prostanthera ovalifolia*) is the most commonly grown, and probably the best, of *Prostanthera* species for garden use. A greyish-green shrub up to 6ft. high, it produces an abundance of lilac-mauve or purplish bell-shaped flowers in spring. Fast-growing, but rather short-lived, the plants need tip-pruning from the early stages of growth. Don't prune old wood. Hardy, except in very cold areas.

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HEATH-LEAVED HONEYSUCKLE (*Banksia ericifolia*) is a magnificent tall shrub with dramatic erect flower cones — golden amber or bronze-colored, 10in. long or longer — scattered through the plant and cherished by birds. Needs good drainage and sun.

WESTRINGIA (*Westringia fruticosa*, formerly known as *W. rosmariniformis*) is a compact little shrub, up to 6ft. but usually smaller, with greyish-green or ashy foliage and white two-lipped flowers faintly tinged with lilac.

Although it can be grown as an ordinary garden plant, its chief virtue is its ability to withstand seashore conditions. It grows well even in exposed situations, and can be used as a hedge. If left unpruned, becomes sparsely foliated.

CRIMSON BOTTLE BRUSH (*Callistemon citrinus*). Any selection of native shrubs would be incomplete without one Bottle Brush. Several species are cultivated, but *Callistemon citrinus* is an attractive one with brilliant scarlet flowers and leaves with a faint lemon perfume. The young shoots are pink and silvery and quite decorative.

Growing to 10ft. or more, it needs light pruning after flowering to keep a good shape. Prefers a fairly light moist soil, but does reasonably well in other situations.

NATIVE HOP BUSH (*Dodonaea viscosa*) is common in many parts of Australia and is very hardy. The insignificant flowers are followed by large, unusual, winged hop-like fruits. The best garden form is the variety *purpurea*.

It has bronze-colored foliage, turning almost purple in winter, giving it an unusual appearance. Fast-growing, but needs pruning to keep a good shape.

RED-FLOWERING MELALEUCA (*Melaleuca hypericifolia*) is related to the Tea-trees and is a showy strong-growing shrub up to 10ft. high, with bright red bottle-brush-like flowers and attractive coppery green foliage. Can be trimmed to form a hedge.

Suitable for most districts except cold mountains.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



Where else do three great races present the many faces of their culture.

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WEST AUSTRALIANS, do you know that it is almost as cheap to travel to Singapore as it is to visit Sydney. In about the same time that it takes to fly from Perth to Sydney you could be setting foot in the heart of the Orient—Singapore.

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Singapore



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VEE-FORM* by Modess
a slimmer napkin,
exclusive V-shape.

Collectors' Corner

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries.

IN the January 20 issue Mrs. L. Heinrichsen asked about a tea-set made in Scotland in the shape of sea-shells. I have a cup and saucer similar in shape and glaze but different in color. It is cream shading to coral pink. Markings are "Co Fermanagh, Ireland." Surmounted on the markings is a picture of a dog in front of a harp with the word Belleek underneath.—O. H. Daley, Liverpool, N.S.W.

Your Belleek cup and saucer was made during the first decade of this century. The

factory was founded at Belleek, Northern Ireland, by Armstrong and McElroy in 1857. Shortly after 1865 the factory produced a fine egg-shell porcelain, so named because of its delicate thinness and lightness of body, its rich cream-like ivory tones and the pearly iridescence of its glaze. Your specimen which bears the standard factory mark, together with the imprint Ireland, is a comparatively late example. If a piece of porcelain or pottery has the country of origin with the factory mark it was not made before 1893.

CAN you give me any information about my vase? The markings on the base are not very distinct, but look like J. Fischer-Budapest, and there is a number which appears to be 1043 or 1048. — Mrs. E. McKinnon, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

LATE nineteenth-century Budapest pottery is noted for its creamy glaze. The decoration varies from delicate tonings to rich, glossy brown, blue, and red enamels. Vases were sometimes made with a matt surface, but these are rare. Modelling in relief is treated in a rustic manner, gilded enrichments usually have a faint, coppery tinge, and invariably a copper lustre embellishment is applied to the surface. Your vase is a unique example and would have been made about 1880.



• Pottery vase.

Hints from readers

• Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these handy tips.

If short of blankets at any time, put a layer of newspapers between the blankets you have, or, if you prefer, use sheets instead of paper. You will be surprised at the warmth either gives.—Miss Anne Chaplin, Main Rd., Glen Huon, Tas.

To brighten a rusty needle, push it in and out of a piece of sand-soap.—Mrs. G. Crowe, 38 Suvia St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

Draw up a traymobile at a right-angle to the sewing machine and place the bulk of the material on it when sewing large or heavy articles, such as quilts. Having the material on a level with the pressure-foot prevents dragging, avoids lifting, and keeps seams straight.—Mrs. Lyla Baker, 143 Atherton Rd., Oakleigh, Vic.

Core some small green apples and fill cavities with chutney. Bake in oven in greased dish. Serve with pork instead of apple sauce—they make a delicious change.—Mrs. A. B. Mattock, 9 Heathcote Rd., Moorabank, via Liverpool, N.S.W.

Iron-on patches and tapes will adhere much longer if you cut round them with pinking shears before applying them.—Anne Tayer, 3 Hyeronimus Ave., Wellington, N.S.W.

Use an apple corer to remove docks, dandelions, and similar weeds from your garden.—Bob Mitchell, 25 Birdwood Ave., Warrnambool, Vic.

Lengthen the wear of rubber thong sandals by buying a pair of stick-on rubber soles and heels and attaching them to the thongs as directed for leather soles. The extra soles will protect the rubber button on the sole of the thongs, which usually wears out first and so loosens the top straps.—Mrs. G. Darby, 11 Adolphus St., Ballarat, N.S.W.

Mend torn clothing and frayed edges or seams with bias binding. Have the binding a little longer than the tear, turn garment inside out, pin binding to each end of tear, then machine up and down a few times. Remove pins and machine once completely round binding to make edges firm.—Mrs. A. Chiesa, Box 418, Ingham, Old.

A few pieces of camphor pushed down the back of a lounge suite will prevent any musty smell and keep away moths and silverfish.—Mrs. F. Crees, "Conniston," 31 MacGregor St., Eagle Junction, N.Q., Brisbane.

Small children like to dry their own hands. Instead of tape, attach elastic loops to towels that hang within their reach. This will prevent towels being torn and save replacements of tape.—Mrs. M. Overton, Somerville, Vic.

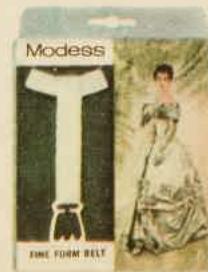


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"I'll check the hotel again," I said. "I have to make a phone call, anyway."

Robert Blake said, "Perhaps one of you gentlemen would be good enough to explain what . . . ah . . . prompted Martha to disappear?"

"My fault," I said.

Sam surprised me. "Nobody's fault," he said. "And everybody's." He turned away and headed up the path to Lighthouse Hill.

Bill Yang walked with Blake and me as far as the hotel. There we stopped, and Bill said again, "I'm sorry, Rod, Mr. Blake."

Blake said, "Thank you, sir. And thank you for your help."

I was looking at the anchorage.

Bill said, "Morris will be in shortly. All the way around doesn't take long."

There was nothing to say to that.

Continued from page 44

Bill said then, "I never can remember them. What flags are those the Coast Guard's flying?"

We all looked across to the Coast Guard station. Two square flags flew, one above the other. They meant nothing to me. It was Robert Blake who said in his quiet, polite voice, "I'm afraid it is entirely appropriate."

We both turned to stare at him.

"Those two flags are hurricane warnings."

It took a few moments for the full sense of what he had said to reach me. "Entirely appropriate!" I said then. "Do you believe that nonsense, too? That Martha brings catastrophe with her?"

THE ISLAND

"Does it matter what I believe, Mr. Parsons?"

Lavinia had not seen Martha. Robert Blake had already been assigned a room, and his suitcase had been brought up from the wharf. He went to his room with a smile and a polite word. I went to the phone and called Bernie at the office. I told him I had missed the mail boat, and that I was sorry but . . .

"Well, you just stay where you are and hang on," Bernie said. "There's nothing else to do. The lady apparently plays rough." He said that Hurricane Clara had changed her mind again. "Headed for north-east Maine now," Bernie said. "So you're in her path, aren't you?"

I could see the two flags. "The Coast Guard seems to think so."

"And you sound as if you couldn't care less. What's the matter with you, anyway?" He paused. "Strike that. Take care, and keep in touch if you can. And don't worry about San Francisco; I'll handle that somehow."

Morris Kastner came up the hotel steps. "Nothing," he said. "I am sorry, Rod." He was pretty well soaked. I remarked on it. He said, "There's sea making, and the wind is picking up. It was a little wet going around the far tip."

I said, "There's a hurricane coming. Her name is Clara."

"Right now my interest is in another lady. Yours."

And so, because he knew the island as well as any of us, I told him exactly where we had searched. When I spoke of the cigarette Martha had smoked in the cathedral grove, his face took on a different solemnity. "Why do you think she went there?"

I said it was because there she had found peace.

"All by herself?"

No, I had been with her.

"Where else were you with her?" I said slowly, "We had a picnic out on the far tip. But you would have seen her from the boat—" And then I stopped and stared at him. "The tide is in," I said.

"Two, three feet above normal, maybe more."

"Yesterday we walked along the beach at low tide. We went along under the cliffs. When the tide started in we went back to the point because I didn't want to be caught between the rising water and the cliffs. But I know how fast the water rises, and maybe she doesn't."

"We would have seen her," Morris said. "In those ochre paints—"

"But would you?" I said. "Can you be sure?"

He touched my arm. "Let's go back and look."

Out on the bare far tip of the island the rising wind became a force to reckon with. I located the spot where we had had our picnic. From there I led the way, angling toward the shore. The shingle beach was entirely under water, and swells were beginning to cast themselves into areas of grass that were normally dry. We walked parallel to the shore; as the cliffs began to rise we climbed with them, until in spots we were a hundred feet above the dirty, churning sea.

We kept close to the edge of the cliffs, sometimes stopping to look almost straight down; I tried not to think at all. It was Morris who

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

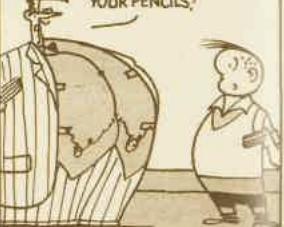
Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles, up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD

JUNIOR, I TOLD YOU NOT TO USE MY NEW RAZOR BLADES TO SHARPEN YOUR PENCILS!



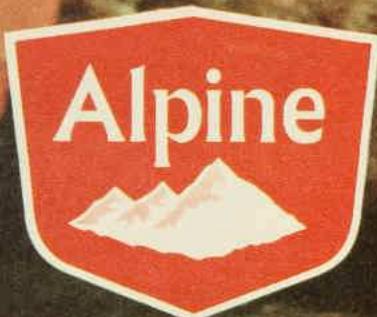
STOCK UP FOR LENT!

SALMON CHEESE CASSEROLE

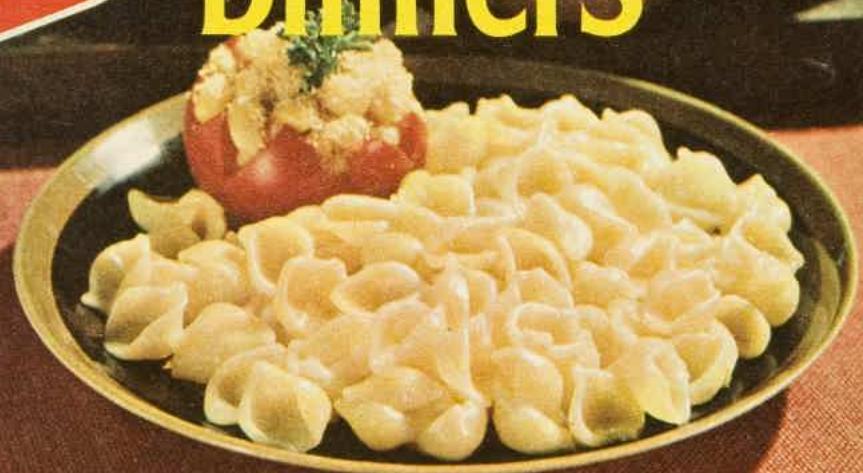
1 pkt. ALPINE Cheese Noodle Dinner, 1 tablespoon chopped Parsley, 1 small can Salmon or Tuna, 1/4 cup Breadcrumbs, 2 oz. grated Cheese, 1 Onion (chopped and fried).

Prepare Cheese Noodle Dinner as directed (stove-top method). Spread layers of noodles, salmon, onion and parsley in casserole, top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Bake in mod. oven (375°) for 10 minutes, until cheese melts. Serve immediately or cover with casserole lid or foil and reduce oven to lowest heat until ready to serve.

Ready to serve in just 10 minutes!



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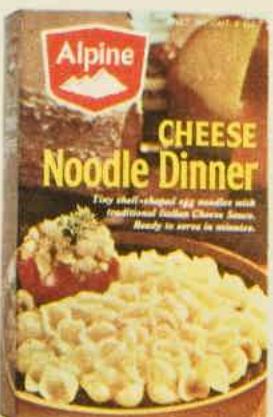
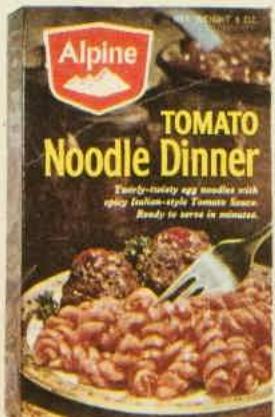
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SPAGHETTI—AND 20 SAUCES



• The secret of a successful dish of spaghetti lies in its sauce. In this three-page feature we tell you how to make savory sauces for twenty different spaghetti dishes, and how to cook the spaghetti perfectly, too.

HOT, steaming spaghetti, topped with a richly flavored robust sauce and a dusting of cheese, and served with a green salad and crusty bread, makes a meal to remember. It is inexpensive, easy to prepare, and has such wide appeal that teenagers and gourmets alike enjoy it.

If you've been avoiding spaghetti or other pastas because you think they're fattening, be reassured; a one-cup serving of plain cooked spaghetti contains only about 150 calories.

In making a spaghetti dish, it is important to cook the spaghetti to the right texture. Here is how it's done:

How to cook spaghetti

Cook spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water; 1 gallon of water to 1lb. of spaghetti is not too much. Some cooks believe the water for spaghetti should not be salted because the sauce itself adds all the necessary flavor. But we like to add a good sprinkling of salt for flavor.

The water should be boiling rapidly. Hold the long lengths of spaghetti at one end and place other ends into the boiling water; spaghetti will begin to soften as soon as it is in the water. It is easy then to lower spaghetti gradually into the water, coiling the whole strands round inside of saucepan.

The water should not go off the boil while the spaghetti is cooking.

Cook spaghetti 12 to 20 minutes. Spaghetti varies according to individual manufacturers; a hard paste spaghetti will require the longer cooking time. Freshness, too, has a great deal to do with necessary cooking time. If you buy your spaghetti unpackaged and it is not as fresh as it should be, the longer cooking may be necessary.

Test at the end of 10 minutes. Lift out a strand and bite it. The spaghetti should be tender but not too soft. If, after testing, you would like a slightly softer strand, cook further 2 or 3 minutes and test again.

When the texture of the spaghetti is exactly to your liking, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ice-cold water to saucepan to stop the cooking instantly. Pour spaghetti into a colander; drain well.

Do not rinse spaghetti under cold water — this will harden it. Provided sufficient boiling water has been used in the cooking, there will be no starch adhering to the strands.

If you wish, mix a knob of butter through the hot spaghetti. This will prevent the strands sticking.

Arrange spaghetti in individual serving-bowls or on large platter, make a well in centre, spoon in the sauce.

A deep bowl, such as a soup plate, is best for spaghetti. This will enable you to twirl the strands into the sauce and manipulate your fork freely without spotting the tablecloth.

Parmesan cheese, finely grated, is a traditional accompaniment of many spaghetti dishes — either mixed through the spaghetti, added to the sauce, sprinkled generously over the top — with extra parmesan served in a bowl on the table.

But if the flavor of parmesan cheese is rather strong for family tastes, sprinkle finely grated swiss or cheddar cheese over sauce and spaghetti. But do not mix it through the spaghetti; these other cheeses are not so hard as parmesan and may become stringy.

If you can't manage to eat spaghetti with a fork, catch up the strands on a fork held in right hand, press prongs of fork gently against bowl of a soupspoon held in left hand, and twirl the strands neatly around the fork. Then eat — and enjoy!

How to make the sauces

The longer a sauce simmers, the more concentrated and rich the flavor will be. This applies to a sauce with a number of ingredients; the longer cooking-time enables the flavors to blend and mellow.

However, there are some sauces that need only 30 minutes' cooking-time and others for which no cooking is necessary — the ingredients are merely blended and mixed through the hot spaghetti.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the following recipes.

Note: Recipes using 1lb. spaghetti will make approximately six servings.

TOMATO-MEAT SAUCE

One onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 small can tomato paste, 3 cups stock or warm water, 1lb. finely chopped or minced lean beef, 1 bayleaf, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spaghetti.

Chop onion and garlic, saute in hot oil until onion is transparent. Add tomato paste and cook, stirring, 2 or 3 minutes. Add stock or water, beef, and bayleaf; cover, simmer gently 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Season to taste.

Pour over the hot spaghetti served in individual bowls.

• SPAGHETTI MARINARA is topped with a delicious seafood sauce. See recipe.

Color picture by Ian Mitchell

MARINARA SAUCE

One dozen oysters, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. scallops (or any combination of seafood can be used — lobster, crab, etc.), 2oz. butter, 1 clove garlic, 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 6 large tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1lb. spaghetti.

Melt butter in saucepan, add crushed garlic, parsley, and peeled, chopped, tomatoes. Simmer until mixture is well blended and soft; mix in oysters, shelled prawns, poached scallops, heat gently. Season to taste.

Drain hot cooked spaghetti. Return to saucepan, stir the sauce through. Or, alternatively, spoon sauce over individual servings of spaghetti.

ITALIAN HERB SAUCE

Half cup each minced parsley and fresh basil leaves, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 8oz. cottage cheese, pinch pepper, 1lb. spaghetti.

Combine parsley, basil, and crushed garlic in bowl or mortar. Crush them together until they form a paste. Gradually work in the oil and cheese, add pepper. Add mixture to hot, drained spaghetti, gently mix in, serve.

Alternatively, parsley, basil, and garlic can be combined in a blender.

ITALIAN PARTY SAUCE

One pound round steak, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, 1 tablespoon oil, 2 cloves garlic, 2 large onions, 1 green pepper, 4 stalks celery, 1 large can tomato paste, 2lb. tomatoes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups red wine, 1 small bunch parsley, 1 dessertspoon dried basil, 1 teaspoon each oregano, marjoram, and thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon rosemary, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, 2lb. spaghetti.

Cut round steak into pieces about lin.; brown in heated oil, remove from pan. Add the minced steak, brown well, remove from pan. Add to pan the crushed garlic and chopped onions; saute until golden. Remove from pan. Add a little more butter to pan, if necessary; add the chopped green pepper and sliced celery, cook until tender.

Return all cooked ingredients to pan, add tomato paste, peeled chopped tomatoes, wine, chopped parsley, herbs. Cover pan, simmer gently approximately 3 hours, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. Add a little stock if necessary. Then add sliced mushrooms, simmer further 1 hour.

Pour sauce over the hot, well-drained spaghetti. If desired, pass bowl of grated parmesan cheese separately.

Note: This is an excellent party dish; its slow, gentle simmering takes little attention, and the hostess is free to concentrate on other parts of the meal.

Quantities given will serve approximately 12 to 20 people, depending on remainder of menu.

Continued on page 51

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



Make these swinging Platter-party cakes with Tulip Australia's top quality Margarine



Get out the Tulip Margarine and whip up these mouth-watering goodies. Phone the gang to come to a Platter-party that really "moves" (and show the boys what a good cook you are).

PLATTER CAKE: 3 ozs. Tulip margarine, 1 oz. cornflour, 4 ozs. sugar, 3 eggs, 2½ ozs. S.R. Flour. This above quantity is sufficient for a 1 x 9" round sandwich pan. Double or treble this quantity for a two or three layer cake.

METHOD: 1. Sift flour and cornflour together. 2. Place eggs and sugar in large bowl, stand bowl over hot water and beat until thick and creamy. 3. Remove from hot water, sieve half flour over the mixture and fold in lightly — add remaining flour in the same way alternately with melted Tulip margarine. 4. Pour mixture into a well greased and paper lined 9" sandwich pan. Bake in moderate oven 25-30 minutes.

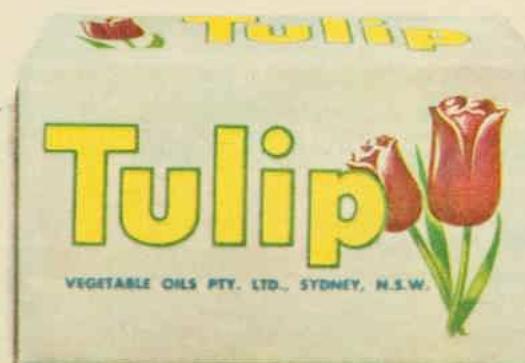
ICING: For 3 layer cake, 4 ozs. Tulip margarine, 1 lb. icing sugar, 2 tbispsns. cocoa, little milk, mock cream.

METHOD: 1. Beat Tulip margarine until soft. Add icing sugar and sufficient milk to make a soft spreading consistency. 2. Take out about 2 tbispsns. of this cream and colour it pale pink. 3. To the remaining cream add the cocoa and beat well, adding a little milk if needed. 4. Join cakes together with mock cream. 5. Mark out a circle in centre of the cake about 4" in diameter. Fill circle with the pink icing. Cover top and sides with the chocolate icing. Using a leaping comb mark out cake to resemble a stack of records.

PERSONALITY SQUARES: 4 ozs. Tulip margarine, 2 eggs, 4 ozs. sugar, ½ teaspn. lemon essence, 8 ozs. S.R. Flour, 3 ozs. chopped cherries, 2 tbispsns. each of milk and water, 2 tbispsns. coconut.

METHOD: 1. Cream Tulip margarine and sugar — add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition — add essence. 2. Stir in the flour and blended milk alternately, lastly fold in the cherries and coconut. 3. Spoon into a well greased 9" x 9" sandwich pan. Bake in mod. oven 25-30 minutes. Ice as desired. Cut into squares. Decorate with photographs of pop-singers.

FREE RECIPES! For more Party recipes write, phone or call at the Daffodil Cooking Demonstration Centre, 4th Floor, McDowell's, King Street, Sydney. Telephone 20159, ext. 170.



Spreads your money further

SPAGHETTI AND 20 SAUCES . . . continued



SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE, one of the most popular spaghetti dishes, has a meat sauce, flavored with wine.

BOLOGNESE SAUCE

One large onion (finely chopped), 1lb. minced steak, 1 small can tomato paste, 1 cup red wine, salt and pepper to taste, pinch each oregano and thyme, oil, 1lb. spaghetti, grated parmesan cheese.

Sauté onion in the heated oil until golden, add minced steak; cook very well, stirring with fork all the time, until meat appears to be dry and tends to catch on bottom of pan. Then add the wine, tomato paste, salt and pepper to taste, and herbs. When sauce comes to the boil, turn down heat, cook gently about 1 hour, adding extra water if it becomes thick too quickly. The longer this sauce cooks, the better it is.

Arrange hot, well-drained spaghetti in individual bowls, making a slight well in centre. Spoon in the sauce. Top with grated parmesan cheese or pass a bowl of cheese separately.

Note: If using bought ready-minced steak, which contains a higher percentage of fat, pour off any surplus fat from pan before adding the wine, tomato paste, etc.

MARINARA SAUCE WITH CREAM

One pound spaghetti, boiling salted water, 1lb. mixed seafood (shelled prawns, diced lobster, scallops, etc.), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine, 2 tablespoons butter, 2oz. oil, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Cook spaghetti in plenty of boiling water until just tender—about 15 minutes. Drain well, sauté 2 or 3 minutes in the heated butter and oil. Add the seafood and garlic, cook a few minutes, then add cream and wine. Simmer until sauce reduces slightly. Season to taste, transfer to serving-dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve immediately.

CAMPANIA SAUCE

One onion, 1 tablespoon each of butter and oil, 3 tomatoes, 6 canned anchovy fillets, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, pinch each of basil, powdered thyme and nutmeg, 1 clove garlic, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup beef stock, 1 tablespoon grated parmesan cheese, 1lb. spaghetti, extra grated parmesan cheese.

Sauté chopped onion in the hot oil and butter. Stir in the peeled and coarsely chopped tomatoes, minced anchovy fillets, parsley, basil, thyme and nutmeg, salt, pepper, crushed garlic, and stock. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer gently 30 minutes. Just before serving, stir in grated cheese. Pour over hot, well-drained spaghetti, serve extra grated cheese separately.

SICILIANA SAUCE

Two ounces butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 2 garlic cloves, 4 large onions, 4 rashers lean bacon or ham, pepper, 1 teaspoon dried basil (or 1 dessertspoon fresh basil, chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, 4 anchovy fillets, 2oz. black or green olives, 1lb. spaghetti.

Put butter and oil into pan, add crushed garlic cloves, sauté few minutes; remove garlic from pan. Add to pan the finely chopped onions, chopped bacon or ham, basil, and little pepper. Sauté until onions are soft, then add sliced mushrooms, chopped anchovy fillets and sliced olives. Cover, cook gently until sauce is fairly thick; add little stock if mixture seems too thick. Spoon over hot, well-drained spaghetti.

FRESH TOMATO SAUCE

One clove garlic (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried basil, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 2lb. tomatoes (peeled and chopped), salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated parmesan cheese, 1lb. spaghetti, little butter.

Heat oil, put in garlic, parsley, and basil, cook until garlic softens. Then add tomatoes, salt and pepper, cook until tomatoes are soft (about 30 minutes). Rub sauce through sieve, return to pan. Reduce sauce slightly if necessary (it must not be watery). Check seasoning, stir in cheese.

Place hot, drained spaghetti in deep serving-dish with lump of butter. Spoon over prepared sauce; serve immediately.

SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT BALLS

One pound hamburger steak, 1lb. sausage meat, 1-3rd cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon each grated onion, chopped parsley, and chopped green pepper, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons bacon drippings or oil, 2lb. tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chicken stock, 1 bayleaf, pinch thyme, 1lb. spaghetti, grated parmesan cheese.

Combine meats, breadcrumbs, onion, parsley, and green pepper, add salt and pepper to season. Shape lightly into small balls, brown well on all sides in hot bacon drippings or oil. When cooked, drain well; keep hot.

Roughly chop tomatoes. Put into pan with bayleaf and thyme, bring to boil, add chicken stock. Simmer until tender and reduced a little; rub through sieve to form thick puree. Turn into saucepan, season to taste. Add meat balls, bring mixture just to boil. Make well in centre of cooked, well-drained spaghetti, pour in meat balls and sauce. Sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese.

PESTO SAUCE

Two cloves garlic (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh basil, 6 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated parmesan cheese, olive oil, pepper, 1lb. spaghetti, butter.

Pound the garlic, basil, parsley, nuts, and cheese in mortar until smooth (or use electric blender). Gradually add sufficient oil to make thick, smooth sauce. Season to taste with freshly ground pepper.

Drain hot, cooked spaghetti, place in serving-dish. Spoon sauce over, top with knob of butter. Serve with bowl of grated parmesan cheese.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

Four tablespoons olive oil, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 onions (chopped), 1lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt and pepper, 1lb. tomatoes (peeled and chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano or basil, 1lb. spaghetti, butter, grated parmesan cheese.

Heat oil and butter in large saucepan, add onions and garlic, cook slowly until soft and golden. Add mushrooms, salt and pepper, cook briskly 10 minutes. Add tomatoes and herbs, simmer further 30 minutes.

Place hot, well-drained spaghetti in casserole or deep serving-dish, top with knob of butter. Pour over sauce, serve immediately with bowl of grated parmesan cheese.

MARGHERITA SAUCE

Two onions, 1 medium-sized can tomatoes, 1 cup beef stock, 1lb. mushrooms, 1lb. chicken livers, 5 tablespoons oil, pinch oregano, 2 cloves garlic, salt and pepper, 1lb. spaghetti, grated parmesan cheese.

Brown chopped onions in half the hot oil, add chopped or crushed tomatoes with liquid and beef stock. Heat remaining oil in another pan, sauté sliced mushrooms 5 minutes, add chopped chicken livers, cook further 5 minutes. Add to tomato mixture, add seasoning and crushed garlic. Simmer 30 to 45 minutes.

Place cooked, drained spaghetti on large serving-plate or in individual bowls, spoon over sauce, top with grated cheese.

Continued overleaf



A Clarks Shoes Australia Ltd. product

A. TIFFANY — Calf and snake

B. VALENTINE — Suede

C. CARETTA — Suede and calf

Available, too, in New Zealand

Page 51

OIL-AND-GARLIC SAUCE

One pound spaghetti, boiling salted water, 2 cloves garlic (finely chopped), 4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons oil, salt and pepper, little extra butter, grated parmesan cheese.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until just tender; drain well. Keep warm. Soften garlic in heated oil and butter, add parsley, and cook a minute or two. Add drained spaghetti to oil-and-garlic mixture, stir until thoroughly moistened; season to taste. Turn on to hot serving-dish, sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese, dot with a little extra butter. Serve immediately.

CHICKEN LIVER SAUCE

One pound chicken livers, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 cloves garlic, 1 onion, 1lb. mushrooms, 3 table-

SPAGHETTI—AND 20 SAUCES . . . concluded

spoons tomato paste, 1 cup dry white wine, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs (rosemary, basil, thyme, marjoram), 1lb. tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1lb. spaghetti.

Halve chicken livers, saute in melted butter until tender; remove, set aside. Add the crushed garlic, chopped onion, and sliced mushrooms to pan, saute until just tender. Stir in the tomato paste, wine, herbs, skinned, chopped tomatoes, and salt; simmer 20 minutes. Add chicken livers to sauce, heat through.

Turn hot, well-drained spaghetti on to large serving-plate; spoon over the sauce. Or serve in individual bowls. Sprinkle with parsley if desired.

ANCHOVY SAUCE

Two ounces butter, 1 clove garlic, 2oz. can anchovy fillets, 1lb. spaghetti, grated parmesan cheese.

Melt butter in pan, add mashed garlic and chopped anchovies. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently, until anchovies have almost disintegrated.

Pour sauce over hot, well-drained spaghetti, sprinkle with grated parmesan.

SOUR CREAM SAUCE

Two ounces butter, 1 large onion, 1lb. mushrooms, 1 cup sour cream, 1½ teaspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, raw onion rings, chopped parsley, 1lb. spaghetti.

Melt butter, add the finely

chopped onion; cook, stirring, until onion is lightly browned. Remove from pan. Add sliced mushrooms to pan, saute until tender. Stir in sour cream, the browned onion, paprika, salt and pepper; bring just to boiling point. Pour over hot, well-drained spaghetti; garnish with thinly sliced raw onion rings, dust with finely chopped parsley.

FRESH BASIL SAUCE

About half to 1 cup fresh green parsley, 3 or 4 leaves fresh basil, 1 clove garlic, olive oil, grated parmesan cheese, 1lb. spaghetti.

Chop parsley finely with basil and garlic, or mince or pound in mortar. Add olive oil a little at a time until there is a thick, smooth paste. Toss

the paste through hot, well-drained spaghetti. Sprinkle generously with grated parmesan cheese.

GREEN BUTTER SAUCE

Half cup finely chopped parsley, 2oz. melted butter, grated parmesan cheese, 1lb. spaghetti.

Chop parsley as finely as possible, or mince or pound in mortar. Combine with the hot, melted butter. Stir through hot, well-drained spaghetti until well combined. Sprinkle generously with grated parmesan cheese, toss until cheese is well mixed through.

ISADORA SAUCE

Two tablespoons oil, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 3 or 4 leaves fresh basil, 1 lb. mushrooms, 6oz. can tomato puree, 3 cups chicken stock, ½ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons pepper, 1lb. spaghetti, grated parmesan cheese.

Saute chopped onion, crushed garlic, and sliced mushrooms in hot oil until lightly browned. Add tomato puree, stock, salt, pepper, and worcestershire sauce. Simmer 45 to 60 minutes.

Pour sauce over hot, well-drained spaghetti, sprinkle with grated cheese.

Recipes win cash prizes

- A simple savory dip recipe wins the £5 prize this week.

A RECIPE for a raspberry slice topped with chocolate icing wins a consolation prize of £1.

Spoon measurements are level.

ANCHOVY CHEESE DIP

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. cream or cottage cheese, 1 small can anchovy fillets, 1 dessertspoon caraway seeds (if liked), 1 dessertspoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon each paprika, mixed mustard, and salt, ½ teaspoon celery salt, cream, savory biscuits, pretzel, potato chips, etc.

Cream butter until soft, beat in cheese (if using cottage cheese rub through sieve to remove any lumps). Add drained, chopped anchovy fillets, caraway seeds, chives, pepper, mustard, and salts. Beat until blended, add sufficient cream to make a "dunking" consistency. Fill into bowls, stand on large platters, surround with savory biscuits or pretzels, etc.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Goldsworthy, 146 Third Ave., Royston Park, S.A.

RASPBERRY CHOCAROONS

Base: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. plain flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa.

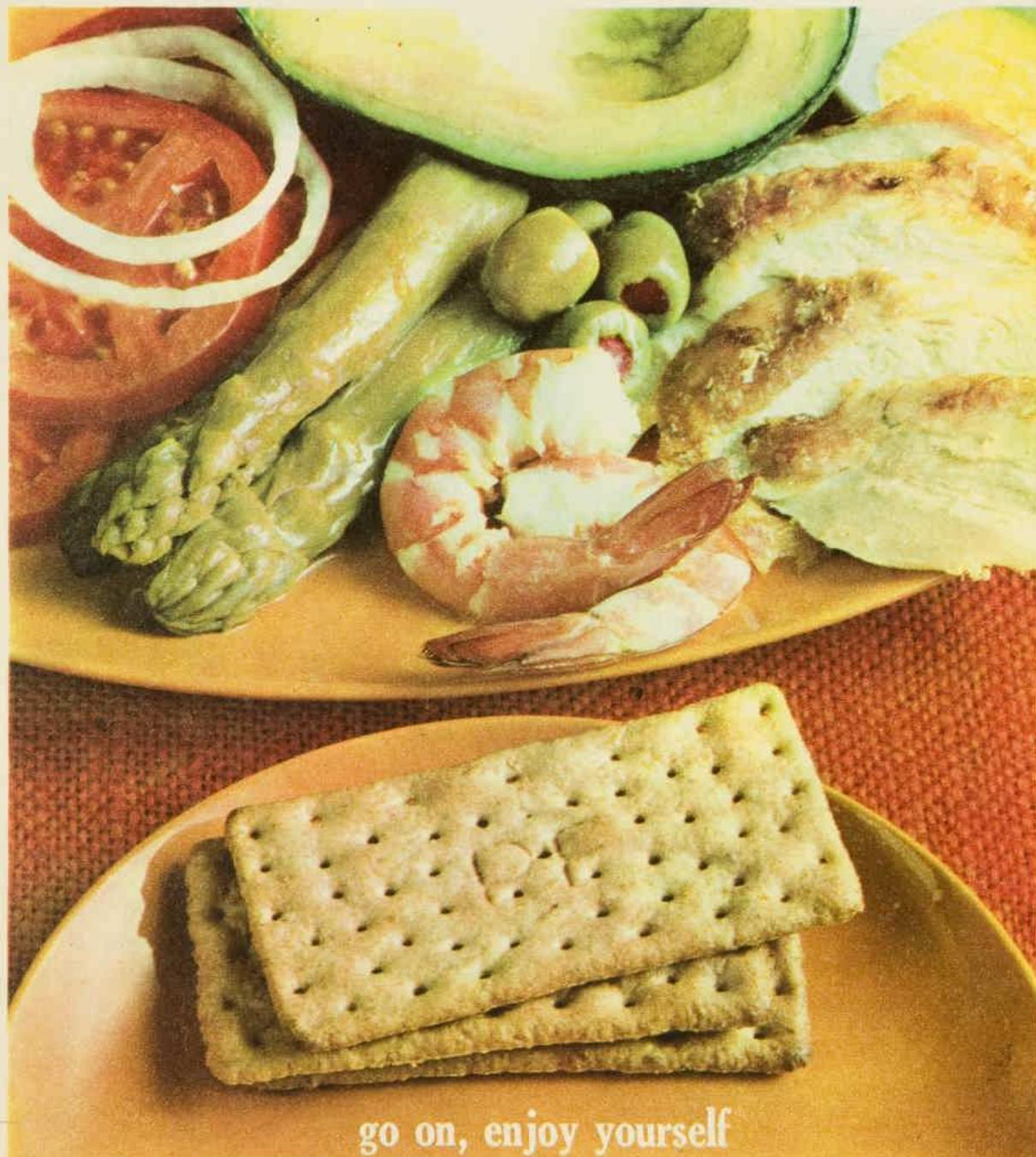
Filling: Raspberry jam, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 5oz. coconut, few drops almond essence.

Chocolate Icing: Six ounces icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon butter, water to mix, chopped nuts.

Create butter or substitute and sugar, add egg-yolks and mix well. Sift in flours and cocoa, mix to form dough. Divide in 2; chill. Roll each piece to the same size, fit one section over base of a shallow tin, about 9in. in size. Prepare filling: Spread pastry with raspberry jam. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar. Mix in coconut and almond essence. Spread carefully over raspberry jam. Then place other layer of pastry on top. Bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes.

When cooked, remove from oven and leave in tin to cool. Make chocolate icing by combining all dry ingredients and butter with enough water to mix to spreading consistency. When cold, ice with chocolate icing, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Cut into squares to serve.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. H. McMurdie, 10 Selwyn Street, Blackburn, Vic.



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PEEK FREAN'S VITA-WEAT

HOW LOGICAL ARE YOU?

(SCORE TEN, AND YOU
ARE VERY SMART)

• The following questions can be answered, with a little thought. If you want to add to the fun, time yourself, and then try the test on your friends. If your time is faster and your score higher, better be quiet about it—and if it is slower and lower be quiet about that, too!

1 A clock face shows that the time is twenty minutes past seven. If this time were seen in a mirror, what would the clock read?

2 In describing his kinship to another person, a man explained:

"Brothers and sisters have I none, but this man's father is my father's son." What was the relationship?

3 Here are five numbers. What two would logically come next in the sequence? 35, 27, 20, 14, 9, ?, ?.

4 Which words do not belong in the set? Tennis, golf, chess, swimming, hiking, badminton, card-playing.

5 Underline the correct word to complete the sentence:

Fire is to roaring as sight is to; heat, sound, wood, flames.

6 What group of letters should logically follow these?

AZA, BXB, CUC, DQD, ???.

7 Marian is eight years old and her brother Kenneth is 12. How old was Kenneth when he was twice as old as Marian?

8 In how many years' time will Marian's and Ken-

neth's ages be the sum of 32?

9 In how many years will Marian be twice as old as Kenneth was when Marian was three?

10 Kenneth is taller than Marian. Marian is taller than Leslie. Who is the tallest?

Teal



LUXURY TALC

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OF PARIS

ISN'T THAT A
REFRESHING
THOUGHT?



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REAL FRENCH PERFUME?
THEN BE LAVISH WITH
TEAL—THE LUXURY TALC
BY JOHNSON & JOHNSON
(JUST 5/11 AT CHEMISTS & STORES.)

Johnson & Johnson

ANSWERS

1. Twenty minutes to five.

2. The man talking was the father of the other person, his son.

3. 5 and 2.

4. Chess and card-playing. The rest are physically active types of recreation.

5. Sound.

6. ETC. Starting from the back of the alphabet, there is an increase of one letter in each set.

7. Eight years.

8. Six years.

9. Six years.

10. Kenneth.

YOUR SCORE

Considering twenty minutes as about the average time, if you timed:

• 8 to 10 correct: You are logical and can use your head very well. Congratulations, because you're very smart.

• 4 to 7 correct: You are a plodder mentally, but remember brain-power can be increased by study. Keep trying.

• 0 to 3 correct: You're no mental marvel according to this test, but you can console yourself by the knowledge that there are many kinds of intelligence. These questions challenge only one type.

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These baby feeders are available cut out to make and embroider on white headcloth. Price is 6/11 each, plus 1/- postage, OR set of three £1/1/-, plus 2/- postage.

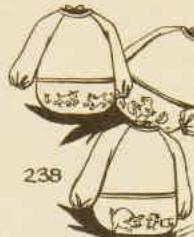
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237

239



238

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frock, Fashion House, 344/8 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frock, Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney. Kind readers should address orders to Box 6342, Wellington, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

spotted a tiny bit of color. "It's a shoe, isn't it?"

I could only nod. One swell stormed in and shattered itself against the rock, and then another, and all vision of the shoe was obliterated; but its memory remained.

"Well?" he yelled. "You don't see anything else, do you? There's only a shoe!"

I felt again a surge of rekindled hope. He meant that the swells had driven the shoe against the foot of the cliff, that the swells would drive anything they encountered against the foot of the cliff; if Martha herself had been in the water, the swells would have flung her into our view, flaunted her. They had not; the shoe was their only victim.

Morris was still shouting in my ear. "There are places where the cliffs can be climbed! I've done it!" "There are caves!" I said. We began a careful search along the cliff top.

We found her. She was in a cave that was scarcely visible from above. Martha was huddled, wet and cold, against the back wall. She looked at me in disbelief as I knelt beside her. We did not even try to speak.

Morris' arm, like a grapple, drew first Martha and then me to the high-level ground. With Martha between us, we lurched off through the grass.

At the hotel Lavinia clucked like a mother hen and bore Martha off for a hot bath and a cup of steaming tea. The hotel creaked and rattled in the buffeting wind, and rain was already driving through cracks and window frames and spreading down to the floor.

We went into the lounge and stirred up the fire and stood in front of it.

"We'd better tell Lavinia to open some windows," I said.

Morris said, "Jokes, yet."

"No, I'm serious." And I explained to him that much damage done to buildings by hurricanes came as the result of the sudden drop of barometric pressure near a hurricane's centre.

"If the building is shut up tight, the higher pressure inside can't escape except by blowing out a wall or two," I said.

"So if it happens, it will be a comfort to know why," Morris said.

It was then that Robert Blake found us. Lavinia apparently had made haste to tell him that Martha was back.

He wore the faint smile; it seemed now almost apologetic. "Gratitude is always difficult to express properly," he said. A very dear, very sweet man. That was Martha's description, and I found it apt. I also found myself wondering if it was the whole description of Robert Blake — if, indeed, there was nothing more to him than dearness and sweetness. And where in the world had that concept come from?

I said, "I think we're all grateful, so there's no need to express it." Rain rattled against the windows; the fire crackled and leaped. "Tomorrow," I said, "or whenever this is over and the mail boat runs again, do you plan to take her back to New York?"

"Of course."

I was aware that Morris wondered what thoughts were in his mind. I said, "Do you know why Martha went off?" She had not told me why, and yet I knew, and now was the time to bring it out. "It was so she wouldn't be here when you arrived, so she wouldn't be

THE ISLAND

Continued from page 48

here when the mail boat put back to the mainland."

"I'm afraid I don't understand, Mr. Parsons." Neither the smile nor the politeness had altered.

"If she couldn't be found," I said, "then she couldn't be taken back to New York."

Blake said, "She fled in order to defend herself. Perhaps you are right, Mr. Parsons." He paused. "What are you suggesting? Do you have something in mind?"

There was the trouble. I did not have anything specific in mind.

Blake said, "Martha left New York without telling anyone where she was going."

I nodded. Her secret place, she had said.

I was wrong about Robert Blake; there was more to him than dearness and sweetness. "That first afternoon," he said, "you were afraid she was going to throw herself from the cliff, is that not so?"

Sam had told him, of course. "A wild idea of mine," I said.

"Was it wild, Mr. Parsons? I can assure you that the other times have not been—"

"Hello, Daddy," Martha said from the doorway. She was dressed now in the slacks



"Let's see you outgrow THOSE in three weeks!"

and the bulky sweater I had seen that first day. Her voice was calm and she seemed entirely composed, but I had the strange feeling that she and I were communicating on a wave-length that was inaudible to the others. The message I was receiving was right on the edge of hysteria.

"For a cave-dweller you look remarkably civilised," I said. The building shook in another heavy gust; somewhere a shutter tore loose and slammed with the sound of a pistol shot. We all flinched, but my eyes were on Martha and she seemed to shrink. I held out my hand. "Come, stand by the fire."

She came slowly across the room, and her eyes were on me rather than on her father.

"I told your father that you went for a walk, to the headland, to the cathedral grove, and then out to our picnic point, merely to kill time until the mail-boat had come and gone." I had the ridiculous feeling that I was her defence counsel urging her to tell her story to the court — ridiculous because she was not on trial. Or was she? "Was that right?" I asked.

Her voice was scarcely audible. "Yes."

"Did you walk along the beach as we did yesterday? Is that what happened? The tide came in faster than you realised, and you were caught and had to climb?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965

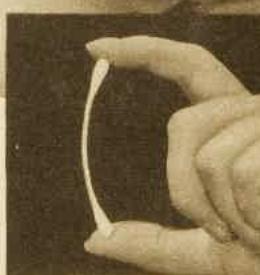


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965

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Page 55

What advice should a mother give to her daughter about pain?

(AND PAIN
RELIEVERS)



The right advice at the right time will help establish a lifelong pattern of sensible use

WHAT IS PAIN?

Pain is the term applied to unpleasant sensations or discomfort arising from the skin or deeper organs, which includes vital organs. Naturally, everyone seeks to dispel such unpleasant discomforts even though, in some instances, they may not be aware of the cause.

Many pains or discomforts are, however, not due to any disease but to spasm or fatigue of normal organs. All healthy girls and women experience such pain of greater or lesser degree at certain times.

When pain is suspected as an indication of some disease, the logical thing to do is to consult a physician. When there is nothing of significance to rectify directly, the customary course is to seek relief from pain with the aid of a pain reliever, technically known as an analgesic.

HOW DO ANALGESICS WORK?

The process is, of course, highly complex, but can be expressed briefly as follows: After absorption in the blood stream, the active ingredient in the analgesic acts by neutralising the pain sensation in the pain organ (the thalamus) at the base of the brain.

GETTING THE MOST FROM AN ANALGESIC

Though it will surprise many, it is a well-established medical fact that analgesics act best when combined with exercise, good hygiene and zestful living. It definitely does not pay to inactively and dolefully accept the situation, expecting an instant miracle from the analgesic. As in many other health matters, one's mental attitude is an important contribution.

CHOICE OF ANALGESICS

Analgesics can be grouped into several general classes. There are those in the narcotic class, for very severe pain, which are administered by doctors. Then follow others which, although they can be purchased over the counter, are not advisable for everyone to take; and there are others again which have a wider application. The important thing for the public to realise is that there is a marked difference in analgesics — not so much in the way each works against pain, but in aspects involving habituation and other undesirable side-effects.

Analgesics obtainable over the counter in Australia today contain various additives to their base substance, and these include Codeine, Narcotics, Caffeine, Barbiturates and Stimulants. Some of these additives are less harmful than others, but because some of them are habit-forming when used to excess, the danger of over-use is ever present. A glance at the table below will show the side effects characteristic of each drug in conditions of over-use.

'ASPRO' FOR PERIOD PAIN 'ASPRO' can help you through those difficult days before you are due. In this way you can lessen depression, tension and nervousness and do all that can be done about the pain.

The purity of 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard of the British Pharmacopoeia, the guiding authority of the medical profession.

THE ADVANTAGE OF 'ASPRO'

The great advantage of 'ASPRO' can be summed up in a simple sentence: Taken as directed, it possesses absolutely no disadvantage, while doing all that can be asked of a pain reliever. But there are other accompanying reasons for the wisdom of using 'ASPRO': With the pace of living in 1964, the soothing way in which 'ASPRO' works is a great help. 'ASPRO' action can be best described as a "sympathetic" action, steady in its effect and kind to the nerves. 'ASPRO', therefore, is more valuable under today's living conditions than at any other period in its fifty years service.

Furthermore, those who need to take analgesics frequently or fairly regularly can keep on taking 'ASPRO', knowing that their system will not become accustomed to its effect. This does occur with some analgesics and medicines. 'ASPRO', even after years of use, is always one hundred per cent effective each time it is taken.

THE 'ASPRO' TABLE OF COMPARATIVE ANALGESIC SAFETY

'ASPRO' does not contain NARCOTICS	- - -	therefore 'ASPRO' does not create a habit
'ASPRO' does not contain CODEINE	- - -	therefore 'ASPRO' does not affect regularity
'ASPRO' does not contain CAFFEINE	- - -	therefore 'ASPRO' does not agitate
'ASPRO' does not contain BARBITURATE	- - -	therefore 'ASPRO' does not cause drowsiness
'ASPRO' does not contain STIMULANTS	- - -	therefore 'ASPRO' does not irritate
and 'ASPRO' is NON-TOXIC	- - -	therefore 'ASPRO' does not harm heart, arteries or lungs



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She nodded without speaking. "And lost your shoe," I said. "That was how we found you. Morris saw it in the water."

She turned to look at Morris. I think she must have smiled, because Morris' teeth appeared white in the midst of his beard and he nodded.

Rod Blake had not said a word. Standing there, that faint, polite smile on his face, he was, I think, listening to everything Martha and I said, but he gave no indication of what he thought about it.

To Martha I said, "Did you see our mouse?"

Her head came up, and the message I received on that inaudible wave-length was calmer now. "I looked for him," she said. "But I didn't see him." She smiled then. "In a way I'm glad, because I didn't have anything for him."

"We'll have another picnic," I said. I think she was feeling it now — that illusion that she and I were on stage, pretending we were alone, knowing full well we were not but speaking our own lines aloud because we had nothing to hide. "And that reminds me," I said. "Last night I started to tell you that I had to go down to New York for a few days while my partner flew out to San Francisco."

She was watching me. She was silent.

"I should have told you," I said. "But we got off on . . . other things and I forgot." We looked at each other for a long time in silence, and I for one was entirely oblivious of the storm outside and of the audience of two who watched.

It was Sam who, in a sense, brought the storm inside. He arrived without warning in a burst of wind and rain that swept him through the doorway.

He had to put his shoulder to the door to get it closed again. Then he joined us in front of the fire. "Cheers," he said, and to Martha, "Welcome back. You had us worried." His tone brought to mind what Martha had said last night; that Sam had once thought he was in love with her, and perhaps still did think so.

"I'm sorry," Martha said. "I didn't mean to."

"Well, it doesn't matter now," Sam said. He took a small transistor radio from his pocket and set it on the mantel. "This is a gloomy little beast," he said. "It says that we ain't seen nothing yet. It'll be another hour or two before the real wind gets here."

I went to find Lavinia, to explain to her about opening windows. Martha went with me. In the darkened hallway the buffeting of the storm seemed louder, more menacing. We stopped, and except for the few moments in the cave faced each other in privacy for the first time since last night.

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THE ISLAND

"Are you frightened?" I asked. "Yes." There was no hesitation or shame. "Aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "Since you ask." "Then . . . it's all right, isn't it?"

I took her hands in mine. "Tell me what you mean," I thought I knew, but I wanted to hear it spelled out.

She said slowly, "If you . . . feel it, too, then it isn't like just . . . me being afraid, is it?"

"No. It's not the same at all." I could smile at her then and mean it, my hope come true. Could I crowd my luck, push a little further into this area where I had failed before to reach her? I said, hoping

no apprehensive harmonics sounded in my voice, "You know, Hurricane Clara may turn out to be your masterpiece, your greatest accomplishment."

"Stop it!" Her hands gripped mine with astonishing strength.

So I had pushed too far. "Whatever you say," I said.

For a long, long time there was only silence between us. Then slowly her hands relaxed a little. "Rod . . ."

"You don't have to explain."

She shook her head. "But I do." She paused. "Don't stop. Go right on showing me how . . . ridiculous it all is. But be patient, please. I won't . . . change all at once."

Lavinia was quite sure I had gone

off my rocker, but she disliked telling me so and agreed to open a few windows. I told myself that the old building was far from airtight, anyway, so we were probably all right.

The fact of the matter was, of course, that the storm occupied only the periphery of my attention, which was focused upon Martha Blake. I find it difficult even now to explain how committed I felt toward her. To say that I was in love with Martha explains nothing. I had thought that I was in love with my wife, too, and I still believe I was. But between the two relationships covered by the one word there was no comparison.

I needed Martha and was needed by her — this was the tie that bound us. But had this need been merely a clinging together in the face of

danger, of the unknown, it would not have been enough.

Our need was joyful, too, as when we found that the mouse had eaten the scraps we had put out for him; our need was quietly and pleasantly companionable, as last night sitting on the porch before dinner with the champagne; our need was physical, the spark between us no longer lacking; our need was total and complete, and I was awed by it . . .

Sam and Morris were still in the lounge when we returned. They had drawn up chairs to the fire, and I dragged up a pair for Martha and me. But Martha said to Sam, "Where's Daddy?"

"He went up to his room," Sam's voice told nothing.

Martha started to turn away. I

To page 60



Tuna Mornay

Delicious way to put protein in your family needs into meatless Lenten meals

TUNA MORNAY

Mornay Sauce: Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ small onion, cut in half; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 2 peppercorns or pinch pepper; small piece bayleaf; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter; 1 tablespoon flour; 1 cup milk; 3 oz. KRAFT* Cheddar Cheese, shredded. **Method:** Heat milk, onion and seasonings in a saucepan. Cover and allow to stand for 10 minutes. Melt butter, add flour, and cook a few minutes. Strain milk, and add gradually, stirring until sauce boils. Add shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, and stir until cheese melts.

Tuna: Ingredients: 1 can GREENSEAS* Tuna, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. chunk style or 7 oz. solid pack; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; pinch cayenne pepper; 1 tablespoon day-old breadcrumbs.

Method: Divide GREENSEAS Tuna evenly into four ovenproof ramekins. Sprinkle with parsley, lemon juice and cayenne pepper. Pour the Mornay Sauce over the Tuna and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Place in a moderate oven (350°F. gas, 375°F. electric), for 15 minutes or until heated. 4 servings.

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.



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“That’s Brubeck”
“I mean the Gin & Tonic”
“That’s Schweppesmanship”
“What’s Schweppesmanship?”
“Simply the art of being
a good mixer”**

Schweppesmanship is not recognisable in a man by any outward sign. No badge. No armband. No password.

And yet, when you have mastered Schweppesmanship, your guests will know it—from the first sip.

For Schweppesmanship is simply the art of being a good mixer. A Schweppesman is one who mixes drinks with care, and the necessary Schweppes. He even fills a request for "something soft" with polished assurance, for he knows about Bitter Lemon, the adult soft drink

invented by Schweppes for the mature palate.

In other words, it is not the spirit that counts.

You may have been a Schweppesman for years. If so, regard this just as a reminder to renew your membership. Check your refrigerator before you go shopping this weekend. Make sure you have Soda, Dry Ginger Ale, Tonic and Bitter Lemon.

For without Schweppes, there can be no Schweppesmanship. Schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through.



THE ONLY DIET THAT WORKS

From page 15

cheesecake, or a fairly small chocolate bar.

What will you be eating during this period of self-denial? You'll be a little on guard against the most fattening foods, such as those we just talked about.

But you will otherwise be eating all the things you have in the past, and in the same proportion. You won't give up anything. You will just eat a little less of them.

For example, breakfast may include two slices of toast, lavishly soaked in butter, because to you lightly buttered toast is as unappealing as dry toast with no butter at all.

What to do? Go on eating your butter-dripping toast but limit yourself to one slice each morning. That will eliminate 300 calories from your daily intake without diminishing your enjoyment. By tending to make you

When the best time comes for a start, don't delay but launch yourself into the new programme.

You will now tell your friends what you are doing, because having once announced what you are doing you will be loath to risk the gibe you'll get if you fall by the wayside.

Don't risk temptation needlessly, especially at first.

If you must go to a party where you know you will be exposed to temptations, ranging from lobster bisque to creamed codfish on boiled potatoes, give some thought to how the temptation may best be handled.

An occasional, properly timed, self-indulgent "spree" you are entitled to, but during the early days of your new diet you cannot permit yourself any exceptions.

This kind of diet isn't that tough. It's slow and sure, but it's sure because it is slow. Just give it a chance.

"Being a perceptive and critical eater can be fun, helping you enjoy food more while you eat less."

avor each bite more, it may actually increase it.

Your problem is not one of enduring great discomfort but rather of persisting in a mild one until the habit of endurance is grooved in.

By which time the discomfort will no longer be noticeable, but your new shape will.

Don't be afraid of the idea of changing your food habits.

Did you ever try bouillon, made with a 2-calorie cube and hot water, in place of heavily sugared coffee at coffee-break time?

Such changes in your eating do not deprive you of all the things you like. They illustrate how eliminating one small daily item, or making a modest change in only one of your many favorites without other compensation can gradually reshape your body. So now you have made your list and studied it.

Furthermore, each time you resist temptation you make the next temptation a little easier to resist.

Another rule you are going to observe is one that will help you by hardening your determination.

You will deliberately each day tempt yourself with something fattening, and reject it.

For instance, you will not avert your eyes from tempting full-color ads about rich cakes.

Or scuttle past the luscious show windows of pastry shops or confectionery stores.

Rather, you will pause and study what is in the windows — and tell it all to go to hell.

In brief, you will not run away from your appetite. You will confront it, attack it, dare it to overtempt you. By exposing yourself to

enemy fire, you will make yourself stronger, and more secure from attack.

There are many things you can do to help to bring your weight down. The use of herbs, for instance.

Without adding a calorie, herbs can make food seem far more satisfying, and consequently more filling.

Lamb in almost any form

tastes better, and therefore seems heartier, with rosemary added.

An omelet made from a single egg can seem like a satisfying lunch when France's familiar fines herbes (parsley, basil, and chives, e.g., even dried), are sprinkled in.

Onion is a wonderful addition to many things, from hamburger to green peas. Only when an onion is creamed or fried does it become a weight menace.

Garlic costs just about nothing in pennies or calories, yet how much bigger and better its pungency can make a single slice of lightly buttered French bread, or a tossed salad when it has been rubbed into the salad bowl.

Thyme can do much for the low-caloried tomato, either fresh or cooked, and chervil can convert an otherwise routine salad into a satisfying, piquant delight.

If you are tortured by a sweet tooth, you can reduce the overuse of sugar by substituting saccharin.

Chewing-gum is a good substitute for through-the-day munching. So is an occasional cup of black coffee (no calories).

When you find yourself getting hungry, or just restless for a little alimentary treat, halt whatever you are doing and do something else for a few minutes.

Stay off scales. Weigh yourself once a week only, for psychological reasons.

Be content with a slight, gradual, and intermittent weight loss. It's better to lose two pounds permanently in three months than to

experience a two-pound loss in one day and have it return the next.

All this adds up to being patient. You are not making great, immediate demands on yourself, only long-term ones. So be satisfied with long-term results.

Learn to enjoy food, and even get emotional about it. Eat to taste.

Be careful about drinking. It's not merely that alcohol runs heavily into calories, but as your weight decreases you need less alcohol to get the same amount of pleasurable relaxation.

"Deduct 100 calories a day from your diet and you will lose 10lb. in a year — and the 10lb. will stay lost."

Learn to avoid fattening things. Just move away from fried things, reach out for grilled ones.

Reach for celery or radishes, and reach away from olives, and breadsticks thick with butter.

In a restaurant, take the broth, not the cream soup. Take liver or steak (trimming off the fat yourself) rather than duck à l'orange or chicken à la king.

You don't have to do it every time.

But you'll do it often, if you learn to hate the feeling of being overstuffed.

Eat three meals a day. Don't think that dieting consists of skipping breakfast or lunch. But eat at mealtime only.

Learn how to refuse food gracefully when it is thrust on you.

Now, of course, it may happen that you have a relapse, the physical importance of which is easily remedied, but the psychological importance of which is immense.

That is, having started in a heavy charge of enthusiasm you may, in a moment of weakness (sad, sad!) sur-

render to a cream cake or a whole box of chocolates.

If that should happen, don't let it permanently dishearten you. You may have lost a round; you haven't lost the fight.

Strike back by deliberately finding another temptation and rejecting it, thereby proving yourself.

It is advisable for anyone embarking on a new diet to deliberately plan an occasional food spree.

Knowing that you have a gustatory binge coming in the future helps you get over present temptations.

"Deduct 100 calories a day from your diet and you will lose 10lb. in a year — and the 10lb. will stay lost."

You will prepare for this by eating just a little less than scheduled for a few days in advance.

And you will discover that the treat you have been looking forward to isn't quite as overwhelmingly delicious as you thought.

Once you get your eating habits under mild but permanent regulation, the easier it is for you to keep them there. The early days are

the hardest, and persistence pays off.

Because the discriminating eater enjoys his food more, he needs to eat less.

Consider now how you can best reduce your intake without deprivation, because your enjoyment correspondingly increases.

When you can't, mentally note down the extra amount you eat, and allow for it later.

Practise the useful principle of postponement.

Delay just a little before giving in to that luscious square of chocolate. Take it eventually (if you must), but get into the habit of postponing the moment.

That way the temptation may give in. Even if it does not, delay will reduce the number of times you give in.

Don't give in to what is usually only a slight discomfort. Hunger is only a mild feeling for you, because it's caused less by physical reasons, like going twelve hours without food, than by a lifelong habit of self-indulgence.

Just remind yourself that your life has turned a corner. You are no longer an over-eater. You're on the road to moderation.

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Rules for good eating

1. DON'T HURRY.

Never hurry to food. Have a few minutes' pleasant conversation before the meal.

Don't eat when you feel rushed, nervous, or emotionally disturbed. Wait till you are more receptive to food.

2. GOOD SEQUENCE.

Auguste Escoffier, the famous French chef, holds that a meal should begin with a relatively mild flavor and progress by stages through full and fuller flavors into rich ones.

If the second course is to be delicately seasoned fish or chicken, don't make the first course a rich soup like lobster bisque or heavily seasoned hors d'oeuvres.

A simple way to try this, incidentally, is at breakfast; drink your orange juice or eat your grapefruit after the poached eggs or cereal instead of before. Breakfast fruit flavors tend to be

strong, and it may require several mouthfuls of whatever you have next before you taste it, i.e., enjoy it.

3. CLEAR PALATE.

You get the most savor from your food if you occasionally refresh your taste mechanism.

Occasionally bite off a little piece of crust and chew it down. This will help remove the sharper flavors on your tongue. Or sip wine with your meal.

4. TRY NEW DISHES.

When you get the opportunity, try some unfamiliar tropical fruits, foreign cheese, meat, and vegetables cooked in new ways, or unusual desserts. Some are bound to disappoint, but you will enormously widen your gastronomic horizons.

5. EAT SIMPLY.

People who really know food agree that the best meal is a simple one.

What would be a dinner fit for a king? Thin soup like consomme, or smoked salmon on fresh dark bread, then meat with a wine and complementary salad or vegetable, then dessert or cheese and coffee.

Three courses, none terribly elaborate. The first or last could be skipped, and you would still eat very well.

6. NOTICE FOOD.

Food appeals to more than one sense. Look at your food, feel it in your mouth, and enjoy its temperature — cold salad, hot soup, chilled fruit, warm rolls.

7. BE RELAXED.

The table is a place for pleasure and relaxation, not family quarrels or a discussion of bills. Stick to light topics during dinner.

8. GIVE PRAISE.

"Correct" eating, sitting stiffly, and taking the tiniest of bites inhibits the natural

impulse to enjoy food, and probably stultifies taste.

You will enjoy yours more if you look and act as if you are enjoying it, and say so.

9. TELL THE CHEF.

As you learn to enjoy food more you will, as a natural by-product, come to be more critical of it. You should.

Don't hesitate to complain politely and send back poorly prepared food in a restaurant.

The home situation is a little different, but that too can be handled, with tact.

10. PLEASE YOURSELF.

No matter where you are dining, consult your own tastes and, as far as permits, eat what you want.

Eat unconventionally. If soup, cheese, and biscuits are what you feel like, have them, disregarding the conventional main course that should intervene. If the oysters are good, have two helpings, and nothing more than perhaps a light salad.



touched her arm, and she smiled at me. "I have to talk to him, Rod." I nodded and started to go with her, but she shook her head.

"Alone," she said.

I watched her walk away.

Sam looked at his watch and got up to turn on the radio. We heard a burst of static and then a voice explained that this was how Hurricane Clara shaped up: The storm, moving north-east at between fifteen and twenty miles an hour, was presently centred some twenty miles due east of Portland, Maine, and was packing winds of up to one hundred and thirty-five miles an hour. Tides were as much as nine feet above normal, and heavy local flooding was reported; all offshore islands had been alerted.

Sam switched off the radio. He did not sit down. "If I believed in wangas—" he began.

Continued from page 57

"Cut it out, Sam," I said.

He studied me. "Do you think I'm just needling?"

"Since you bring it up, yes."

Morris turned his bearded face to look at me, then at Sam. "Let's keep the peace," he said. "You have something to say, say it; don't pussyfoot around."

Sam looked at me. "You aren't going to like it. She won't leave him, Believe me."

I frowned at him. "She won't leave whom?"

"Daddy," Sam said.

"I don't believe that, Sam."

"Suit yourself. Right from the beginning you haven't believed anything I've tried to tell you about her."

I said, "Maybe that's because I think you're biased, Sam. You were in love with her once, weren't you?"

"She thought I was," Sam said.

He was silent, remembering. "Carnival time," he said. "It's easy enough to get ideas. There's foolishness in the air . . . I'm talking about Haiti. In New Orleans it's probably the same. Those two weeks right up to Mardi Gras. Then, midnight that night, everything stops. You go to bed, and when you wake up the next day the fun is all finished. Only the hangover remains, and the ideas don't seem to amount to much any longer."

"Is that how it was?" I asked.

"Was that when she used the razor-blade? When she found that the

ideas were just carnival talk, one more rug jerked out from under her? Was that it, Sam?"

"How do I know what caused it?"

"All right," I said. "Never mind. It's over. But I have one more question. Are you in love with her?"

He watched me in silence for a while. Then, "That's a low punch," he said and turned back to the fire.

It was impossible for me to sit still. I got up and walked to the window. Beyond, on the small, separate piece of the island, the Coast Guard warning flags stood out stiffly from the mast.

Behind me Morris said, "They breed Siamese cats. Did you know that?"

I turned around to look at him.

"I haven't flipped," he said. "They do. That, and their radio, is about all they have to do."

"Who are you talking about anyway?"

"The Coast Guard boys over there."

"Oh," I said, and went back to thinking about Martha and what Sam had said. I found myself beginning to be angry again, this time with Robert Blake, who had done nothing at all to me and who certainly had a perfect right to talk with his daughter, hadn't he? Well?

BUT the anger would not fade, and after a few minutes I went upstairs and knocked on the door of Robert Blake's room. It was Martha who answered the knock.

I said, "I don't want to be an alarmist, but the ground floor is safer."

She hesitated. "Is that why you came, Rod?"

"Only partly."

Her face softened. She said, "I know." And then, in a different voice: "We'll come down right away."

When I came back to the lounge four hotel guests I did not know had appeared and were huddled in a group, saying very little. Moore had found some paper and a pencil and was doing a careful sketch of the entire scene.

At my elbow Sam said, "I found a chess set. For a wonder, it's complete."

So we set up the board and sat down to it, but I couldn't concentrate; after I blundered my queen into an obvious ambush, Sam gave up in disgust. "Look," he said, "if you want them down here, go get them."

A loose shutter slammed with the sound of an explosion. Everyone in the room jumped. I said to Sam: "We'd better locate that thing before it finally breaks through the wall."

So we went from window to window and finally located it: we flipped a coin to see who would go out and fix it. I lost the toss. By the time I got back inside I was soaked to the skin and I felt actually bruised from the hard-driving rain.

Martha and her father were not yet down, but Lavinia had set out soup and sandwiches and coffee; this was a temporary distraction. The food tasted good. While I ate I wondered what in the world Martha and Robert Blake could have to talk about that would take this long, and I decided that as soon as I had finished my sandwich and coffee I would go upstairs and see. All else aside, I was honestly concerned for Martha's safety there on the second floor — for the safety of anyone up there, as far as that went.

I finished and went upstairs. As before, Martha answered my knock, hesitated, and then slipped out to join me in the hallway, closing the door carefully after her.

"I told you," I said, "and I meant it — it isn't safe up here. If anything goes, it will be the roof first."

"He's asleep," she said, which seemed to make no sense at all.

"Well, wake him up," I said. "He can sleep some other time."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965

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You don't understand, Rod.

"No," I said. "I don't. I'm wet and tired and I don't like being cooped up in this building while I wait for it to blow down. But as long as that's the way it is, then I want to sit in front of the fire downstairs and hold your hand."

"He needs me, Rod."

"Don't you think I need you too? Don't you understand that? I lost you once today and I'm not going to lose you again."

Still she was silent and unmoving.

"Wake him up," I said. "Or I will."

"No." She closed her eyes briefly. When she opened them again, they were filled with tears, but she was smiling. "Let him sleep," she said, and tucked her hand through my arm. We turned and went down the stairs together.

Martha and I, holding hands, sat on a sofa facing the fire. I don't remember that we spoke much. Morris was still sketching. I have two of those sketches — of Martha and me — framed and hanging on the wall of my study. Sam had found a magazine that contained a crossword.

I thought of Robert Blake, still sleeping upstairs. As an architect, allegedly knowledgeable about the strength of structures, I would not have given ten cents for the chances of the hotel roof coming intact through the punishment the building was taking. And if the roof came

Continued from page 60

THE ISLAND

off all at once, or a large portion of it, I could only guess at what it might do to someone on that top floor.

I hated to raise the point, but I had forgotten that my thoughts were reaching her. Her hand squeezed mine, and she said quietly, "I'll go and wake him."

I watched her walk through the archway into the front hall. She —

Her scream cut through the howling of the wind. I was off the sofa and across the room before I was even aware that I had moved. Morris had come out of his chair as if he were composed of springs; we almost collided in the archway.

T

HE screaming stopped. Martha was standing, frozen, one hand pressed against her mouth, facing the stairs. As I swung my head what I saw was only a blur of motion in the semi-darkness — Robert Blake falling down the stairs, all arms and legs and elbows whirling and tumbling. He reached the bottom at last and lay still.

Martha dropped to her knees and reached out. It was Morris' voice that said sharply, "Don't touch him!" and Martha's hands were stilled. She raised her head to look at me. In the look there was a pica for the kind of strength that I was not at all sure I could supply.

I knelt beside her and put my arm around her. "Bring a lamp, Morris," I said. "We'll see how bad it is." I held Martha tight against me for a moment, and then released her and bent over Blake.

He was breathing — that much was plain. Something else was plain, too, and I faced Martha and took both her hands in mine before asking the question: "Did you know he'd been drinking?" His breath reeked of liquor.

There was a little hesitation. "Yes."

"That was why you went upstairs to . . . talk to him?" This time a nod, faint but affirmative. "When things get to be too much for him, is that his way out? The bottle? And so he wasn't asleep; he'd passed out?"

She drew a deep, shuddering breath. She said, "Yes! Yes! To everything! Now until you —"

"I'm not through yet," I said. "Are you trying to blame yourself this time? Because a drunk stumbles and falls down some stairs? Face it. Are you trying to blame yourself?"

"Oh, Rod."

"That's no answer. Say it. Say it aloud. The answer is no."

It came. Slowly, almost soundlessly, but it came. "The answer is no."

I was holding her close against me, my lips pressed against her shining hair, when Morris and Sam came back with a lighted lamp. Neither of them seemed to notice us. I left her and joined them beside Blake.

He had had a bad blow on the head; a lump was already rising beneath the skin. Concussion or possible fracture — we had no way of telling which. For the rest, as nearly as we could tell, he seemed to be all right — until Sam said quite suddenly, "Look at the leg."

It was broken; by its position it had to be. Morris had a pocket-knife, and we cut away the trouser leg. It was not, luckily, a compound fracture. I said, "I think we should splint it."

Sam nodded and got up. "I'll get something from Lavinia."

Over my shoulder I said to Martha, "You go in and wait by the fire. We'll make him as comfortable as we can."

"No." The tone of her voice was firm and determined in a way I had not heard it before. I turned to look at her. She was standing, looking down at her father. "Don't worry, Rod," she said. "I'm all right."

Sam came back, Lavinia with him. We torn a sheet into strips and with them bound the leg between two slats — a clumsy job, but it would have to do. I asked Lavinia if there was a doctor on the island and she said that there wasn't.

Lavinia was all for our carrying Blake upstairs and putting him in bed. Both Morris and I were against it. If he had suffered any spinal injury, moving him could be disastrous. After watching that tumbling fall I felt that no injury would surprise me.

"You just want to let him lie here on the floor?" Lavinia said. She looked at Martha. "What do you think, dear?"

"I'm sorry," Martha said, "but I'll accept whatever they say."

Lavinia sniffed, unconvinced, and went off to get blankets and a pillow. On the floor Blake stirred. Martha knelt beside him and laid her hand on his forehead, but his

eyes did not open and he gave no sign that consciousness had returned. Kneeling there, she looked up at me, waiting.

"The telephone line is down. We can't do anything until the storm's over," I said.

"And," Sam said, "until the sea calms down, which is going to take some time even after the wind stops."

Lavinia came back then to put a pillow gently beneath Blake's head, to cover him with two blankets, and to remark that even the hotel cat received better treatment, having his own box beside the coal stove.

"Cat," I said. "Siamese cats." I looked at Morris.

Lavinia said, "Why, no, dear, he's just plain cat."

"The Coast Guard boys breed Siamese cats and tend their radio — isn't that what you said?"

Morris nodded.

To Martha I said, "We'll get your father a doctor. The Coast Guard can radio for one, and they can send him out from the mainland by helicopter no matter what the sea is like." I paused. "Just as soon as the wind dies." It was not a complete answer, but it was, I hoped, enough.

We moved a comfortable chair out into the hallway for Martha and I brought another for myself.

Sam beckoned me back into the lounge. Through the window we could see the spray and turmoil; the far shore, only a hundred and fifty yards distant, was entirely obscured.

"Nobody is going to take a boat through that," Sam said.

H

E was right, of course. Until the wind lessened, that one hundred and fifty yards of the strait was every bit as much a barrier as the fifteen miles that lay between the island and the mainland.

"So we wait," I said.

Sam was still staring at the water. "And after we've waited, then what? You going to row over?"

"Look," I said, "what's on your mind?"

"Just that you'd better start thinking about what you're going to say to persuade Henry Sims. He's the only one who can get you over there and back."

I went back to Martha. She was sitting quietly in her chair. Blake's face seemed strangely shrunken, but his breathing was regular; when I felt his pulse his heartbeat seemed steady enough. Martha watched me.

I said, "Maybe I should have studied medicine instead of architecture."

"I told you that I like you just the way you are," she said.

I sat on the arm of her chair. "Don't build me up too much," I said. "There's danger in that."

She was silent.

"On the other hand, a little mutual admiration can be both beneficial and fun."

"Rod." Her voice was quiet. "Are you sure?"

"About you? Yes. Very sure. If I hadn't known it before, I discovered it this morning when I thought you were . . . lost."

"I discovered something, too," she said.

"Tell me."

The words were slow in coming, and whether this was from shyness or pride I could not say. "When the tide started coming in," she said, "and I realised that I was too far along the cliffs to get back, I discovered that I wanted desperately to live."

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THE BOYFRIEND



"Stop worrying — none of your friends knows you're here!"

Continued from page 61

She tilted her head back to look at me. "Even though I thought you were going off without saying anything, I still wanted to live."

I felt a warm rush of triumph and pleasure.

She was silent, looking down at her father. "What if he dies, Rod?"

"He won't." But I understood what she was asking, what she was fearing—if he were to die as the result of this fall, would his death forever hang over us? Would we continually dwell upon what might have been if I had not persuaded her to come downstairs with me? Going back even further, what if she had not come to the island in the first place—or, having come, if she had left the island as Sam had

urged. Then her father would not have come to get her and would not have fallen down these stairs. I said, confident that our minds were following the same path: "You might as well blame Sam. He's the one directly responsible for your father's being here."

There was no answer. I had expected none.

Outside, the voice of the storm continued unabated. After some time I heard a crash upstairs, and as I turned to go up to investigate it Martha's hand touched my arm. "Be careful. Please."

The warm knowledge of her concern was armor against harm. As it turned out, the damage was minor—one window blown out, not in,

and the sound had been the door caught by the released air pressure slamming inward against the wall of the room.

That it had happened was proof that the centre of the storm, with its rapid drop in barometric pressure, was approaching us. I looked out from three of the upstairs windows. What I could see from that height was almost unbelievable. Toward the mainland the water boiled and chattered in a flurry of white cap and spindrift, and I could only guess at the effect of that sea upon the resisting land. Ninety degrees around, facing across the strait, I could make out the tower of the Coast Guard station.

The water of the strait, catching the funnelled force of the wind along its full length, had taken on the appearance of a millrace.

There was simply no possibility of crossing to the Coast Guard station until the wind abated.

But it was to the seaward, the windward, side that the view challenged credence. The windows streamed water, of course, and it was difficult to see clearly, but there was no mistaking the fact that periodically, great waves of spray, solid enough to be distinguished from the driving rain, flew into my vision above the headland a quarter of a mile distant, over one hundred feet above the sea! What the waves must have been like, dashing against those grey rock cliffs, I can only guess.

AS I started down the stairs I swallowed and worked my lower jaw, because it seemed to me that my hearing was impaired—the wild outside sounds had diminished as if a door had been closed. By the time I reached the bottom of the steps I could no longer hear anything from outside, and Martha was looking at me in perplexity. It was not until then that I realised what was happening.

"We're in the eye," I said. "I've heard about it but I've never seen it." I went to the front door and opened it and walked on to the porch.

Once again credence was challenged. There was no wind and no rain. Overhead the sky was clear, although all around the tumbled clouds showed that Hurricane Clara was still very much alive. But here in her heart and centre there was temporary peace. I turned and ran back into the hallway.

Morris and Sam were standing at the open door when I rushed through. I said, "We haven't got much time. Ten, maybe 15 minutes." Martha had risen from her chair and come to look out, too. Now she turned her eyes on me, frowning.

I said, "The wind will start up again, but from the opposite direction, and before it does we want to find Henry Sims." I explained that, as Sam had pointed out, Henry was the best one to take a boat across the strait when it became at all possible. "And," I said, "we want to alert him now and have him standing by to decide when it's possible."

Martha looked down at her hands. I wondered if she was thinking of what Henry Sims had said to her about the skintight Captain pants, but this was not the moment to go into that. I said, "Henry may take a little persuading. Morris will you?"

"No." It was Martha's voice. Her head was up and she was looking straight at me. "I'll go with you. I'll persuade him."

Sam said, "I don't think—" He stopped, looking first at Martha and then at me.

Morris' voice was gentle. "Sam and I will take the sick watch." He turned away, and Sam went with him.

I was the one who was unconvincing, but I did not have the heart to tell her no. I said only, "It's important to you?"

"Very." "Then let's be off."

At first we saw no signs of storm damage, which seemed incredible!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1967

SPEED · EFFICIENCY · CONVENIENCE

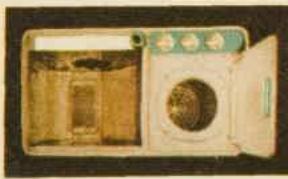
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Built-in Convenience. Sleek and compact, the beautifully styled Hoovermatic takes up the minimum space in your laundry. Controls are on top of the machine, right at your fingertips. Timer sets correct washing time. Thermostat controls temperature for every type of fabric.



Low Low Price. Sleek, compact appearance. Quieter, smoother running. More thorough rinsing and faster spin-drying. Famous twin-tub speed. All this—yet the '65 Hoovermatic costs no more than a wringer machine. (List price from 99 gns. Much less with trade-in.)

THE ISLAND

but then, item by item, we came upon signs that this had not been merely another Atlantic gale. Here was a rocking-chair, smashed in bits against a large rock. The phone booth was half buried in the soft ground of the meadow where the red-winged blackbirds nested. I saw no birds and wondered where they had gone.

We came upon a smashed chicken coop and, a little farther on toward Henry Sims' house, one of the chickens. She was trudging around in an aimless fashion, a trifling injury and obviously not at all aware of what had happened.

Henry Sims was not at his house. His wife glared at Martha. I couldn't really blame her, because imprisoned somewhere in that great, shapeless tub of a body of hers was probably a vision of herself as slim, as beautifully rounded, as Martha. But she spoke civilly enough. "Henry's down at the fishhouse, keeping an eye on his boats." As we turned away she asked, "It's all over?"

I told her it was not, that the wind from the opposite direction would be every bit as strong as before. Then we hurried away.

I kept glancing at the sky to the south-west, to the tumbled clouds that marked the limit of our quiet, and safe, area. It was impossible to judge with any precision either speed or distance, but it was obvious that the clouds were moving closer at an uncomfortably fast rate. I was not at all sure we were going to reach the fish shed before those winds in all their fury began again. I said, "I should have thought of trying the fish shed first. It's closer to the hotel."

And Martha flashed a smile at me and said, "Now who's worrying about what might have been?"

I felt a quick surge of pleasure at this indication of a change in her attitude.

WE ran the last fifty yards to the fish shed, no longer caring whether our feet avoided puddles or splashed straight through them. The small door in the side of the shed was closed, and when I tried it, barred.

I pounded on it and shouted, and after what seemed an eternity it opened and Henry Sims glared out at me. I pushed through with Martha right behind me as the angry darkness closed down and the first buffeting gust of wind shook the building and the rain began once more, drumming like hail on the roof. Together, Henry and I got the door closed. Then Henry stepped back and put both fists on his hips and looked first at Martha, then at me.

"And what the hell do you want?" he asked.

Sam would have been ready with a quip of some kind. Morris would have needed none. While I fumbled for an answer Martha said simply, "Your help."

It confused him, I think. He swung his head, bull-like, to glare at her. By the light of a single lamp there in the vile-smelling shed he looked huge, far larger than life, and dangerous. I thought of his enormous wife, and for the first time I understood why the sight of Martha in Capri pants should enrage him.

I had always known, of course, that a gulf existed between the summer people and the islanders. It could not be otherwise. We came from an alien world, a world not necessarily but usually of wealth, at least by island standards — a world of ease. During our winters we knew nothing of howling gales and isolation, of freezing hands and grey seas. Our womenfolk had no worry that a sudden squall might sink a dory or that a moment's carelessness might entangle a man's foot in fifty fathoms of line as the weighted lobster trap went over the side.

I had known that the gulf existed, but never until this moment had I realised how deep and how wide it was. The entire difference, the whole gulf between us, was summed up by Martha, standing there in contrast to Henry's wife, waddling from room to room of her house.

"Help doing what?" Henry said. Martha said, "There's been an accident. My father is hurt. We need a doctor."

"No doctor on the island."

"We know that, Henry," I said. "There's no telephone either. But the Coast Guard's radio . . ."

He nodded. "Mebbe. They flew a doctor out last winter when Jed Harmes broke his leg."

Martha said, "We want you to take us across so we can talk to the Coast Guard."

"Are you both crazy? Have you even looked at the strait? A boat can't live in that sea."

I said, "We know that. We know we'll have to wait. And we'll leave

it to you to decide when it's possible to get across."

There was a long silence. Henry did not take his eyes from Martha. He said at last, and more quietly this time, "Mebbe."

I started to speak, but Martha's hand touched my arm.

"That's good enough, Mr. Sims," she said. "Thank you. We'll wait here, if we may."

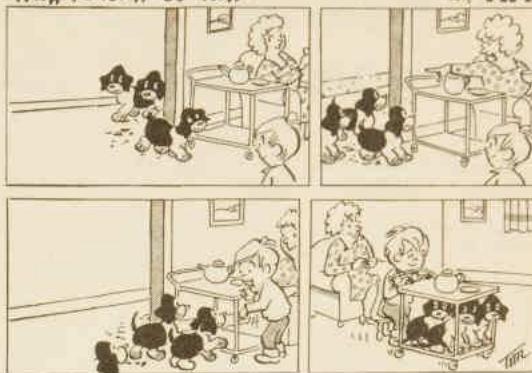
"Don't seem to have much choice, do you?" he said. He turned away and walked to the end of the building, where two small, grimy windows flanked double doors. He rubbed one of the windows with his fist and peered out.

To page 64

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



A NEW KIND OF KISS

(flavored — to keep him coming back for more)



FORBIDDEN FRUITS by CUTEX



Three new ways to taste even more delicious.
Put on strawberry — taste strawberry!
Put on pineapple — taste pineapple!
And as for champagne — Mmmmm!
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Continued from page 63

He was scowling, but it was a scowl of concentration rather than of anger; it seemed that a decision was laboriously forming in his mind. He looked at Martha. "Your father," he said. "Hurt bad?"

She nodded.

"He fell down the stairs," I said. "He has a broken leg and he's unconscious, which means either a concussion or a fractured skull. We don't know if there's anything else."

Henry nodded his big head slowly. "Happens," he said, and suddenly I was face to face with another aspect of island life—the absolute necessity for, and the ingrained habit of, interdependence.

It was a long wait, but I cannot now—nor did I then—even try to measure it in minutes and hours but, rather, in the passage of thoughts, of sounds, of sights, and activities.

Martha and I sat on a bench against the leeward wall. From time to time I went to one of the small windows to stare out at the tumult.

Once, when I turned back from the small window, I saw Martha's face with its mask laid aside, and what I saw there was fatigue, strain, worry, fear—but no panic. When her eyes met mine and the mask, a half smile, was resumed, I felt a wonder growing in my mind that she could rally as she had from the near hysteria that had caused her flight only that morning.

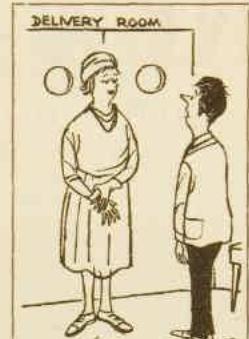
And yet in a way it was explicable, perhaps even understandable. There are those who seem to find themselves in time of actual crisis, those whom danger settles down instead of panicking. I think that Martha had met her turning point, her moment of decision, all by herself there at the foot of the cliffs when the tide cut off her retreat. As she sat there on the bench, shivering a little from the damp cold, wearing that half-smile mask for Henry's benefit and mine, I could see in her a kind of serenity that had not been there before.

I do not know how long it was before Henry went to one of the small windows and peered through. Then he knelt on the floor and lifted a square trap door, reached inside and came up with a piece of fine. Then, hand over hand, he hauled up a dripping lobster trap filled with

cans of beer. He took out one and then two more. He let the trap down into the water again and replaced the trap door. It was only then that he looked at us. "Here," he said, holding out two cans. "Might as well."

We drank in silence. Henry was finished first. He collapsed his can in his hands with ease, folded it double and tossed it into a dark corner. "No hurry," he said and picked up the lamp and carried it to the front of the building.

There was an outboard motor mounted on a wooden stand and carefully covered with canvas. Henry unwrapped it, unscrewed the cap and checked the level in



"There must be some mistake—my wife promised me a boy!"

the gas tank and replaced the cap—a man who knew well what he was about, going through a familiar drill. It was comforting to watch.

Martha and I finished our beer. I took her can and stood up. Henry had now finished with the outboard motor and was taking a pair of oars from the corner.

I said to Martha, "You wait here."

"No, Rod."

"Yes," I said. "I don't want to argue, but—"

She was standing now, too, and her smile interrupted my words.

"Look," I said. "I'm not trying to be a hero. I'm just trying to be sensible."

"You stopped being sensible that first day when I warned you about me and you ignored the warning."

"We've been all through that," I said. "You're—in-

portant to me. No, that's an understatement. You're what Marian never was—you're necessary to me. If I didn't know it before, I found it out this morning while you were gone. I told you that."

"Yes."

"Well?"

Her smile spread. "Maybe women are more logical than men," she said. "Would you let me go alone?"

"No. But that's beside the point. There are other factors."

"Let me be selfish," she said. "What do you think would happen to me if you went alone and . . . didn't come back?"

The dark shadows had receded from her, but they were still there, lurking in the wings, threatening. This was what she was saying, and I knew it to be true. And this time, if she disappeared into them again, it would be for good. Still, I tried.

"You climbed the cliff," I said. "You wanted to live."

SHE nodded. "Desperately. But if anything happened to you, it would be different. Don't you see that?"

I turned to look at Henry. He had heard what we said, but he was offering no opinion. I said, "Is there room for both of us, Henry?"

"Eyah," he said. And he added, "Might's well be goin'." He held out the oars to me.

I took them. My other hand found Martha's. We followed him through the small side door.

It was still raining—a cold, driving rain. Overhead the clouds, dirty grey and ragged, reminded me of tattered washing left too long on the line. Here in the lee of the building it was possible to realize that the wind had indeed dropped, that the howling, shrieking worst of Hurricane Clara was past.

Henry led, carrying the outboard, followed by Martha. I came last with the pair of oars. Henry set the outboard down gently on a patch of shingle; I gave Martha the oars to hold. From a stout frame rack Henry and I hauled out a dory upside down, righted it and carried it to the water. We put the oars inside, and mounted the outboard in its bracket on the high, narrow transom. Martha scrambled in and I followed.

Now we were about to embark, I thought. Henry must have gone out of his mind. I turned and said as much.

He loved it. I am sure. It gave him the opportunity, so dear to the islanders' hearts, for the dead-pan quip at the cottagers' expense. "Didn't think we could make it," he roared, "wouldn't bother to try!"

He pushed us off before the words were finished, got himself in, settled in the stern seat and started up the engine, all in one long, smooth movement.

Martha was more sensible than I; she was already knowing in the bottom of the boat, crowded forward into the narrow bow and holding tight to both gunwales. I was sitting on the rowing thwart; when the first shock of wind and water struck I came far closer to going over the side than I like to think. To say that the boat heeled is understatement—she lay right over on her side.

I tried to look forward and aft at the same time. Forward, Martha's back was to me. Her hair was streaming water and the bulky sweater hung shapeless, but she was secure. Aft, Henry's face, beneath his pulled-down hat, showed nothing more than his normal squint. He had the tiller of the outboard hard over, and already the dory's bow was swinging into the wind and the boat was rising to stand on her bottom as the had been designed to do.

The water that streamed through the strait, although driven now by winds of moderating force, was still a churning mass of dirty yellowish-white confusion. I remember shouting at Martha to keep her head down, and

To page 66

Hair beauty consultant writes:

DRY BRITTLE HAIR Don't despair

Most women want to keep up with hair fashions but some hesitate. They know over-perming or over-colouring tends to dry and split their hair.

So relax! Science has come to your rescue with 'KIRENE'. From the laboratories of L'Oréal of Paris—"KIRENE" is a rich conditioner which actually nourishes the hair—giving new body, bounce, and manageable beauty.

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Like Walking on Pillows

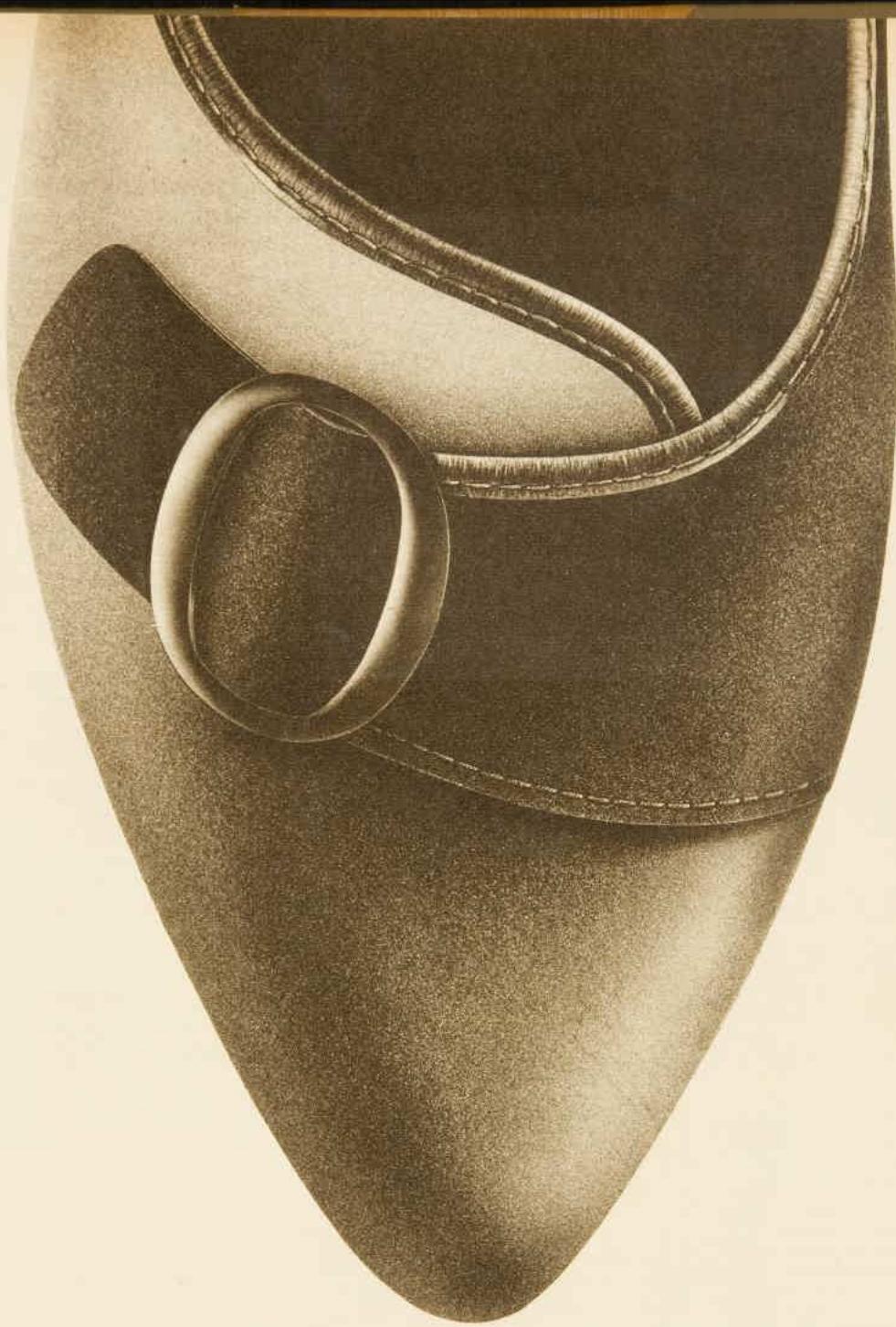
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Hollandia



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Ask for Wiltshire Grill Knives . . . part of the range of more than 100 Wiltshire cutlery lines stocked by all good stores.



Continued from page 64

seeing her obey. I wanted to follow suit and I do not now remember all my reasons for not doing so, but fright was somewhere among them. I concentrated on Henry.

He sat solid as a rock. He handled the dory with as superb seamanship as I have ever seen. He kept the dory's bow pointing almost straight into the wind and the sea, which is to say straight up the strait, although our destination was across. With fine adjustments of the throttle he kept us almost stationary in the midst of the flood stream — stationary, that is, in relation to the shore. We moved neither forward nor back — only sideways.

We almost made it. He had picked the relatively quiet lee of the Coast Guard dock as his spot to come ashore. The water is deep there, and the shore curves in and then out again to form a natural anchorage.

I still do not know precisely what happened. I was seated on the rowing thwart, my feet braced wide, my hands gripping the gunwales. I had turned my head to look over my shoulder. Martha was there, and safe.

The corner of her mouth was upturned in a faint smile that held only confidence, no pain.

Beyond her I saw the first heavy pile of the dock. Had I been in the bow I think I might have touched it, so finely had Henry judged and manoeuvred our sideways progress. By contrast with what we had come through, the water here seemed calm. But it was not and I think Henry realised our danger before it occurred.

I heard the outboard motor rev up in a sudden burst of

throttle and I turned back to Henry to see why, but already some hidden cross-current was spinning the dory. As if in a nightmare I saw the pile come into view again, although now I was looking astern instead of forward. Henry and I both reached to push us off, but there was not a chance. We were spinning too fast, too hard. There was a sickening crunch and the entire side of the dory was no longer there.

I pushed free of the wreckage. Then I was taken under by the cold water and twisted and turned and slammed against something unyielding, and then cast up to the surface as if rejected. And there, right at my hand, was the ladder leading up to the dock and I clung to it, coughing. I looked around for a few moments and then turned away and walked to meet me.

She was crying. Tears and rain and salt water mingled on her face, but she was smiling, too. It was not at all as it had been, that other time of water and near drowning and tears. She held out her hands to me and I took them and held them, and thought of nothing to say that could possibly express the thoughts we shared.

I saw her thirty feet away from me and swimming strongly, but in the wrong direction — away from the dock rather than toward it. I called out to her but she gave no sign that she had heard. And then suddenly I understood. Some fluke of that hellish current had thrown her away rather than toward the ladder where I now clung. She was, sensibly, heading for the far shore rather than trying futilely to fight her way back.

On the shore I saw four Coast Guardsmen running. Three of them carried life rings and, as I watched, one stopped and heaved the ring through the air. It landed only a few feet from Martha's head, but she swam on.

And then she stopped swimming and began to tread water, and Henry's head appeared miraculously within the crook of her arm.

THE ISLAND

Martha's hand held him by the chin, his face out of water. Another life ring smacked into the water within her reach; this one she grabbed and the men on shore began the slow haul with confidence.

I turned away and climbed the ladder. I had to stop to rest before I reached the top and stood at last on the dock. By then the Coast Guardsmen were wading into the shallows to haul Henry ashore. Another man came running up with a portable respirator and they began to work on Henry with reassuring efficiency. Martha stood watching for a few moments and then turned away and walked to meet me.

She was crying. Tears and rain and salt water mingled on her face, but she was smiling, too. It was not at all as it had been, that other time of water and near drowning and tears. She held out her hands to me and I took them and held them, and thought of nothing to say that could possibly express the thoughts we shared.

THERE is little more to say. Within two hours of the time the radio message went off to the mainland, the wind had dropped enough to permit a helicopter to land a doctor on the island. Robert Blake was loaded on to a stretcher and flown to a mainland hospital, where his leg was properly set; X-rays showed concussion and a hairline fracture. His condition was described as satisfactory.

By that time Henry Sims was up and around. In his embarrassment at being rescued by a girl — and a girl Martha's size at that, a girl who sometimes wore Capri pants — Henry's voice outdid itself and set the Siamese cats in the Coast Guard station to stamping their feet and switching their tails and talking to one another in their harsh, Henry-like voices.

There was a litter of Siamese kittens there at the station, and they occupied us until the Coast Guard set us back across the calmed-down strait. We have one of those kittens now; we have named him Henry Sims.

The next day there was the usual crowd at the wharf at mail-boat time — Sam, Morris, Marjorie, and Bill Yang, Lavinia, George Tate was there, and I assured him I would not forget the drawings for his generator shed. Then came Henry Sims and his vast, shapeless wife.

Henry shook my hand. Then he took off his hat for Martha. He was more than a little red in the face, but determined. "Brought you these!" he roared, and held out a small bouquet.

Martha rose on tiptoe and kissed his cheek.

"Well," Sam said. "Now I have seen everything."

We stood on the afterdeck of the mail boat and looked back at the people on the wharf. I had my arm around Martha as we cleared the strait and squared away on course for the mainland. She looked up at me. "Now?" she said.

I nodded. "This is the place." I watched her toss the small bouquet over the side. It seemed to float back toward the island.

"We have to come back," Martha said. She was almost whispering.

"Yes," I said. "We will." Everyone needs a secret place.

(Copyright 1964 by Richard Martin Stern.)



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965

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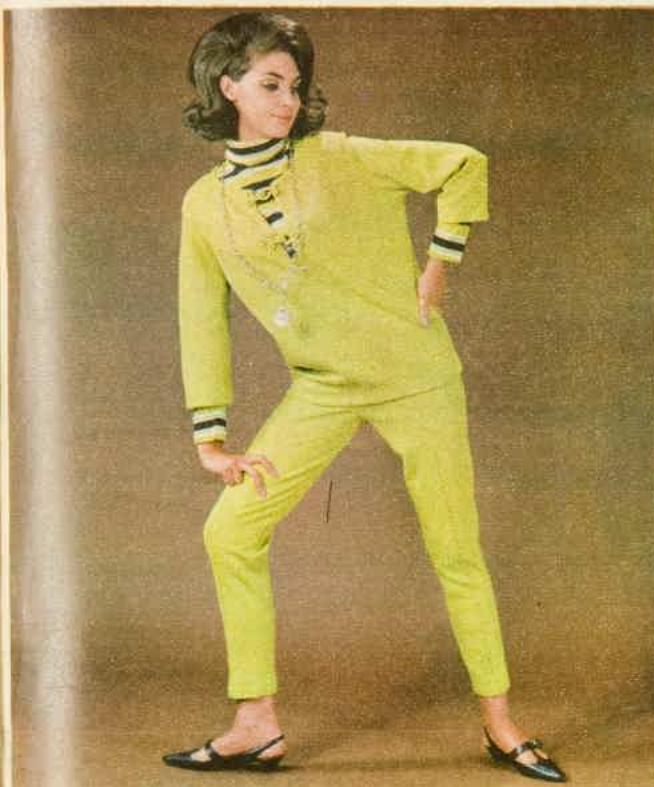
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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 54. Fashion Frock may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

WOOL HITS—they've never been brighter

QUESTION: What's all the colors of the rainbow and all mixed up? ANSWER: The new wool knits and weaves of 1965—gay and gaudy as all get out—that break down into separates or sometimes into twos (like those pictured here) and so let you have more outfits that mix well than ever before.



FASHIONABLE mixing of striped and plain double-knit wool jersey in a snappy three-piece for casual wear that can be bought as shown (above), or as slacks (79/11), long-sleeved skivvy top (79/11), frogged jacket (99/11). (These smart new-season casuals and the two outfits pictured below from Farmer & Co., Sydney.)

BELOW. Nautical look of double-breasted check wool blazer—note big collar and solitary angled pocket—(£8/8/0) above cream wool bell-bottom pants (£5/5/0).

BELOW. White wool/bri-nylon scooter-line slacks (they're two-way stretch), (99/11). Textured-wool jacket with zip-front (£6/6/0).



Teenagers
WEEKLY

LOOKS you love in big, bragging mohair handknits. Bulky may be the best word to describe these beauties, but they are, in fact, light in weight, warm as toast, and altogether wonderful to wear over long chopstick pants. These handknits come in a range of exciting colors and patterns, like the two Harlequin-collared designs in cerise jazzed with white (£8/19/11), and brown cooled with the same shade (£7/19/11). Heavyknit jacket (seated) (£7/19/11). (From Grace Bros., Sydney.)

SENSATIONAL

NEW PERFORATED MATERIAL . . .

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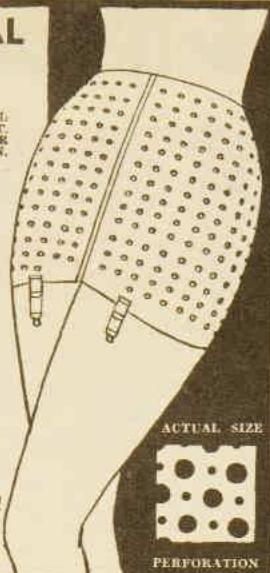
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DOMINESE

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Page 68



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Letters

Language barrier to understanding

EVEN at 14 I have run into the language barrier that prevents people of one country from knowing of another and understanding those of another.

I recently wrote to two Japanese girls who are learning English in school and with whom I now correspond. It has been an eye-opener to me to discover how similar to us these girls are in their school life, leisure interests, and the ideas they have about life.

I wish now I could speak another language and find out what teenagers really think in countries we are led to believe are so very foreign and hostile to our way of life.

Swotting foreign vocabularies may not be much fun, and their queer grammar gives me a pain in the neck. But it would be worth the trouble to be able to write to a stranger halfway round the world and find that he or she enjoys the same music, plays the same sport, and seems to have roughly the same upbringing as we do ourselves.

In this way problems of misunderstanding would melt. — David Guinane, New Town, Tas.

Good manners

WHEN adults complain about the manners of teenagers, do they realise where the fault may be? If people are taught to do something from the time of going to school, they will continue to do so when becoming teenagers.

It is impossible for me to count the number of times I have seen parents allow their children to sit while adults stand in public transport. There have even been times when children were made to sit down, even if they wanted to stand.

I think the present teenage generation is a courteous one, but if parents continue to allow younger children to be discourteous the next teenage generation will be something to complain about. — Lynette Sandhoff, Sandgate, Qld.

Old Elvis

"ELVIS is getting old." I have been hearing this ever since his 30th birthday. Elvis is definitely not old!

No one thinks of Richard Burton, Paul Newman, Charlton Heston, and some other older stars as being really old.

Elvis is a man. A well-tailored, good-looking man. Not a feminine insect with long hair who hides in a group. People who say Elvis is old say it for two reasons — they're Beatle fans, or because he has been a singer for so long.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"There must be something more to life than just sitting around being immortalised."

Most of us enjoyed Elvis the teenager, but just look around and see how many people like him now! — Judy Kilian, Mt. Beauty, Vic.

NEXT WEEK

• Full page of color pictures of the new Irish look in casual fashions made in hand-dyed and washable wool. There are four eye-catching styles, any one of which could be the high point of your wardrobe.

Bad posture

I THINK it is appalling that the majority of Australian teenagers will become a nation of droopy-shouldered people.

Recently Mum said to my brother and me that my father (50 years old) walked with a straighter back and squarer shoulders than either of us. At first I scoffed at this, but later compared other teenagers' posture with that of our father and saw this to be true. Now I realise she was right about me. Not only do I walk incorrectly but I also sit in a slouchy manner.

Although it's an effort, I am now trying to carry myself properly, and I think it is about time a few more thousand Australian teenagers wake up to themselves and did the same. — C. Rod Barton, Elizabeth, S.A.

Surfies again

I AM 17 years old, have long blond hair, wear a bikini, and ride a surfboard. For these reasons people

persist in calling me a surfer. I know that this term originated from a friendly abbreviation of surfer. However, nowadays it has lost its true meaning.

It is instead, an abusive term used to describe a certain type of lout that hangs around beaches and surfing spots causing trouble. I have no intention of giving up surfing, which means so much to me — I only wish that these kids would wake up to themselves and see how uncomfortable they are making it for the ones genuinely interested.

Also, adults should stop putting all the young people of today into groups and branding them because of a small minority. This minority sets so bad an example that all who participate in a sport are thought to be the same.

To me people do not come in groups. They are all human beings, regardless of color, creed, or ideas, and the sooner adults, as well as teenagers, realise this, the sooner we can go back to being just guys and girls. — Wendy Elvin, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Politics

ONE of my best friends, who has just returned from four years' school in America, told me that he was astonished at the lack of interest and knowledge of the Australian teenager in politics.

In America, politics apparently has a far greater acceptance and commands a far greater following. How many Australian teenagers know the name of their local member, or even their State Premier, and what party he stands for? How many know the different Houses of

Parliament, and how many know the difference between the two main parties?

I believe we should try to remedy this apathy. — Francis J. Purnell, North Sydney.

Sophisticates

IT would be interesting to know how many girls have been priding themselves on being, or looking, sophisticated.

On checking up the exact meaning of the word in a dictionary, it surprised me to find that the word sophisticate meant "make artificial, spurious, corrupt."

Many people must use the word without knowing its meaning. — C. Johnson, New Lambton, N.S.W.

Color Bar

THERE has been a lot of discussion concerning Australia's racial integration problem and aborigines. At our school there are quite a few aboriginal children, and we all get on well with them. Why can't other towns accept these people? Why should we have such a problem?

They happen to be no different from us, except in coloring. The least we can do for them is give them a chance to be one of us, give them better education and better standards of living and a chance to get ahead. — Lilah Houlett, Brundaburra, N.S.W.

Birthday cake

EARLIER this year I was wondering what to do for my mother as a special treat for her birthday. After a lot of thought, my cousin (who was staying with us and took home economics at school) and I decided to cook a surprise birthday cake.

We cooked the cake at a kindly next door neighbour's, decorated it there, and brought it home to give Mother after breakfast on her birthday. I shall never forget the expression on her face when she saw it. It was her first birthday cake since she had been a young girl.

She was thrilled to bits with it, and to this day is still wondering how we could ever have done something like that without her knowing. I would recommend this idea to anyone who is stuck for a novel change for a mother's (or father's) birthday. — Elizabeth Robbie, New Lambton, N.S.W.

Being you

ARE teenage girls so dumb and lacking in initiative that they need to be told who to be? Surely, giving pointers on how to be an elegant, pale, bouncy, or surfie girl will only help produce stereotype copyists.

As soon as a girl or boy tries to create an artificial image, he or she loses spontaneity and sincerity.

Whereas a person who acts naturally and is unafraid of being original will certainly be more attractive to other people. — Merrill Harman, Preston, Vic.

PONYTAIL

BY LEE HOLLEY



Parents v. Teens

• "We're misunderstood! They're so strict! They're old-fashioned!" cry teenagers repeatedly. Stop! Think!

By
18-year-old
BEGONIA SPIECHOWICZ

ARE your parents really tyrants? Or have you been too selfish and self-centred to take a really good look at yourself?

Do the boys only come into contact with Dad when they need some money or the family car? How do you react when use of it is curtailed? Instant tantrums?

And girls! How about some housework — voluntarily, of course.

Spend a quiet evening with the family now and then. That mad social whirl can wait. Remember, Mum and Dad have forgone many things for love of you.

Don't be afraid of being called a "do-gooder" or "square." Your friends' parents may hide their own need for home love and real togetherness.

Give a little of yourself to your family and take part in their projects.

Recently I discovered how enjoyable gardening can be. The garden looked a shambles, so everyone was assigned to his own section. Money was contributed to "Kitty" and we bought new trees and plants.

Work began in the morning with fervor and we had lunch out-doors. In the evening we trooped inside —

dirty and tired but glowing with good spirits and companionship.

For a fun-filled evening organise a party just for the family. A record party or charades, or why not singing and dancing. Mum and Dad will provide laughs galore with their version of the latest dance crazes.

Home needn't be a series of "hot and cold wars." Talk to Mum and Dad. Ask them about the scrapes and adventures of their own youth.

Soon they'll become your closest friends, but they must also remain parents, commanding respect.

But stop grumbling! It's

childish and you are young adults. Never forget — discipline is character-building.

Lastly, be thoughtful! Boys, buy your mother some flowers or a small luxury.

Show her that her work and self-sacrifice have not passed unnoticed. Mother will be pleased and touched by your consideration.

Don't forget poor old Dad. Take an interest in his hobbies, joke with him, confide in him.

Girls, talk about your beaus, your problems. Mother — and Father — will be happy to advise and help you.

Results! Less tension, less friction at home. Why? Perhaps, for once you've gotten about yourselves and met your parents half-way.

Step one, of course, is a shampoo. Use a good shampoo and be sure to rinse hair very well. Next, deal with the temporary color rinse you've chosen as directed on pack and pour over head.

Then rinse lightly with water (check directions whether to use warm, cool, or cold water) to remove excess color.

Pat hair dry with a towel. When hair is dry enough to set — you're on your way to a sparkling new hairstyle with a prettier tone and sheen.

— CAROLYN EARLE.



"This long phone cord is the most, Gloria. I can talk and raid the refrigerator at the same time!"

Beauty in brief

Color Cues

- When should a teen take to coloring her hair? Not often, and NOT permanently.

ANYONE who cares to look can see the effects of amateur hair-bleaching on heads all around the place. On adults they're often disastrous, but for a teen — doubly so.

To be a believable and pretty blonde, a teen would need lots of time and lots more money to spend in a hair salon.

But with a good temporary color hair rinse a teen can achieve a very pretty effect for a special occasion and can, in the process, give her hair some helpful conditioning, too.

It's fun to experiment a bit with color, but teens should always try to stay within the subtle color tones of their own normal hair color.

Let's just suppose that you're a teenager with unruly, untidy hair that's dull, dull, dull; what are you to do with it? Bleach it with a home brew of peroxide and ammonia? Never!

Matters would be worse than ever in no time. How about going for some highlights, then, with a good temporary color rinse?

Step one, of course, is a shampoo. Use a good shampoo and be sure to rinse hair very well. Next, deal with the temporary color rinse you've chosen as directed on pack and pour over head.

Then rinse lightly with water (check directions whether to use warm, cool, or cold water) to remove excess color.

Pat hair dry with a towel. When hair is dry enough to set — you're on your way to a sparkling new hairstyle with a prettier tone and sheen.

— CAROLYN EARLE.



ROUND ROBIN

REALLY STRIKING GIRLS!

- I see that teenage girls in an English town have gone on strike.

THEY are seeking better "conditions" from their parents, teachers, and boyfriends.

The lasses, from Lancashire, want a wage increase in pocket-money from their Dads.

They are demanding that their boyfriends pay them more attention and courtesy.

From their teachers they want permission to wear slacks to school.

This last campaign sounds very much like a sit-down strike.

Apparently, the girls have declared school stockings "black."

It seems the strikers are not doing so well with their wage and dress demands — but they have the boys on the run.

For the girls are waging a very successful go-slow war on dates.

And this doesn't mean that they just turn up late for outings — what girl doesn't?

No, the strikers are dancing in slow tempo!

They are even playing their discs at low speeds.

This is known in industrial circles as a rolling (Stones) strike.

The boys, I would like to point out, could well turn the go-slow campaign to their own advantage.

Walks down lovers' lanes would be much more fun this way.

Not to mention good-night kisses!

Girls, of course, have long bad links with strikes.

They even have them when they play softball!

The girls are reported to have asked local adult trade unionists to strike in sympathy.

But they have refused.

Perhaps their leaders didn't want the kids contributing to the delinquency of a miner!

- Robin Adair

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Does he like her?

"AT a party recently I fell hopelessly in love with a boy who felt the same way about me, but as we live a fair distance away from each other, we don't see each other much. He has a terrible memory and every time he asked me for my phone number he would forget it within the next five minutes. Do you think he is just afraid to ask for my phone number again because he is that type of boy? Everytime my girlfriend, who lives near him, sees him he asks how I am and if I have a boyfriend, but how could I possibly have one when I feel the way I do about him? What can I do?"

"Broken Hearted," N.S.W.

I feel you might be romancing with this situation a little bit.

If this boy sees your girlfriend, and asks how you are, what is to stop him asking her for your telephone number?

However, one way to settle this forever would be to hold a small party at your place.

Ask your girlfriend to extend an invitation to this boy — if he shows interest in you at the party, and invites you out, well and good.

If not, forget him.

Lost weekends

"I AM a girl of 15½ and I am not allowed to go out at weekends. Do you think this is fair? I just think it's old-fashioned."

S.H., Vic.

Perhaps not, but where do you want to go? Surely attending football matches, afternoon picnics, group outings, or afternoon record sessions would be in order with your parents? Check with them again and I think you'll find that they only think you are too young for dances and steady boyfriends.

Brother bother

"I AM a girl of 16 and for the past seven months have been going steady with a boy of 19. We were very much in love and planned on getting engaged when I was 17, but a few weeks ago we quarrelled and I haven't seen him since. I have been going out lately with his 16-year-old brother. Though I like the brother I still feel as if I am cheating him. They are very much alike. Can you please help me?"

B.H., S.A.

One thing is certain—you're not likely to have a reconciliation with the boy you like if you continue to go out with the younger brother. I am afraid it's your own decision and you alone will have to make it. If you could fathom why you should feel you're "cheating" you might be a step nearer to solving the problem.

She forgets things

"I HAVE the most awful problem —I keep forgetting things. Yesterday I couldn't remember what presents I received for Christmas. I still can't. My boyfriend and I fight about it and I get very upset. Please try to help me."

"Forgetter," Vic.

Is your memory so poor that you need to see a doctor? Or are you like most people, just muddle-headed? There's a saying that one usually forgets what one doesn't want to remember. Perhaps this sums up your situation.

City stole his girl

"THREE weeks after my friend, who I have been going with for 14 months, had started work at a large city store, I decided to go for a holiday and visit her. I saw her the first night and asked her out, but she told me she had a previous date. I asked her out the following night and she told me that she did not want to go out with me again. She also returned the ring I had given her previously. I still think a lot of this girl and would like to see her again. Her birthday is approaching and I do not know whether to send her a card. I don't want to appear to crawl, but I would like her to know I'm still thinking of her."

V.J., Qld.

No, I don't think that would be crawling. After all, how else would you let her know—ever so casually, of course—that you are still interested? Nothing is gained by a prolonged silence. And perhaps she has tired of the city boy by now. All you risk is the stamp and the price of the card.

She loves teacher

"I HAVE been going out regularly with a schoolteacher. I like him a lot and I think he feels the same about me. However, I am still at school and he has heard that he will be teaching at the school I attend. I am afraid our boy-girl relationship might change to a pupil-teacher relationship and I will lose him. He is so wonderful. I hope I don't lose him. What can I do?"

"Teacher's Pet," Vic.

If he is a student teacher, as I rather suspect he is, then possibly it would only be for a few weeks, as such teachers tend to move around to various schools. You can't do much except try to be sensible, and unless you are you'll lose your beautiful friendship.

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GOLDEN PATIO PATTIES



peel a can today

Golden Circle
Tropical SLICED PINEAPPLE

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

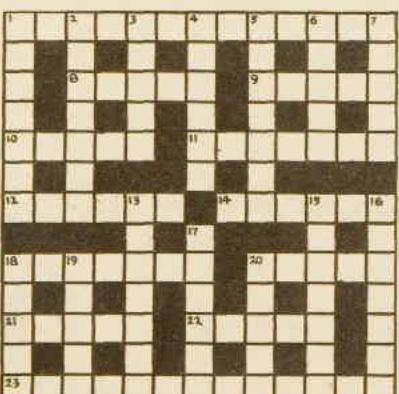
MANDRAKE is following the Mole, who escaped from the Museum by blasting his way through the ground. He emerges and makes his getaway in a car, but was seen by a nearby tramp. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- A collection of newspapers (8, 5).
- River in France (5).
- Was furious with anger and became old at the end (5).
- Belgian town ceded by Germany at the end of World War I (5).
- Writes: Ted I sin (7).
- Sauter with an odd inside (6).
- To go up (6).
- Famous American general of the 19th Century (7).
- Heavenly bodies taking a sailor in a steamer (5).
- Indian feline carnivore hiding a donkey (5).
- Mock at with loud cries (5).
- Their duties might be attending to actors and costumes at an Eisteddfod (5, 8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Budding with a perfume (7).
- Late dip (anagr., 7).
- The heavenly hunter or a charged particle (5).
- Obtained from the maple (6).
- A rampart for protection in the rear (7).
- Therefore starts a disease of grasses (5).
- Biased persons take them (5).
- As a walk you can dance it, or as a palace you can live in it, if you are an archbishop (7).
- Specimen with plenty of end (7).
- Purposes with patterns (7).
- Reply an elder man's werewolf can give (6).
- Dry cornstalks (5).
- Leave a wooden frame (5).
- Buildings in which goods are sold (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS



3183.—Two-piece dress with overblouse buttoning to pleated skirt and blouse with Peter Pan collar. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

2830.—Little girls' wardrobe co-ordinates. Pattern also includes button-through pinafore, front-buttoned vest, and kerchief. Sizes 2 to 6X (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest.) Price 5/- includes postage.

2952.—Proportioned sheath for tall, medium, and short figures. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.

3243.—Semi-fitted dress with panel front. Bust sizes: Sub-Teen, 28, 29, 31, 33in. Young Jun., 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

3288.—Mary Quant A-line dress with contrast cuffs. Sizes 30½, 31, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3183.—Waist-length V-neckline and armhole shift, cowl-necked blouse, jacket with bracelet-length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



3183



3233

2830

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NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

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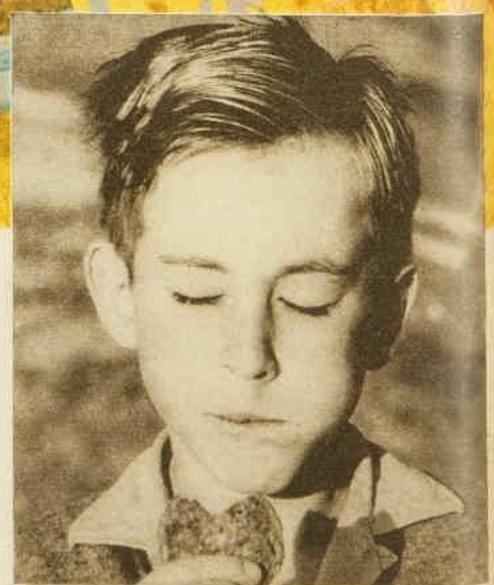


Arnott's famous **Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality

Page 72

(plus 32-page liftout)



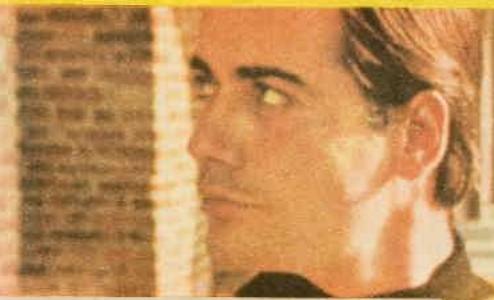
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 24, 1965

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

presents

Parade of HANDKNITS



● This 32-page supplement presents a wonderful new range of day-into-night knitteds.

In conjunction with The Myer Emporium and David Jones Ltd., the designs will be paraded by high-fashion mannequins in capital cities throughout Australia.

Free how-to-make leaflets for garments shown on pages 16 and 17 will be available at the parades; knitting directions for the remaining designs are printed in this supplement.

See page 2 for parade dates and times.

Directions for knitting our cover sweater are on page 2.



WHERE TO SEE PARADES

• A number of the knitting designs given in this booklet will be shown in mannequin parades in all capital cities.

Details are as follows:—

SYDNEY:

DAVID JONES' Elizabeth Street store, knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Friday, March 26, at 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, and 2.15 p.m.

The yarns used for the designs shown at the David Jones' parades are also available at their Parramatta, Brookvale, Newcastle, and Canberra branches.

FARMER'S knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Friday, March 26, at 11.30 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, and 2.00 p.m.

The yarns used for the designs shown at the Farmer's parades are also available at Farmer's Gordon and Farmer's Miranda.

MELBOURNE:

MYER'S knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Friday, March 26, at 11.10 a.m., 12.10, and 1.10 p.m.

ADELAIDE:

MYER'S knitting wool department daily from Monday, March 22 to Friday, March 26, at 12.15, 1.15, and 2.15 p.m.

DAVID JONES' knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Friday, March 26, at 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, and 2.15 p.m.

BRISBANE:

FINNEY ISLES knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Wednesday, March 24, at 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, and 2.15 p.m.

T. C. BEIRNE'S knitting wool department on Thursday, March 25, and Friday, March 26, at 11.30 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, and 2.15 p.m.

McWHIRTHERS' knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Friday, March 26, at 10.50, 11.50 a.m., and 12.50 p.m.

ALLAN & STARK'S knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Friday, March 26, at 11.15 a.m., 12.15, and 1.15 p.m.

The yarns used for the designs shown at the McWhirters and Allan & Stark parades are also available at Drive-in Shopping Centre, Chermiside, Myer Shopping Centre, Coorparoo, and Myer (Toowoomba) Ltd.

PERTH:

FOY AND GIBSON'S knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Friday, March 26, at 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, and 2.15 p.m.

HOBART:

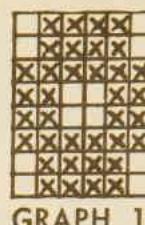
MYER (HOBART) LTD. knitting wool department, daily from Monday, March 22 to Thursday, March 25, at 12.15, 1.15, and 3.15 p.m.

Knitting leaflets for the six designs shown on pages 16 and 17 are available free at the parades.

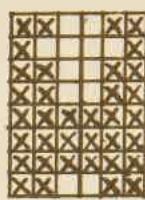
LEOPARD SWEATER



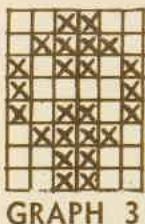
Authentic leopard spots are knitted into a luxury-light mohair sweater — shown in color on page 1 of this lift-out book.



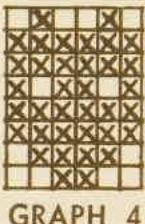
GRAPH 1



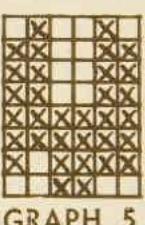
GRAPH 2



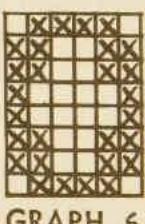
GRAPH 3



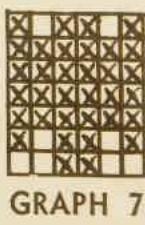
GRAPH 4



GRAPH 5



GRAPH 6



GRAPH 7

- MAIN COLOR
- CONTRAST COLOR

IN THE FASHION FOREFRONT:

- The Bodyline Sweater — slimmer, trimmer, its line still unfitted, but closer to the body.
- The Dolly Dress — a straight skimmer with low, hip-slung belt and knee interest.
- The Courreges-style Suit — a complete neat turnout, with matched cap-scarf, stressing the swing to crochet.

See these designs paraded in the knitting wool departments of David Jones, Elizabeth Street, Sydney; Finney Isles, Brisbane; David Jones, Adelaide; and Foy and Gibson, Perth. Parade times in the various stores are given on the opposite page.

BODYLINE SWEATER (above), warm as a glowing coal in red and black, is complemented by a pull-on cap to match the polo collar. Directions for 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust sizes on page 4.

DOLLY SHIFT (left) is the easiest thing ever made — from top to hem it's all plain knitting. Note the new funnel collar and striped hip belt. Directions for three bust sizes are on page 4.

COURREGES - STYLE SUIT (right) consists of a button-through jacket trimmed with brass, a short, sleek skirt, and a bobble-trimmed cap-scarf comforter. Directions on page 5.

PARADE OF HANDKNITS — Page 3

BODYLINE SWEATER AND CAP

Shown in color on page 3

Materials: Sirdar Double knitting wool; Cap, 4oz, contrast color (c.c.), sweater, 19 (20, 21, 22) oz main color (m.c.), 2oz, contrast color (c.c.); 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 8 needles; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length 23½ (24, 24½) in.; sleeve seam 17½ in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in. over patt.

PATTERN STITCH

1st Row: K 1, * k into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, k into front of first st. and slip both sts. off needle tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * k into back of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, k into front of first st. and slip both sts. off needle tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

SWEATER

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 102 (116, 120, 126) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in.

Next Row: K 1 (7, 8, 10) sts. * k into front and back of next st., k 7 * , rep. from * to * 12 (12, 14, 14) times, k into front and back of next st., k 2, (4, 6, 10) sts.

Next Row: Purl—122 (130, 136, 142) sts. on needle.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in pattern st. until work measures 16 in. or length required to armholes.

Next Row (right side facing): Cast off 15 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. in pattern until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8, 8½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 10 (11, 12, 13) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 9 (10, 11, 12) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Leave rem. sts. on holder for collar.

FRONT

Work as back until armhole measures 5½ (6, 6, 6½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Neck (right side): Work 36 (40, 43, 46) sts., turn. Work on these 36 (40, 43, 46) sts. only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: P 2 tog., patt. to end.

Cont. in pattern, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 5 (6, 6, 6)

rows and next 2 alt. rows—28 (31, 34, 37) sts.

Cont. in pattern until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8, 8½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder (right side): Cast off 10 (11, 12, 13) sts. at beg. of next row. Cast off 9 (10, 11, 12) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. on holder. Slip first 20 sts. on holder for collar and work on rem. 36 (40, 43, 46) sts. correspond with other side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 56 (58, 60, 62) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½ in.

Next Row (right side): K 3 (4, 5, 6) sts., * k into front and back of next st., k 9, rep. from * to last 3 (4, 5, 6) sts., k into front and back of next st., k 2 (3, 4, 5)—62 (64, 66, 68) sts. P 1 row. K 1 row. P 1 row.

Next Row (right side facing when patterned section is turned up): K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

P 1 row. K 1 row. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog. rep. from * to end of row.

P 1 row. K 1 row. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 2 tog. all across row.

P 1 row.

Break wool, leaving a long thread. Thread wool through rem. sts., pull up and fasten off.

Seam side and turn up. Lightly press seam and turn up. Make large pompon and stitch to top.



PATTERNEED sweater, above, is in red with a black ribbed collar. Close-up of mated cap is shown at left.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in pattern st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th row and every 4th foll. row 2 (4, 4, 8) times, then every 6th foll. row to 98 (104, 106, 112) sts.

Cont. in pattern until sleeve measures 17½ in. or length required. Place marker each end of row as sleeve is seamed only to this point. Cont. in pattern for 2½ in. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

COLLAR

Seam right shoulder. Using c.c. and No. 10 needles, beginning at left shoulder, pick up and knit 19 (20, 20, 20) sts. on left side front of neck, k 20 centre front sts., pick up and knit 19 (20, 20, 20) on right side front of neck and knit 36 (38, 38, 38) back sts.—98 (98, 98) sts.

Next Row: * (K 1, p 1) into next st., (k 1, p 1) twice, (k 1, p 1) into next st., (k 1, p 1) 3 times, rep. from * to last 10 (14, 14, 14) sts., (k 1, p 1) into next st., (k 1, p 1) twice, (k 1, p 1) into next st., k 4 (8, 8, 8)—110 (114, 114, 114) sts.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) rep. to end of row.

Cont. in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in., change to No. 8 needles and cont. in rib until collar measures 5½ in. Cast off loosely in rib.



DOLLY SHIFT IN GARTER-ST.

Knobbly black and white tweed dress, offset by a touch of red in belt and shoes, is worn with one of the new shoulder bags.

Materials: 38 (39, 40) balls Emu Tweedle; 1 ball each Emu Scotch 4-ply in white, black, and red for belt; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1½ in.-wide belt/buckle; eyelets; crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust, actual measurement will be 2 in. larger for comfortable fit; length from top of shoulder, 38½ (39, 39½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 16 (16½, 17) in.

Tension: 6½ sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

Abbreviations: K, Knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st-st, stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); garter-st, k every row; d.e.c., double crochet; dec., decrease; inc., increasing; w, white; b, black; r, red.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 120 (126, 132) sts. and work in garter-st. until work measures 30½ (30½, 31) in. or required length, shape armholes by dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 3rd row until dec. to 86 (86, 92) sts. Work back opening as follows:

1st and 3rd Sizes Only: Dec. 1 st., k 40 (44) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Size Only: K 30 sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

2nd size only: K 43 sts., leave

rem. sts. on a spare needle.

All sizes: Cont. in garter-st. on these 41 (43, 45) sts., dec. at armhole edge in same way until dec. to 36 (38, 40) sts., work 2 rows garter-st. Cast off at same tension as knitting.

Join yarn at centre back and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as for back, omitting back opening, until dec. to 80 (82, 88) sts., shape neck as follows:

1st and 3rd Sizes Only: Dec. 1 st., k 28 (30) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Size Only: K 30 sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

All sizes: Cont. in garter-st. on

these 29 (30, 31) sts., dec. at armhole edge as before and dec. 1 st. at neck edge of the next 8 (8, 8) rows. When dec. to 18 (19, 20) sts., work 2 rows garter-st. Cast off at same tension as knitting.

Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 20 (22, 24) sts., work to correspond with other side.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 56 (56, 58) sts. Work in st-st. for 6 rows, change to No. 12 needles and work in garter-st. for 2 in.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in garter-st., inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 10th row until inc. to 86 (88, 92) sts. When sleeve

measures 16 (16½, 17) in. above st-st, facing or required length, shape armhole by dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 3rd row until dec. to 56 (56, 62) sts., then dec. every 2nd row until dec. to 28 (28, 28) sts.

Cont. in garter-st. on these 28 (28, 28) sts. until long enough to fit across the front 18 (19, 20) cast-off sts.

Cast off 14 (14, 14) sts. at the beg. of next row (right side of work). K to end of row. Cont. in garter-st. on these 14 (14, 14) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every alt. row until dec. to 10 (10, 10) sts. Cast on these sts. until long enough to fit across the back of neck to centre back. Cast off.

Shown in color on page 3

COURREGES - STYLE SUIT

Shown in color on page 3

Materials: Suit 28 (30, 32, 34) balls, head scarf, 3 balls Villawool Lorelei; No. 7 Aero crochet hook; 9 brass buttons; grosgrain ribbon; press-studs.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40) in bust; length of coat, 35in. (all sizes); sleeves, 15in. (all sizes); length of skirt, 24½in. (all sizes); hips, 35 (37, 39, 41) in.; waist, 24 (26, 28, 30) in.

Tension: 7 h.tr. to 2in.

Abbreviations: H.tr., half treble — Yarn over hook, insert



LEFT SLEEVE

Work to correspond with right sleeve, working neck shaping at opposite ends.

NECKBAND

Press all parts with a warm iron over damp cloth on wrong side of work. Using back-st., sew sleeves and saddle shoulders into position, including the 10 back yokests. With right side of work toward you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 124 (128, 132) sts. around neck. Work in garter-st. for 2in. Change to No. 12 needles and cont. in garter-st. for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and work a further 2in. Cast off loosely.

BELT

Knitted in Scotch 4-Ply

Using No. 10 needles and w. cast on 230 sts. loosely. Work in st-st. for 6 rows. Change to b and work as follows:

Next Row: Inc. 1 into 1st st. k to end.

Next Row: P to last st., inc. 1 into last st. Rep. last 2 rows.

Next Row: K 4 b, 230 w.

Next Row: P 230 w, 4 b.

Next Row: K 4 b, 230 r.

Next Row: P 230 r, 4 b.

Next Row: K 4 b, 230 w.

Next Row: P 230 w, 4 b.

Next Row: Change to b, dec. 1 st., k to end.

Next Row: P to last 2 sts., dec. 1 st.

Rep. last 2 rows.

Change to w and work in st-st. for 6 rows. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron over damp cloth. Fold neckband in half back on to wrong side and slip-stitch into position. Work 1 row of d.c. round back opening and sew in slide-fastener. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Turn back the facing at lower edge of sleeves and slip-stitch into position. Fold belt around belting and stitch into position. Sew on buckle and insert eyelets.

Rep. the last row inclusive. Cont. until work measures 13in. (or length required).

To shape armholes — Next Row: Sl-st. over 3 (4, 5, 6) sts., work to last 3 (4, 5, 6) sts., turn.

Next Row: Miss 1 st., work to last st., turn.

Rep. last row until 51 (53, 55, 57) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 7½in. on the straight.

To shape shoulders — Next Row: Sl-st. over 3 sts., work to last 3 sts., turn.

Rep. the last row once.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 sts., work to last 4 sts., turn.

Rep. the last row once. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

With crochet hook make 32 (34, 36, 38) ch., plus 1 ch. for turn.

Work as back until the same length to armhole, ending at side edge.

To shape armhole — 1st Row: Sl-st. over 3 (4, 5, 6) sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last st., turn.

3rd Row: Sl-st. over 1 st., work to end.

Rep. the 2nd and 3rd rows until 26 (27, 28, 29) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 5½in., ending at front edge.

To shape neck — Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 (5, 6, 7) sts., work to end.

Next Row: Work to last st., turn.

Next Row: Miss 1 st., work to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 14 sts. (all sizes) rem. When armhole measures exactly the same as back shape shoulder thus: **1st Row (armhole edge):** Sl-st. over 3 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., turn.

3rd Row: Sl-st. over 4 sts., work to end.

4th Row: Work to last 4 sts. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, but with all shapings at opposite end of rows.

SLEEVES

With crochet hook make 32 (34, 36, 38) ch., plus 1 ch. for turn, and work as back. Cont. until 4 rows worked, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 3rd row thereafter until 54 (56, 58, 60) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 15in. (or length required).

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 (3, 4, 5) sts., work to last 2 (3, 4, 5) sts., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 sts., work to last 2 sts., turn.

Rep. the last row 6 times and 22 sts. rem. (all sizes).

Next Row: Miss 1 st., work to last st., turn.

Rep. the last row 3 times.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 sts., work to last 2 sts., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 3 sts., work to last 3 sts. and fasten off.

FLAPS

(Make 4)

With crochet hook make 16 ch., plus 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, then 1 d.c. into each ch. to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 h.tr. into each st. to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Rep. the last row until flaps measure 3in. Fasten off. Work 1 row of d.c. on each side edge,



TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

Beg. at neck edge and work 1 row of h.tr. down to lower front edge, 1 ch. for turn and work 1 row back to neck edge. Fasten off. Mark off 5 button positions on left front edge.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Beg. at lower edge and work 2 rows of h.tr., 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: Work in h.tr. to neck edge, making 5 buttonholes opposite markers on the left border, cont. round neck edge and down to lower left front edge, 1 ch. for turn.

To make a buttonhole: Miss 2 sts., 2 ch. On the next row work 2 h.tr. into space.

Work 2 more rows h.tr. round all edges and fasten off.

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams and borders. Set sleeves in smoothly. Attach the 4 flaps as illustrated with a button sewn on each one. Sew on the 5 buttons to match buttonholes.

SKIRT

BACK

With crochet hook make 63 (67, 71, 75) ch., plus 1 ch. for turn. Work as for back of coat until skirt measures 18in. (adjust length as required at this point). Tie a marker in on the first and last of the centre 29 sts. Dec. 1 st. each end and each side of the centre 29 sts.

(4 sts. dec.) on the next row and every 3rd row thereafter until 45 (49, 53, 57) sts. rem. Then on the foll. 3rd row dec. 1 st. each side of the centre 29 sts. only. Cont. on rem. 43 (47, 51, 55) sts. until skirt measures 24½in. Fasten off.

FRONT

Work exactly as back.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Sew up one side seam completely and the other to within 7in. of waist. Press seams open. Work 5 rows of d.c. on side opening for under-lap and 2 rows on the over-lap edge.

Attach grosgrain ribbon cut to required length to waistline on the wrong side. Sew press-studs to side opening.

CAP SCARF

Make 24 ch., plus 1 for turn. Work as coat back for 68in.

To make insert: Fold work in half. Work in h.tr. across the 11 sts. each side of the fold. Cont. on these 22 sts. for 5in.

On the next row dec. 1 st. every second st. and fasten off.

To Make Bobble (6): Make 3 ch., join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 2 ch., 9 d.c. into ring, join with sl-st.

Work 3 rounds of h.tr.

Next Round: Work in h.tr., dec. 3 sts. evenly on round, join with sl-st. and fasten off.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work. Join the edges of insert neatly to the edges of scarf. Work 1 row of d.c. round all edges, working twice into corners. Attach 3 bobbles to each end evenly spaced.

PARADE OF HANDKNITS — Page 5

Here it is!

BRI*
NYLON
Super-crimp
hand-knitting
yarn



Cardigan by SIRDAR. Double-knitting leaflet No. 1519.

A long-awaited break-through in hand-knitting yarn; a fashion-find to give you garments that won't fade, felt, shrink or lose their shape! If you have never knitted with 'BRI-NYLON' you're in for a happy surprise. 'BRI-NYLON' yarn is so soft, so warm, so light and easy to knit. Be sure to see new super-crimp 'BRI-NYLON' hand-knitting yarn — at all good stores now. In a riot of ravishing colours and *white* white. Take time to choose! 'BRI-NYLON' knits it better. There's nothing like 'BRI-NYLON'.

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Page 6 — PARADE OF HANDKNITS

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The Australian Women's Weekly, March 24, 1965

SISSY SWEATER

Shown in color on page 8

Materials: 15 (16, 17, 18) oz. Sirdar Super Nylon Double Knitting; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 9 knitting needles; cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 23½ (24, 24, 24½) in.; length of sleeve, 14½ in. **Tension:** 6 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 103 (109, 115, 121) sts. and work in st-st. for 7 rows, beginning with a knit row. Knit next row to mark hemline.

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st-st., beginning with a knit row, until work measures 5 in. from hemline or length required.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 (2, 3, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 2 to cable needle and place at back of work, k 1, then k 2 tog. from cable needle, knit to last 5 sts., sl. 1 to cable needle and place at front, k 2 tog., then k 1 from cable needle, k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until 83 (87, 91, 95) sts. rem.

Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8, 8½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder (right side): Cast off 7 (8, 8, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 6 (7, 8, 9) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cont. in st-st., cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows for facing, work 4 rows and cast off.

FRONT

Work as back.

SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 59 (61, 63, 65) sts. and work in st-st. for 5 rows, beginning with a knit row. Knit next row to mark hemline.

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st-st., beginning with a knit row for 6 rows.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 81 (85, 87, 91) sts. Cont. in st-st. until sleeve measures 14½ in. from hemline. Right side facing, cast off 2 (2, 3, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

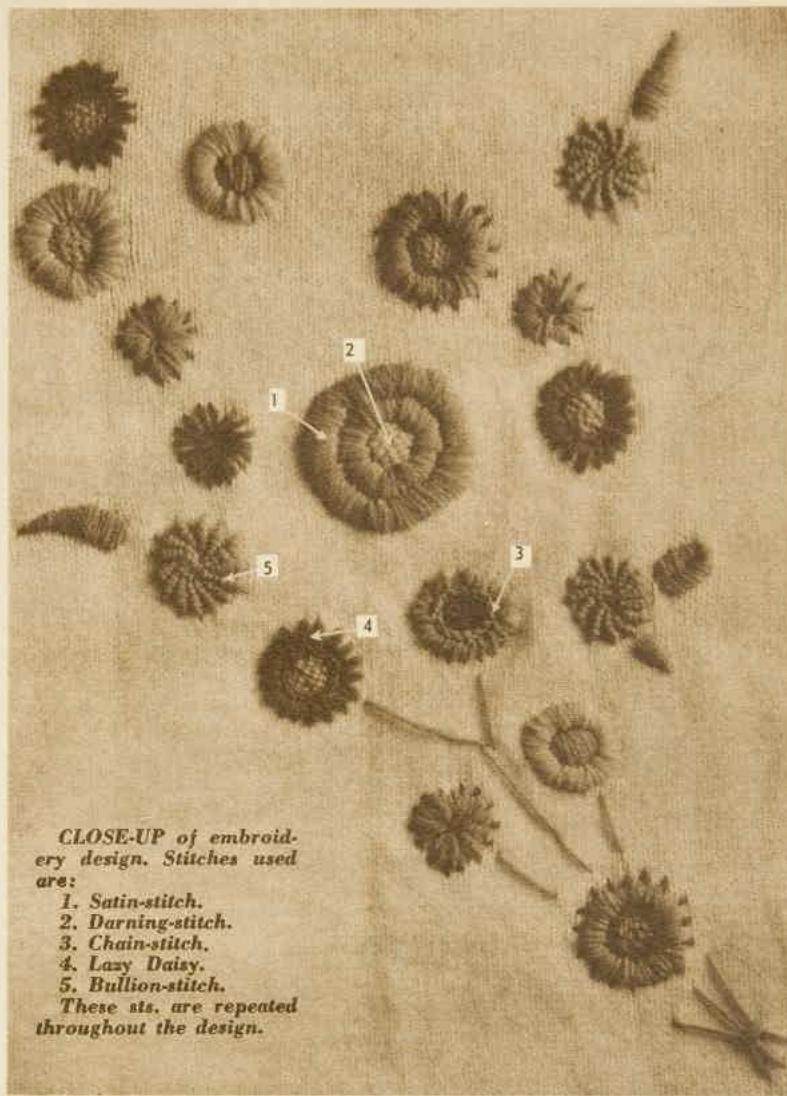
Next Row: K 2, sl. 2 to cable needle and place at back of work, k 1, then k 2 tog. from cable needle, knit to last 5 sts., sl. 1 to cable needle and place at front, k 2 tog., then k 1 from cable needle, k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 61 (63, 65) sts. rem. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections with warm iron over damp cloth. Seam sides and sleeves. Seam shoulders and facings. Sew sleeves into armholes. Turn up hems at lower edge and cuffs and slip-stitch into place. Turn in facing round neck and slip-stitch loosely into place. Press all seams and hems. Embroider flowers as shown at right.



CLOSE-UP of embroidery design. Stitches used are:

1. Satin-stitch.
2. Darning-stitch.
3. Chain-stitch.
4. Lazy Daisy.
5. Bullion-stitch.

These sts. are repeated throughout the design.



Materials: 17 (18, 19, 20) balls main color (m.c.) and 3 balls (all sizes) contrast color (c.c.) Panda Supa-Fine Tweed Mohair; 1 pr. No. 6 knitting needles for body of garment; 1 pr. No. 8 for collar; 1 pr. No. 5 for sleeves; 1 double-pointed

“MOD” - IFIED MOHAIR

Shown in color on page 8

needle for cable pattern; 1 No. 7 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit a 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length 23½ (23½, 23½, 23½) in. N.B.: Actual bust size 6 in. larger for loose garment.

Tension: 4½ sts. to 1 in. in st-st. on No. 6 needles.

JACKET

BASIC

With m.c. and No. 6 needles, cast on 87 (92, 97, 102) sts. Work in st-st. (k 1 row, p 1 row) for 8 in., ending on a p row. Inc. 1 st. each side of next row, then every 6th row 3 times—95 (100, 105, 110) sts. Work even until piece measures 12½ in. from bottom, ending on a p row. Put marker each end of last row for underarm.

To Shape Armhole: Dec. 1 st. each side of next row, then every other row 14 (17, 19, 21) times, every 4th row 5 (4, 3, 2) times—55 (56, 59, 62) sts. armhole measures 8½ in. (8½, 8½, 8½) in. straight up from markers. Put marker each end of last row for end of armholes.

To Shape Yoke: Cast off 4 (4, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each side every row 9 times. Cast off rem.

29 (30, 33, 34) sts. for back of neck.

LEFT FRONT

With m.c. and No. 6 needles, cast on 48 (51, 53, 56) sts. Work in st-st. for 8 in., end up on p row. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row, then every 6th row 3 times—52 (55, 57, 60) sts. Work straight until work measures same as back to underarm, ending at armhole edge. Put a marker on work at arm side of last row for underarm.

To Shape Armhole, Neck, and Yoke: Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next row, then every other row

19 (19, 17, 16) times, then every row 0 (0, 4, 6) times—32 (35, 35, 37) sts. Dec. 1 st. each side of next 5 rows for armhole and neck shaping—22 (25, 25, 27) sts. Put a marker on work at armhole edge of last row for end of armhole. Cont.

to dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 9 (10, 10, 11) times; at same time, for yoke cast off 3 (5, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of armhole edge once, then dec. 1 st. every row 9 times. End off last st.

With pins, mark position of vertical buttonholes in sets of two, evenly spaced on centre edge of left front; allowing 6

rows for each buttonhole with 4 rows between, mark first set beg. 1½ in. from lower edge, 3rd set beg. ½ in. below start of neck shaping, and 2nd set even spaced between.

Vertical Buttonholes—Row 1 (right side): K 4 sts. at beg. of centre edge, drop m.c.; for buttonhole opening, join extra skein of m.c. and finish row.

Rows 2 to 6: Work even on both sides at once for 5 rows.

Row 7: With 1 strand of m.c., k across all sts. (closing buttonholes).

Break off extra skein m.c. Work even for 3 rows. Rep. rows 1 to 7 for 2nd buttonhole of set.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, forming vertical buttonholes (see vertical buttonholes) opposite markers and reversing shaping (arm side is at end of k row).

SLEEVES

With m.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 58 (58, 62, 62) sts. Cont. in cable patt. as follows:

Row 1 (wrong side): K 2 (2, 1, 1), p 6, k 2 (2, 3, 3), rep. from * across, ending p 6, k 2 (2, 1, 1).

Row 2 (cable row): P 2 (2, 1, 1), * sl. as if to p next 3 sts. on

cable needle, hold at back of work, k next 3 sts., then k sts. from cable needle, p 2 (2, 3, 3), rep. from * across, end last rep. p 2 (2, 1, 1).

Rows 3, 5, 7, 9: Rep. row 1.

Rows 4, 6, 8, 10: P 2 (2, 1, 1), k 6, p 2 (2, 3, 3), rep. from across, end k 6, p 2 (2, 1, 1). Rep. these 10 rows for cable patt., work even until piece measures 2½ (2½, 2½) in. from start.

Cast on 1 st. each end of next row, then every 6th row 5 (4, 5, 4) times, every 4th row 8 (10, 8, 10) times; working added sts. into patt.—86 (88, 90, 92) sts. Work straight for 4 rows. Cont.

in cable patt., inc. 1 st. each side every row 11 times, working added sts. into patt.—108 (110, 112, 114) sts. Put a marker on work each side of last row for underarm. Sleeve is 13½ in. long.

To Shape Cap of Sleeve: Dec. 1 st. each side of next row, then every other row 24 (25, 24, 25) times, every row 9 times—40 (40, 44, 44) sts. End on wrong side. Put a marker on work each side of last row for end of sleeve cap.

Saddle Shoulder: Next Row: Dec. 1 st. in each p 2 (2, 3, 3) rib. Work even on rem. 36 (36, 40, 40) sts. (having 1 st. less in each p rib on right side of patt.) for about 3½ in. above last dec. row, end on patt. row 10. Put these sts. on a stitch-holder for collar.

Continued on page 28

PARADE OF HANDKNITS — Page 7

The Australian Women's Weekly, March 24, 1965

Designs on these two pages will be paraded at Myer's, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart; Farmer's, Sydney; and McWhirter's and Allan and Stark's, Brisbane. ★ The fringed sweater on page 9 will be shown at all the above stores except Myer's, Melbourne, the sissy sweater, page 8, at all except Myer's, Hobart.



"MOD"-IFIED MOHAIR jacket with a twisty cable trim on sleeves and collar has a deeply shaded outline round pockets, front edges, and raglan shaping. Body of the jacket is in stocking-stitch. Directions are on page 7.



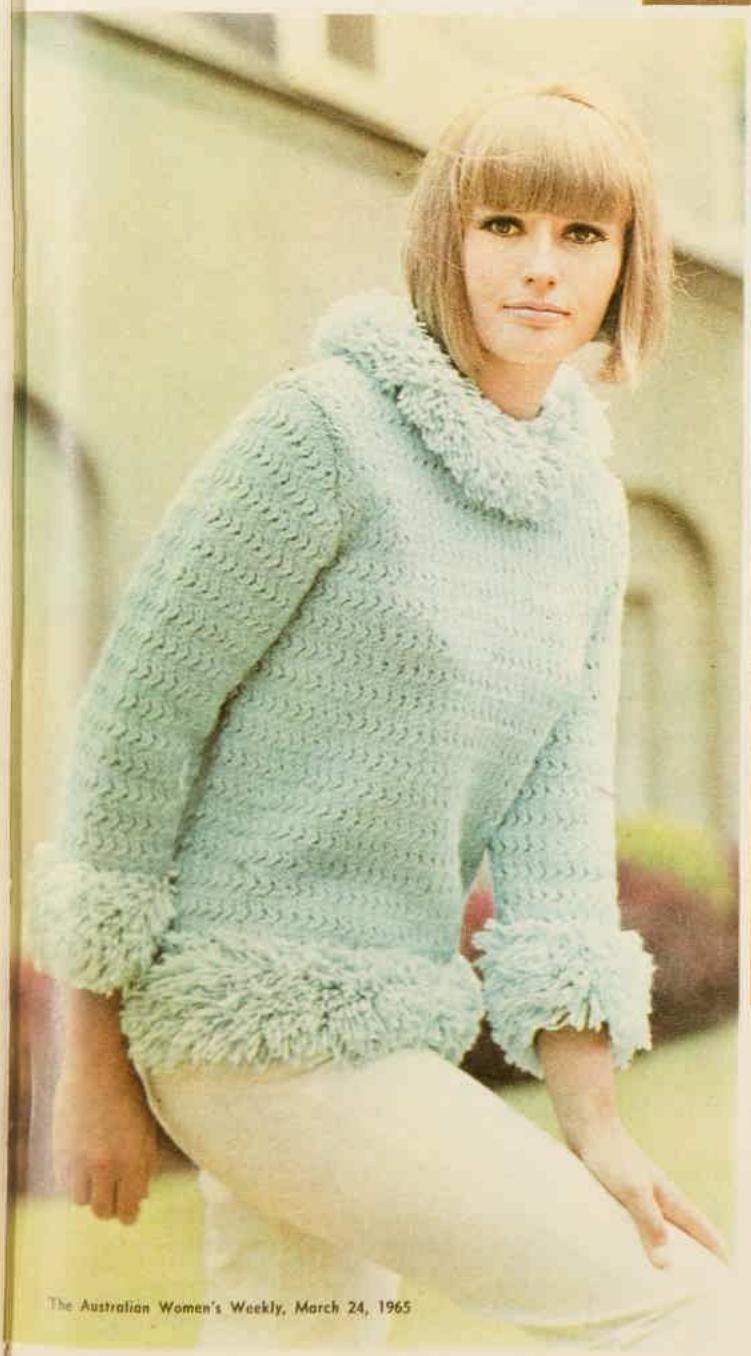
CROCHETED TOPCOAT (above), the symbol of winter chic, with its own large-scale pill-box to complete the effect. The ensemble is crocheted in cluster-stitch with double crochet edgings. Directions are given on page 13.



SISSY SWEATER is embroidered in blue-on-blue with just a hint of green to give sharpness to the design. This current vogue for embroidered knitwear adds a new kind of prettiness to the simplest sweater. Directions are on page 7.

WOMEN ARE TALKING ABOUT:

- The Hostess Look — in a wraparound tweed skirt with whopping tie and lace-trimmed, sleeveless, tuck-in top.
- The Crocheted Topcoat — a complete cover-up job with rounded, easy lines a la St. Laurent.
- The Sissy Sweater — a superbly simple background to colorful, contrast embroidery.
- "Mod"-ified Mohair — for a hip-hugging jacket with a hideaway collar.
- Fringe Flattery — in a bewitchingly pretty sweater with ruff-edged sleeves, cuffs, and basque.

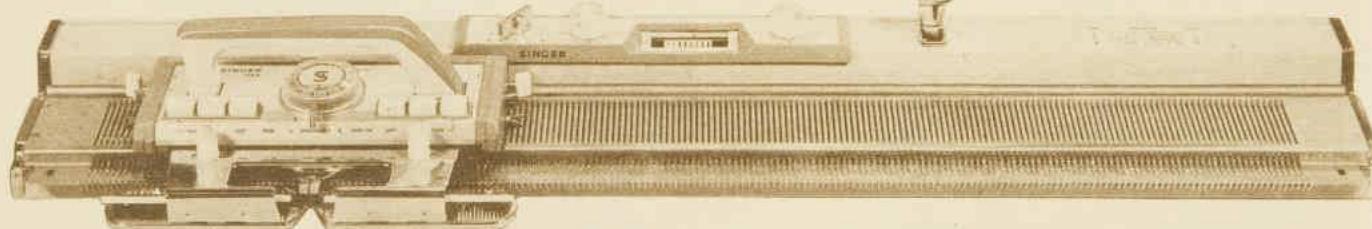


THE HOSTESS LOOK (above). The skirt is knitted in new-season tweed yarn; the top takes a color from the skirt — and highlights it to make a perfect mix-and-match combination. Directions are on page 15.

FRINGED FLATTERY (left) for a sweater with a very, very female look—not the fragile helpless female, but the girl who likes to get out and do things and still look like a girl. Directions for knitting are given on page 15.



"I only started
David's sweater
on Thursday..."



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Page 10 — PARADE OF HANDKNITS

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The Australian Women's Weekly, March 24, 1965



VARIATIONS ON
A COLOR:

- The pale, muted topcoat—for day, is collarless, cuffless, and slim, with the newest Paris accessory—a Courrèges bonnet to match.
- Stripes Go Casual—brilliant color contrasts asymmetrically with white, sleeves are bicolored.
- The Red-Riding Hood — a sawn-off, poncho sweater with a fluffy looped fringe to combat cold winds.



PALE, muted topcoat (above) is a simple wraparound day coat in mohair, with bracelet sleeves and a self-trim at the neck. Knitting directions for the coat and head-hugging bonnet are on page 12.

Fashions on this page will be paraded at David Jones', Sydney and Adelaide; Finney Isles', Brisbane; and Foy and Gibson's, Perth.

Parade times and dates are listed on page 2 of this supplement.



STRIPES go casual (above) on a tunic-length sweater knitted in simple stocking-stitch. New twist to the design—the body is worked sideways. Knitting directions, page 12.

RED-RIDING HOOD (left) is knitted in synthetic yarn with a shimmering finish. Wear it anywhere outdoors, and indoors, too, for apres ski parties. Knitting directions on page 13.

MUTED TOPCOAT WITH BONNET

Shown in color on page 11

Materials: 33 (35, 37) balls Villawood Mohair; 1 pr. each Nos. 6 and 7 needles; 1 crochet hook; press-studs.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust, length, 37½ in. (all sizes); sleeves, 14 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

COAT

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 102 (108, 114) sts.

Change to No. 7 needles and work 14 rows in st-st. **Next Row:** Purl for fold of hem row.

Change to No. 6 needles and, beg. with a purl row, cont. in st-st. until work measures 16 in. from fold of hem row (work more rows or less at this point for length required), ending on a purl row. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 14th row 3 times until 96 (102, 108) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures 27 in. from fold of hem row (or as adjusted), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armpoles: Cast off 10 (12, 13) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. on these 76 (78, 82) sts. until armpoles measure 10 in. on straight, end on p row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of the next and every row 6 (7, 6) sts. twice, 6 (6, 7) sts. 6 times. Purl 1 row on rem. 28 sts. for fold of facing row. Begin with a purl row and cont. in st-st., casting on 7 sts. at the end of the next 2 rows. Work straight for 2½ in. Cast off loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 71 (74, 77) sts. Change to No. 7 needles and work 14 rows in st-st. **Next Row:** Purl for fold of hem row.

Change to No. 6 needles, beg. with a purl row and cont. in st-st. until 16 in. from fold of hem row (or as adjusted), ending on a purl row. Dec. 1 st. on side edge at beg. of the next

and every 14th row 3 times until 68 (71, 74) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures the same as back to armhole, ending at side edge.

To Shape Armpole: Cast off 10 (12, 13) sts. at beg. of the next row. Cont. on these 58 (59, 61) sts. until armpole measures 8 in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of the next and every 2nd row 13 sts. once, 4 sts. 3 times, 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. once, 1 st. once. At the same time, when armpole measures the same as back, ending at armpole edge, shape shoulder by casting off at beg. of the next and alt. rows 6 (7, 6) sts. once, 6 (6, 7) sts. 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse. **SLEEVES**

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 70 sts.

Change to No. 7 needles and work 14 rows in st-st. **Next Row:** Purl for fold of hem row.

Change to No. 6 needles and, beg. with a purl row, cont. in st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 15th, then every 6th row thereafter until 96 sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 16½ in., ending on a purl row. Cast off at beg. of the next and every row 8 sts. 10 times; 16 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open. Sew up side seams. Press seams. Sew up the sleeve seams to within 2 in. of top. Press seams. Sew sleeves into the square armholes. Turn up all hems and tack into place.

LEFT FRONT FACING

Using No. 7 needles, pick up and knit 20 sts. from cast-on edge of hem. **Next Row:** K 2, purl to last 2 sts., k 2. **Next Row:** Knit.

Rep. these 2 rows. Cont. until facing fits up to within 10 in. of neck edge, ending on a purl row. At this stage tack facing to front edge to make sure of a good fit and cont. tacking progressively. Inc. 1 st. on the inside edge only (inside the 2 gartersts.) on the next and every 4th row 22 times, at the same time, when facing fits to neck edge shape for neck edge. Cast off at beg. of the next and every 2nd row 14 sts. once, 4 sts. 3 times, 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. once, 1 st. once. Cont. on rem. 7 sts. until facing fits neatly to shoulder seam. Cast off. Tack each edge of facing into place.

RIGHT FRONT FACING

Work as left front facing in reverse.

TO FINISH OFF

Press facings and tack all edges of facings into place.

BORDERS

With crochet hook and right side of work facing, work 1 row of double crochet round front and neck edges, catching the front and facing edges tog. Work 1 more row. Sl-st. down inner edges of front facings and all hems. Sew on press-studs.

MOTIF

Inner Piece: With crochet hook make 4 ch., sl-st. to join in circle.

1st Round: 8 d.c. into circle, sl-st. to join.

2nd Round: (2 tr. into each space, 1 ch.) rep. to end and join with a sl-st. Fasten off.

Outer Piece: Work as for centre piece, then rep. the 2nd round once more. Fasten off.

Sew inner piece to centre of outer piece. Sew motif to right front of coat as shown in picture.

BONNET

Materials: 2 balls Villawood Mohair; 1 pr. No. 8 needles; 1 set of No. 6 needles; 1 button.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.



PATTERN

1st Row: (K 2, p 2) rep. to last st., k 1. Rep. this row incl.

Using two No. 6 needles, cast on 21 sts. and work in patt. until 4½ in. from beg. Break yarn and proceed as follows:

With right side of work facing, join in yarn at lower edge and knit up 28 sts. on side edge, using the 2nd needle work across the 21 sts., then using the 3rd needle knit up 28 sts. on the other side edge. Work to and fro in patt.

on these 77 sts. for 5 in., ending

on the wrong side of work. Using the No. 8 needles, work in g-st. and cast on 22 sts. at the end of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, y.f., k 2 tog., knit to end.

Work 2 rows in g-st. Cast off.

With right side of work facing and using No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 59 sts. evenly round neck edge, easing in main part. Work 5 rows in g-st. Cast off.

Attach g-st. ends to straps. Sew on button.

STRIPES GO CASUAL

Shown in color on page 11

Materials:

11 balls Emu Double Crepe, Emu Scotch Double Knitting, or Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting, main color; 11 balls Emu Double Crepe, Emu Scotch Double Knitting, contrast color; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 needles (if using Bri-Nylon Double Knitting we recommend 7 and 10).

Measurements: To fit 34–36 in. bust (actual measurement will be 38 in. for easy fit); length from top of shoulder, 25 in.; length of sleeve measured from centre, 14 in.

Tension: 5½ sts. and 8 rows to 1 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; inc., increase; dec., decrease.

FRONT

Using No. 8 needles and m.c., cast on 4 sts. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row.

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast on 3 sts., p to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows twice.

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

Next Row: Inc. 1 in 1st st., p to end.

Next Row: Cast on 80 sts., k to last st., inc. in last st.

Next Row: Inc. in 1st st., p to end.

Next Row: K to last st., inc. in last st.

Next Row: Inc. in 1st st., p to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Cast on 29 sts., p to end.

Cont. in st-st. on these 138 sts., inc. 1 st. at shoulder edge every 6th row 4 times—142 sts. When work measures 4 in. measured from straight edge of armphole and ending with a p row, work as follows, using a separate ball for each stripe and twisting yarn to prevent a hole.

Next Row: K 16 m.c., (14 c.c., 14 m.c.) 4 times, 14 c.c.

Next Row: P 14 c.c., (14 m.c., 14 c.c.) 4 times, 16 m.c.

Rep. these 2 rows, casting off 1 st. at shoulder edge to mark commencement of neck opening on the 8th row. Continue in patt. until neck opening measures 8 in., casting on 1 st. at neck edge on last row. Cont. in patt. for another 8 rows, then work across all sts. in c.c. K 2 tog. at shoulder edge on 8th and every following 6th row 4 times in all. When c.c. measures 4 in. measured from end of m.c. stripe, work as follows:

BACK

Using c.c. instead of m.c., work to correspond with front to commencement of stripe pattern, work stripe pattern same as for front, commencing thus:

Next Row: K 16 m.c., (14 c.c., 14 m.c.) 4 times, 14 c.c.

Work same as for front until stripe patt. has been completed, then cont. working across all sts. with m.c.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and m.c. for right sleeve, c.c. for left sleeve, cast on 58 sts. Work in

st-st. for 2 in. Make a hem as follows:

Using a spare needle, pick up the cast-on sts., holding both needles together k tog. 1 st. from each needle to end of row.

Change to No. 8 needles, p 1 row and cont. in st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 8th row until inc. to 84 sts. When sleeve measures 14 in. measured from centre, place marker thread at either end, work 4 rows st-st. Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

(Back and front alike.)

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., pick up and k about 54 sts. across neck on right side. P 1 row. Work in st-st. for 5 in., inc. 1 st. at each end of every row. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. (Press over dry cloth if Bri-Nylon used.) Join shoulder seams, turn back neck facing and slip-stitch neatly into position. Stitch sleeves into position, sewing the 4 rows from markers into straight edge of armpole shaping. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Turn back 4 sts. around lower edge to form hem and slip-stitch into position.



Page 12 — PARADE OF HANDKNITS

THE CROCHETED TOPCOAT



COAT

BACK

Make 107 (113, 119) ch. including 4 ch. to turn.

1st Row: W.o.h. insert hook into 5th ch. and make * 1 cluster, 2 ch., miss 2 ch., rep. from * to end, ending with 1 cluster, 4 ch. to turn—35 (37, 39) clusters.

2nd Row: 1 cluster in 1st space, 2 ch., rep. to end of row, 1 cluster in turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until back measures 30½in. (or length required).

To Shape Armholes: Slip-st. over 2 patts. (not counting turning cluster, thus 1st cluster will be in 3rd space from turn) work to last 2 patts., turn.

Note: When decreasing at beginning of row, turning cluster is not counted.

Dec. 1 cluster at each end of next row—29 (31, 33) clusters. Cont. straight until armholes measure 9 (9, 9½) in.

To Shape Shoulders: Slip-st. over 3 (4, 4) patts., work to last 3 patts., turn.

Slip-st. over 3 patts., work to last 3 patts., turn, rep. last row once. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Make 59 (59, 62) ch. and work in patt.—19 (19, 20) clusters, inc. 1 cluster at each end of every foll. 4th row until there are 27 (27, 28) clusters.

Cont. straight until sleeve measures 14in.

To Shape Top: Slip-st. over 2 patts., work to last 2 patts., turn. Dec. 2 clusters at each end of every row 3 more times, then 1 cluster each end twice—7 (7, 8) clusters. Fasten off.

FRONT BANDS (Make 2)

Make 14 ch. Work in d.c.

row. Dec. 1 cluster — single edge in next 2 rows—16 (17, 18) clusters.

Cont. straight until armhole measures 6 (6, 6½) in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Slip-st. over 2 patts., work to end of row.

Dec. 2 clusters at neck edge in every row until 9 (10, 10) clusters remain.

Note: In size 34 bust there will be 3 decreases of 2 clusters and 1 dec. of 1 cluster.

When armhole measures same as back armhole, shape shoulder.

1st Row (armhole edge): Slip-st. over 3 (4, 4) patts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 3 patts., turn.

3rd Row: Slip-st. to end of row. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cut lining at this point and proceed as desired. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Fold neck and sleeve bands in half and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Press all seams.

until long enough to fit along front to neck edge. Fasten off.

NECKBANDS

Join shoulder seams. Sew front bands in position, fold in half and sl-st. in position on wrong side. With right side of work facing, join in yarn at front edge (where band was folded) and work in d.c. round neck edge to left-front band—78 (80, 82) d.c. Work 4in. in d.c. Fasten off.

SLEEVE BANDS

With right side of work facing, join in yarn and work 2 d.c. in each space and 1 d.c. in each end cluster—38 (38, 40) d.c. Work 4in. in d.c. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Cut lining at this point and proceed as desired. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Fold neck and sleeve bands in half and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Press all seams.

HAT

Materials: 3 balls Patons Ariel Triple Knitting; a No. 6 Millwards Phantom crochet hook; a hat shape.

Measurement: To fit an average-size head.

Tension: 3 patts. measure 1½in. in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; w.o.h., wool over hook; dec., decrease; inc., increase; patt., pattern; cluster, * w.o.h., insert hook into next st., draw up a loop 1in. in length, rep. from * 3 times, w.o.h. and draw through all loops.

Shown in color, page 8

draw up a loop 1in. in length) 4 times, w.o.h. and draw through all loops.

Make 4 ch. and join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Round: 8 d.c. in ring (mark end of each round with a colored thread).

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. of previous round (16 d.c.).

3rd Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. of previous round.

4th Round: As 2nd round.

5th and 6th Rounds: As 3rd round.

7th Round: * 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end of round.

8th and 9th Rounds: As 3rd round.

10th Round: * 1 d.c. in each of 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end of round.

11th and 12th Rounds: As 3rd round (64 d.c.).

Proceed as follows:

1st Round: * 1 cluster in 1st d.c., 2 ch., 1 cluster in next d.c., 2 ch., miss 1 d.c. (1 cluster in next d.c., 2 ch., miss 2 d.c.) 6 times, * rep. from * to * twice, 1 cluster in next d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st space (25 clusters).

2nd Round: 1 cluster in same space, * 2 ch., 1 cluster in next space, rep. from *, ending 2 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st space.

Rep. 2nd round 7 times.

Work 3 rounds of d.c., working 3 d.c. into each space in last cluster round. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Cut lining to fit hat shape and proceed as desired. Stitch crochet into position over hat shape.

RED-RIDING HOOD

Shown in color on page 11

Materials: 26 (28, 30) balls Panda Gossamer Nylon; 1 pair No. 6 knitting needles; No. 6 steel crochet hook; 5 press-studs.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length from shoulder to 19in. (all sizes).

Tension: 6 patterns and 18 rows to 2in.

Abbreviations: Y.f., yarn forward; p.u.k., pick up loop between needles and k into back of it; k, knit; p, purl; sl, slip; st, stitch.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles and double yarn (double yarn should be used throughout), cast on 121 (125, 129) sts. and knit 1 row.

1st Row (wrong side): K 1, * y.f., sl. 1, yarn over needle, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, * k next st. together with yarn over needle through back of loops, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Note: When shaping work, yarn over needle and sl-st. beneath it should be counted as 1 stitch.

Rep. 2 patt. rows until work measures 3in., ending on 2nd patt. row **. Work 5 rows more. Then inc. 1 st. each end on next 7 rows and 1 st. each end on next 3 alt. rows. Work 1 row without shaping.

To Shape for Sleeves: Cast on 26 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 4 rows without shaping on 193 (197, 201) sts., ending on 1st patt. row. Inc. 1 st. each end on next and every following 5th row to 215 (219, 223) sts., having the last inc. on 2nd patt. row. Work 9 rows without shaping.

To Shape for Sleeves: Cast on 26 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 4 rows without shaping on 193 (197, 201) sts., ending on 1st patt. row. Inc. 1 st. each end on next and every following 5th row to 215 (219, 223) sts., having the last inc. on 2nd patt. row. Work 9 rows without shaping.

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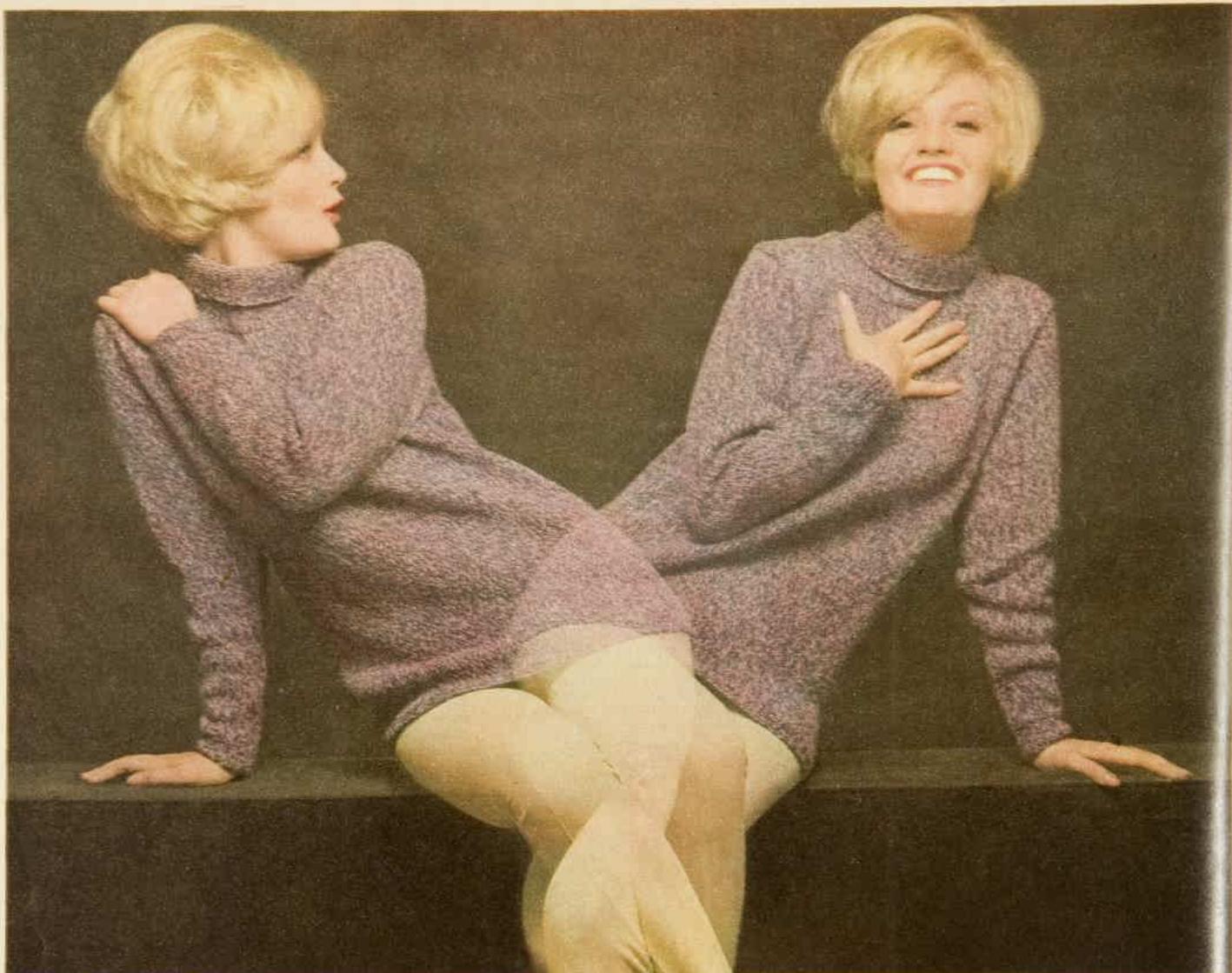
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To Shape for Sleeves: Cast on 26 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 4 rows without shaping



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Wonderful SIRDAR

FRINGED FLATTERY

Shown in color on page 9

Materials: 26 (27, 28) balls Emu Prettyquick; 8 (9, 9) balls Emu Scotch Double Knitting; 1 pr. each Nos. 3, 6, and 8 needles; 1 in. slide-fastener; No. 7 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust, actual measurement will be 3 in. larger for a comfortable fit; length from top of shoulder, 23½ (23¾, 24) in.; length of sleeve seam, 15 (15, 15½) in.

Tension: 4½ sts. and 6 rows to 1 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, puri; st, stitch; tog., together; sl, slip; stst, stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); rep, repeat; dec, decrease; inc, increase; d.c., double crochet.

BACK

Using No. 3 needles and Prettyquick, cast on 82 (86, 90) sts. and work as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 1, sl 1, purlwise, rep. from * to last st, k 1.

4th Row: P 1, * p 2nd st, p 1st st, and sl both sts off tog, rep. from * to last st, p 1.

5th Row: K 1, * sl 1, purlwise, k 1, rep. from * to last st, k 1.

6th Row: P 1, * sl next st, on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, puri st. from spare needle, rep. from * to last st, p 1.

These 6 rows complete the patt.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 13 (13, 13) in., then shape armholes by casting off 5 (6, 6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 (3, 4) rows. When armholes measure 4½ (4½, 5) in., divide sts. for back opening as follows:

Next Row: Work 33 (34, 35) sts. in patt., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on these 33 (34, 35) sts., when armhole measures 7½ (7¾, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 5 (5, 5) sts. at the armhole edge of the next and following alternate rows, 3 times in all, work 1 row. Cast off 7 (7, 8) sts., work to end, work 1 row and cast off loosely. Join wool at centre back and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work same as for back, omitting back opening, until armholes measure 6½ (6¾, 7) in., then shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 28 (28, 29) sts. in patt., leave on a spare needle, cast off 10 (12, 12) sts., work in patt. to end.

Cont. on last 28 (28, 29) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, at the same time, when armhole measures 7½ (7¾, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 5 (5, 5) sts. at the armhole edge of the next and following alternate rows, 3 times in all, work 1 row, cast off rem. 7 (7, 8) sts. Join wool at neck

edge and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 3 needles and Prettyquick, cast on 32 (32, 34) sts. and work in patt. as for back, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 11th and every following 11th row until inc. to 62 (64, 66) sts. When sleeve seam measures 12½ (12¾, 13) in., shape top by dec. 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until dec. to 46 (48, 50) sts., then every row until dec. to 26 (26) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams and press with a warm iron and a damp cloth. With wrong side of work facing, using No. 6 needles, pick up and k 56 (56, 60) sts. round neck. Inc. on next row as follows:

Next Row: P 5 (5, 0), * p twice into next st., p 3 (3, 4), rep. from * to last 7 (7, 5) sts., purl twice into next st., p 6 (6, 4), 68 (68, 72) sts.

Knit 1 row. Change to No. 3 needles, purl 1 row. Cast off. Press neckband and allow to roll back on to right side. Work 1 row of d.c. round back opening and ends of neckband. Fasten off.

FRINGE FOR LOWER EDGE OF SWEATER AND SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles and Scotch Double Knitting, cast on 13 sts. and work as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row (wrong side): K 1, * insert right-hand needle into next st. on left-hand needle knitwise, wind wool twice loosely clockwise around first and second fingers of left hand, knit the st. into which the right-hand needle is inserted, then knit into loops around



fingers, now slip the second st. on right-hand needle over the first st., knit the next st. on left-hand needle, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until long enough to go round lower edge of sweater. Cast off. Work 2 more pieces in same way for round lower edge of sleeves.

FRINGE FOR NECK

Work fringe as above, casting on 11 sts. instead of 13 sts., and shape on every 10th row as follows:

10th Row: K 1, (make loops, k 1) 3 times, turn, knit to end.

Continue in this way, working shaping on every 10th row until long enough to go round neckline. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron over damp cloth. Stitch sleeves round armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch fringe neatly into position, joining at side seams. Sew slide-fastener into back opening. Cut loops to form fringe.

TENSION: 4 sts. to 1 in.

Using No. 6 circular needle, cast on 150 (158, 166) sts. (work to and fro in st-st.). Inc. 1 st. at beg. of the next and every 2nd row 8 times, at the same time cast on at the end of the next and every 2nd row 7 sts. 8 times—214 (222, 230) sts., ending on a knit row.

Next Row: K 2, purl to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 29 in. (adjust work to required length by working more or less rows at this point) from beg.; end on p row.

Next Row: K 8, * k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 20 (22, 24) sts., k 2 tog., k 27, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 20 (22, 24) sts., k 2 tog., * rep. from * to * once, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 18, k 2 tog., k 24, k 2 tog., k 8.

Work 11 rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 8, * k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 18 (20, 22) sts., k 2 tog., k 27, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 18 (20, 22) sts., k 2 tog., * rep. from * to * once, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 16, k 2 tog., k 24, k 2 tog., k 7.

Work 11 rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 8, * k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 16 (18, 20) sts., k 2 tog., k 27, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 16 (18, 20) sts., k 2 tog., * rep. from * to * once, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 14, k 2 tog., k 24, k 2 tog., k 6.

Cont. until work measures 37 in. (or length as adjusted). Cast off on the next row.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Fold work in a hem on right front and lower edge and sl-st. down. Attach petersham belting to waist. Attach fasteners and hook and eye in position.

FRENCH-KNIT TIE

Using a cotton reel and Slalom Ski and Sports yarn, make 3 strips french knitting to required length. Plait strips tog., fasten securely at each end. Make 2 long tassels and sew 1 to each end.

PARADE OF HANDKNITS — Page 15

THE HOSTESS LOOK

Shown in color on page 9

TUCK-IN TOP

Materials: 10 (11, 11) balls Villawool Midway; 1 pr. each Nos. 9 and 11 needles; 1 No. 10 crochet hook; 5 in. slide-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 20½ in. (all sizes).

Tension: 13 sts. to 2 in.

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 118 (124, 132) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. and inc. 1 st. each end of last row—120 (126, 134) sts.

Change to No. 9 needles and

st-st. Cont. until work measures 12 in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 (5, 7) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2. Next Row: Purl.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 90 (94, 98) sts. rem. *, Cont. until armholes measure 7½ in., ending on a knit row.

Next Row: P 21 (22, 23) sts., cast off the centre 48 (50, 52) sts., p 21 (22, 23) sts.

Cont. on the last 21 (22, 23) sts. Shape shoulder by casting off at beg. of the next and alt. rows 4 sts. 3 times, 3 (4, 5) sts. once, at the same time cast off on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row 3 sts. twice.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as front to *. Cont. until armholes measure 4 in., ending on a knit row.

Divide for Back Opening

Next Row: P 45 (47, 49) sts. (Leave rem. 45 (47, 49) sts. on holder.) Cont. on first set of sts. until armhole measures 7½ in., ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of the next and alt. rows 4 sts. 3 times, 3 (4, 5) sts. once, 30 (31, 32) sts. once. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at opening, and finish as for other side in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew up side seams. Press seams open.

ARMHOLE BORDERS

With right side of work facing

and using No. 11 needles, beg. jin. in from edge, pick up and knit 112 sts. on armhole edge to within a ½ in. of edge.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Rep. the last row until 100 sts. rem.

Next Row: K 2 tog., knit and cast off to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. and cast off.

CROCHET FRILL

With right side of work facing, using crochet hook, proceed thus:

1st Row: Work double crochet round neck and back opening.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into every st.

3rd Row: Evenly work 90 d.c. round neck only, 1 chain to turn.

4th Row: 4 ch., * miss 2 spaces, 2 treble 1 ch. 2 tr. into next space, 2 ch., rep. from * to the last 2 spaces, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into last space, 5 ch. to turn.

5th Row: * 3 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. into centre of shell, 3 ch., rep. from * to end, 5 ch. 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. of previous row, 5 ch. to turn.

6th Row: * 4 tr. 3 ch. 4 tr. into centre of shell, 4 ch., rep. from * to end, 5 ch. 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. of previous row, 6 ch. to turn.

7th Row: As 6th row.

8th Row: * 5 tr. 3 ch. 5 tr. into centre of shell, 4 ch., rep. from * to end, 6 ch. 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. of previous row and fasten off.

TO FINISH OFF

Flat seam the garter-stitch edges tog. Using a small back-stitch, sew up side seams. Press seams. Neatly insert slide-fastener in back opening.

SKIRT

Materials: 16 (17, 17) hanks Villawool Mathilde, 3 balls Slalom Ski and Sports yarn for tie; No. 6 circular needle; 1yd. lin-wide petersham belting; 1 hook and eye and 2 press-studs.

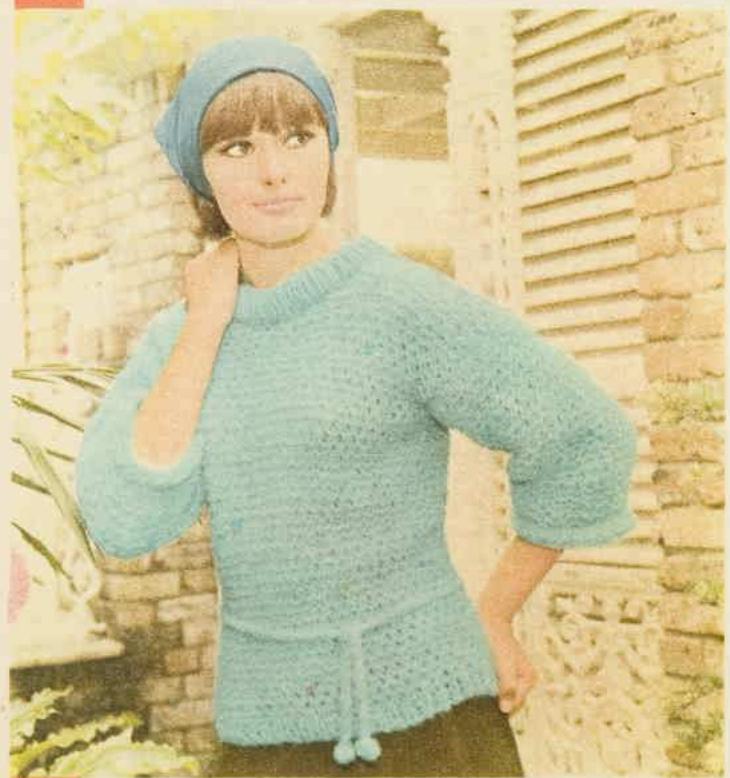
Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28) in. waist; hips, 35 (37, 39) in.; length, 37 in. (all sizes).



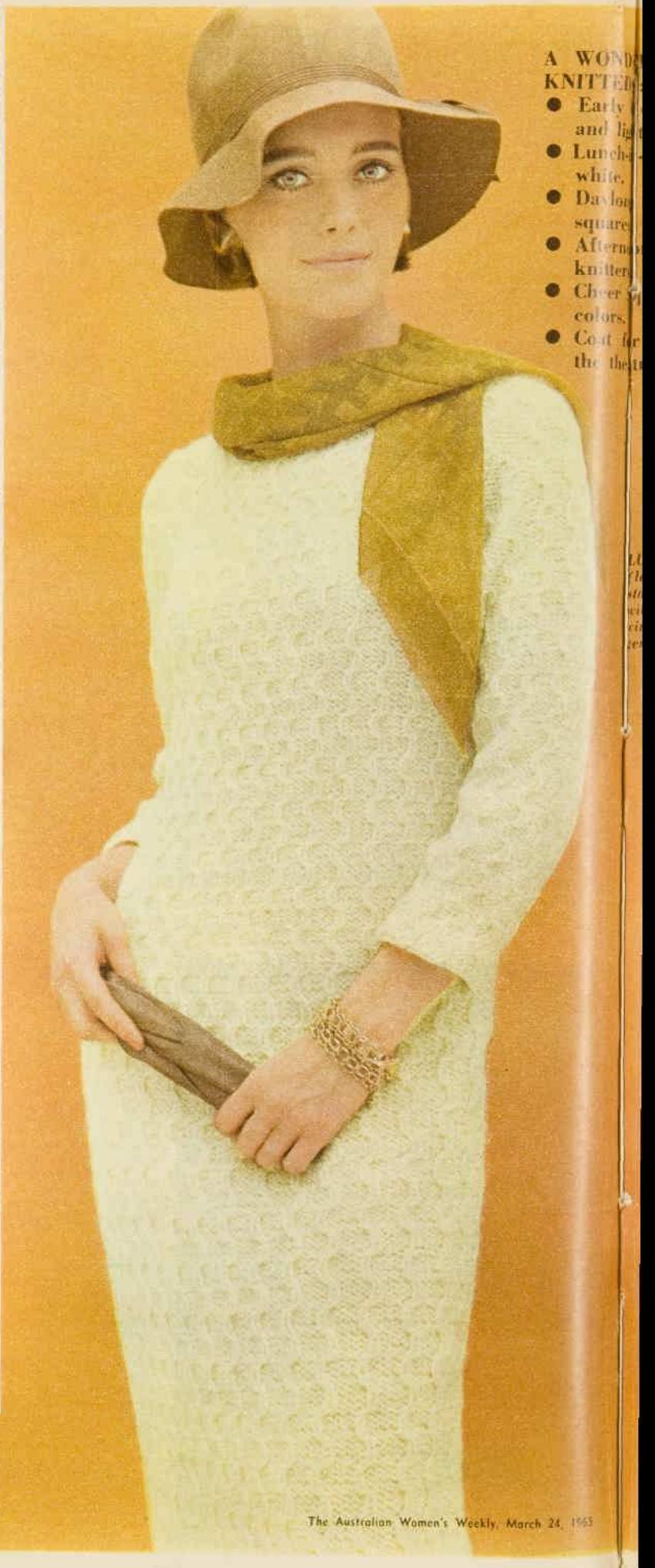
The Australian Women's Weekly, March 24, 1965



DAYLONG SWEATER (above) in white etched with billboard patches of black on back and front; knit it as a constant companion for casual dates.



EARLY-MORNING pullover (above), an easy-action design to keep you well-groomed right through the busy morning round. Note wide sleeves, tie belt.



A WONDERFUL
KNITTED
● Early
● and light
● Lunch
● white.
● Daylong
● square
● Afterno
● knitter
● Cheer
● colors.
● Coat for
the theater

DRFUL WARDROBE OF
Morning Pullover — soft
light.
Town Dress — in winter
Sweater — lines and
Jacket — for machine
Squad Sweater — in team
Evening — parties or
here.

UNI-IN-TOWN DRESS
(left) — superbly under-
ated, it's a willowy shift
with a wiggly pattern in
inter white, warmed
only by an old-gold tinted
wool and toning hat.



AN AFTERNOON jacket
with slim revers and four
silver buttons — a special
design for machine knitters,
it's worked on a
Singer knitting machine.



Free how-to-make leaflets for designs shown on this page are available at the following stores where the garments will be paraded by some of Australia's top mannequins: Farmer's and David Jones', Sydney; Myer's, Melbourne; Myer's and David Jones', Adelaide; Finney Isles', McWhirter's, and Allan and Stark's, Brisbane; Foy and Gibson's, Perth; and Myer's, Hobart. See parade times on page 2. The leaflets can also be obtained by writing to: Knitting Designs, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

COAT for evenings (right)
features show-stopper ele-
gance, semi-tailored in white,
with small flap pockets and
turn-up cuffs. A neat crochet
trim goes round the edge.

CHEER SQUAD sweater and
cap (left) with racy stripes
and a flurry of ribbons for the
mad, mad world of Saturday
afternoon sports. It leaves no
doubt whose side you're on.



PAGE 17
HANDKNITS — Page 17



HERRINGBONE JACKET

- Pretty bow-tie jacket is knitted in a herringbone design on No. 6 needles. Directions begin below.

Materials: 16 (17, 18) oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 6 and 8 knitting needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 22 in.; sleeve seam, 11 in.

Designs on pages 18 and 20 will not be shown at parades.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; rep., repeat; in., inch; beg., beginning; dec., decrease; foll., following; rem., remaining.

Tension: Approximately 5 sts. to 1 in. over patt. with No. 6 needles.

Note: The waist, wrists, front bands, and tie at neck are in garter-stitch. The main parts are in the following pattern:

1st Row: K 1, * wool for-

ward, slip 1; k 1, pass slipped stitch over, k 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * p 2 together through back of loops, wool round needle, p 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: K 3, * wool forward, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st. over, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., wool forward, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped st. over.

Continued overleaf

FLOWER-TRIMMED SHIRT

- An Italian fashion, adapted to Australian yarn.

Materials: 15 (16, 17, 17, 18) balls Villawool Quartet; 1 pr. each No. 11 and 12 needles; No. 10 crochet hook; 4 press-studs.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length, 24½ (24, 24½, 25, 25½) in.; sleeves, 17 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 138 (146, 154, 162, 170) sts. and work in st-st. for 12 rows. Change to No. 11 needles, inc. 1 st. each end of the next row and cont. in st-st. — 140 (148, 156, 164, 172) sts. Cont. until work measures 16 in., this includes the hem of 12 rows (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off

4 (5, 6, 6, 6) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 104 (108, 114, 120, 126) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 7½ (7½, 7½, 7½, 8) in. on the straight, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck: Cast off 4 (5, 4, 6, 5) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 7 (7, 8, 8, 9) sts. k 27 (27, 30, 30, 33) sts., cast off centre 28 (30, 30, 32, 32) sts., k 34 (34, 38, 38, 42) sts.

Cont. on the last sts. and cast off for shoulder at beg. of the next and alt. rows, 7 (7, 8, 8, 9) sts. 4 times, at the same time cast off on neck edge at beg. of next and alt. rows 3 sts. twice. Join in yarn at neck edge and finish other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until 16½ in. ending on a purl row.

Divide for Front Opening —

Next Row: K 74 (78, 82, 86, 90) sts., turn. (Leave rem. 66 (70, 74, 78, 82) sts. on holder.)

Cont. on these 74 (78, 82, 86, 90) sts. as follows:

Next Row: K 2, purl to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. the last 2 rows, at the same time when work measures the same as back, ending on a purl row, shape for armhole.

Next Row: Cast off 4 (5, 6, 6) sts., work to end.

Next Row: K 2, purl to end.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows 13 (14, 14, 15, 16) times. Cont. on the rem. 56 (58, 61, 64, 67) sts. until armhole measures 5 in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of the next and alt. rows 12 (13, 13, 14, 14) sts. once, 2 sts. 4 times, 1 st. 4 times. At the same time when armhole measures the same as back, ending at armhole edge, shape for shoulder. Cast off at beg. of the next and alt. rows 4 (5, 4, 6, 5) sts. once, 7 (7, 8, 8, 9) sts. 4 times. Return to the rem. 66 (70, 74, 78, 82) sts., join in yarn at front edge, and finish as for other side in reverse, but

keep front edge plain, and on neck shaping cast off 4 (5, 5, 6, 6) sts. once, 2 sts. 4 times, 1 st. 4 times.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 (62, 64, 66, 66) sts. and work in st-st. for 12 rows. Change to No. 11 needles and inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd, then every 7th row thereafter until 108 (110, 112, 114, 118) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 18 in. (or length required, this includes the hem of 12 rows), ending on a purl row. Cast off 4 (5, 6, 6, 6) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 2nd row until 54 sts. rem., ending on a purl row. Cast off at beg. of the next and every row 3 sts. 8 times, 30 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams. Press seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, pick up and knit 118 (122, 126, 130, 134) sts. evenly round neck edge. Work in st-st. for 2 in. Cast off loosely. Fold neckband in half to inside and slip-stitch.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Beg. at lower front opening and with right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles pick up and knit 67 (69, 69, 71, 73) sts. up front edge and work in st-st. for 2 in. Cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

Fold front band in half to inside and slip-stitch down. Neatly catch down end. Using a small back-stitch, sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set sleeves in smoothly. Sew on press-studs.

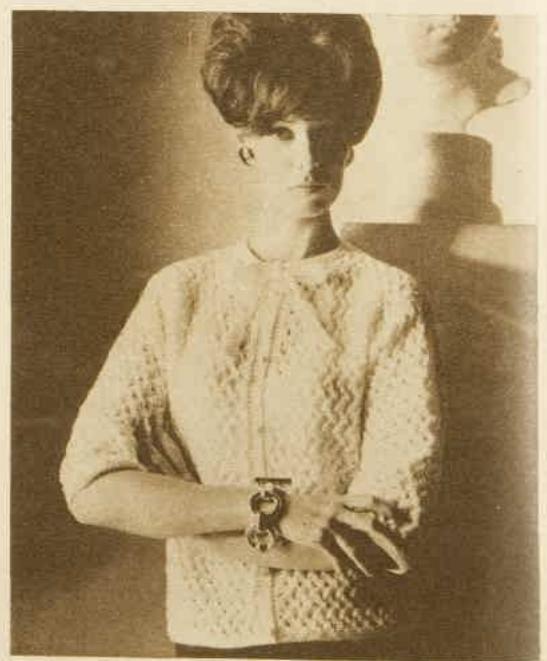
MOTIFS

Make 11

With crochet hook, make 8 ch., join into ring with slip-stitch, 2 ch., work 17 treble into ring, join with sl-st.

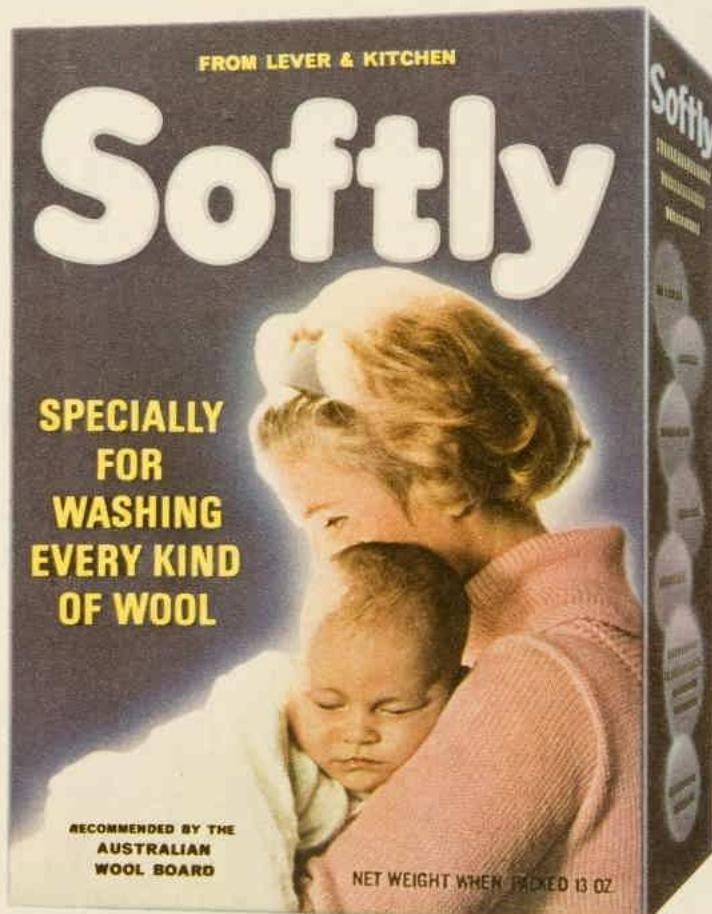
Next Round: 2 ch., 3 tr. into first space, (1 ch., miss 2 spaces 4 tr. into 3rd space) 5 times; 1 ch., join with sl-st. Fasten off.

Stamens: Wind yarn 15 times round 3 fingers, tie and fasten at centre. Cut ends. Slip stamens into centre of motifs and stitch into place. Attach 4 motifs up front opening and 7 round neck.



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SKINNY SWEATER WITH CENTRE CABLE

Worn with a soft, suede belt, tucked into a skirt or loose over long pants, it's a very up-to-the-minute style.

Materials: 17 (18, 19) balls Emu Scotch Double Knitting, Emu Double Crepe, or Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles (if using Bri-Nylon Double Knitting we recommend Nos. 7 and 10 needles); 5in. slide-fastener; 2in.-wide belt.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust (actual measurements will be 2in. larger for easy fit); length from top of shoulder 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ (23 $\frac{1}{2}$, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17 $\frac{1}{2}$, 18) in.

Tension: 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ sts. and 8 rows to 1in.

● A sophisticated version of the casual cable knit, the sweater shown below, is designed for three bust sizes, 34, 36, and 38. See directions below.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 102 (106, 110) sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1in., inc. 2 sts. on last row for 2nd and 3rd sizes — 102 (108, 112) sts. Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at neck edge of next and following alt. row. Cast off 7 (7, 8) sts. at armhole edge every alt. row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off loosely 34 (36, 36) sts. and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work basque as back, inc. 2 (4, 4) sts. on last row — 104 (110, 114) sts., work as follows:

1st Row: K 40 (43, 45), p 6, k 12, p 6, k 40 (43, 45).

2nd Row: P 40 (43, 45), k 6, p 12, k 6, p 40 (43, 45).

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows.

* 5th Row: K 40 (43, 45), p 6, k 4, sl. 4 sts. on spare needle and leave at back; k 4, k 8 sts. from spare needle, p 6, k 40 (43, 45).

6th Row: P 40 (43, 45), k 6, p 12, k 6, p 40 (43, 45).

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

11th Row: K 40 (43, 45), p 6, sl. 4 sts. on spare needle and leave at front; k 4, k 8 sts. from spare needle, k 4, p 6, k 40 (43, 45).

12th Row: P 40 (43, 45), k 6, p 12, k 6, p 40 (43, 45).

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times *.

Rep. from * to * incl.

These 16 rows complete patt. Cont. in patt. and when work

measures 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 3 (3, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 5 rows. When armholes measure 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ (6 $\frac{1}{2}$, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., shape neck as follows:

on these 18 (18, 20) sts., casting off 2 sts. at neck edge of next and following alt. row. Cast off 7 (7, 8) sts. at armhole edge every alt. row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off loosely 34 (36, 36) sts. and work to correspond with other side.

Next Row: Work 30 (32, 33) sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

Cont. on these 30 (32, 33) sts., casting off 2 sts. at neck edge of next and following alt. rows 5 times in all. Work in st-st. for 2 rows, then shape shoulder by casting off 6 (8, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 7 (7, 8) sts. at armhole edge every alt. row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 24 (26, 26) sts. loosely, work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 54 (56, 58) sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2in. Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st.

st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 9th (9th, 10th) row until inc. to 76 (78, 80) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 (17 $\frac{1}{2}$, 18) in. or required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until dec. to 50 (50, 50) sts., then every row until dec. to 30 (30, 30) sts. Cast off.

NECK FACING (Front)

With right side facing, using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 90 (94, 94) sts. round neck. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2in., dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row for 1in., then inc. 1 st. each end of every alt. row for 1in. Cast off loosely.

NECK FACING (Back)

With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 70 (74, 74) sts. Work to correspond with front facing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron over a damp cloth on wrong side of work. Join shoulder seams and neckband, fold neckband in half back on to wrong side and sl-st. neatly in position. Stitch sleeves round armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams.

HERRINGBONE JACKET

Continued from page 18

4th Row: P 3, * p 2 tog. through back of loops, wool round needle, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

5th Row: K 3, * k 2 together, wool forward, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

6th Row: P 1, * wool round needle, p 2 together, p 2, rep. from * to end.

7th Row: K 1, * k 2 together, wool forward, k 2, rep. from * to end.

8th Row: P 3, * wool round needle, p 2 together, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., wool round needle, p 2 together.

These eight rows form the pattern.

BACK

With No. 8 needles, cast on 101 (109, 113) sts. and knit 6 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and work in pattern until back measures 13in. from beg., ending with a wrong-side row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 81 (81, 85) sts. rem. Work straight until back measures 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from beg., ending with a wrong-side row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 13 (13, 14) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 29 sts. for back of neck.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 8 needles, cast on 58 (62, 66) sts. and knit 6 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and begin pattern over 53 (57, 61) sts., then work 5 sts. at centre front in garter-stitch. When front is same length as back to armhole:

Shape Armhole: Cast off 8 sts. at side edge once, then dec. 1 st. on alternate rows at this edge until 50 (50, 54) sts. rem. Now keep armhole edge quite straight and cont. in pattern on 45 (45, 49) sts. with 5 sts. in garter-stitch at centre front until front measures 20in. from beg., measured at centre front.

To Shape Neck: Cast off at neck edge 18 (18, 20) sts., pattern to end. Now dec. 1 st. at

neck edge on following 6 rows — 26 (26, 28) sts. Work straight until front is same length as back to shoulder.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at armhole edge on alternate rows 13 (13, 14) sts. twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Place 6 pins in left front band to show position for buttonholes — first to be worked $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from waist edge, the top one $\frac{1}{2}$ in. below neck beg.; second approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ in. from base of previous buttonhole, spacing 3 rem. buttons in this same way. Work buttonholes as follows — From centre front edge: K 2, cast off 1 st., k 2, pattern to end.

Next Row: Pattern to last 5 sts., k 2, cast on 1 st., k 2. Work right front to correspond with left front, reversing all shapings and making 6 buttonholes to correspond with pins.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

With No. 8 needles, cast on 73 sts. and knit 6 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and begin pattern, inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 7th row, always taking new sts. into pattern, until there are 89 sts. Pattern straight until sleeve measures 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from beg., measured on the straight at centre, ending with a wrong-side row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 12 rows. Cast off rem. sts. very loosely.

TIE AND NECK FACING

Join shoulder seams. With No. 8 needles, cast on 80 sts., right side facing, keeping 5 centre sts. at front free, pick up and knit 28 sts. up right neck, 34 sts. from back of neck, 28 sts. down left neck, keeping 5 centre sts. at neck free, cast on 80 sts. (250 sts.). Knit 5 rows. Cast off

TO MAKE UP

Press pieces lightly on wrong side over a damp cloth, using moderate iron. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

The Australian Women's Weekly, March 24, 1965

THE HOODED PARKA

with woolly gloves

Materials: 26 (28) balls main color (m.c.); 2 (2) balls 1st contrast color (c.c. 1); 1 (1) ball 2nd contrast color (c.c. 2) of Patons Totem Knitting Yarn, 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 9 needles; Millwards' Phantom Crochet Hooks Nos. 6 and 9; 1 Lightning open-end slide-fastener 24in. long; 6 button moulds approximately 1½in. diameter.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 26 (26½) in.; sleeve seam, 17in. (both sizes).

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in. over st-st.

PARKA

BACK

With m.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 101 (111) sts. and work in st-st. Change to No. 8 needles and proceed as follows:

**** 1st Row:** * P 1, k 1 t.b.l., w. fwd., k 2 tog., k 1 t.b.l., rep. from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: * P 1, k 1 t.b.l., k 2 tog., w. fwd., k 1 t.b.l., rep. from * to last st., p 1.

4th Row: As 2nd row **. Rep. from ** to ** until back measures 16½in.

To Shape Raglan: Dec. 1 st. each end next and every alt. row until 27 (29) sts. rem. Cast off.

POCKET LININGS (Make 2)

With m.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 31 sts. and work 4in. in patt., ending with a 2nd patt. row. Leave these sts. on a st-holder.

LEFT FRONT

With m.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 54 (59) sts. and work lin. in st-st., casting on 3 sts. at beg. of last row.

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in patt. as given from ** to ** for back, keeping 6 sts. at front edge in st-st.

Cont. until front measures

5½in., ending on 2nd patt. row at side edge.

To Shape for Pocket: 1st Row: Patt. and slip next 10 sts. on to a st-holder, k 2 tog., patt. to last 6 sts., k 6.

2nd Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at this edge on every row until 26 (31) sts. rem. Leave these sts. on st-holder.

Slip 10 sts. from st-holder on to a No. 8 needle, work in patt. across 31 pocket lining sts. Work 24in. in patt. on these 41 sts., ending with wrong side facing. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row. P to end of row.

Work 1 row, then break yarn.

Beg. at front edge. Purl across 26 (31) sts., then across rem. 31 sts., working all sts. on to one needle.

Cont. in patt. until front measures 16½in., ending at side edge.

To Shape Raglan: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every alt. row until 32 (33) sts. rem.

To Shape Neck: Slip front edge 6 sts. on to holder. Cast off 4 (5) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at this edge every alt. row 8 times, at same time shaping raglan as before until 2 sts. rem. Work 1 row. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing border and all shapings.

SLEEVES

With m.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 36 (61) sts. and work lin. in st-st.

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. every 8th row until 80 (87) sts. on needle, then every 6th row until 86 (93) sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 17½in. Shape

raglan as for back until 10 (11) sts. rem. Cast off.

POCKET TOPS

With m.c. No. 9 needles, and right side of work facing, knit up 27 sts. across each pocket and work 1in. in st-st. Cast off.

HOOD

With m.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 41 (46) sts. and work in patt. for 10 rows. Keeping patt. in order, inc. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. 6th rows, 5 times altogether—46 (51) sts.

Cont. in patt. for 7½in., then dec. 1 st. on shaped edge in alt. rows 5 times altogether, then cast off on same edge on alt. rows 2 sts. twice and 1 st. once, then dec. 1 st. on every shaped edge row 5 times altogether—31 (36) sts. Now inc. 1 st. on same edge every row 5 times, then cast on 1 st. once and 2 sts. twice. Inc. 1 st. on same edge on alt. rows 5 times altogether. Cont. in patt. for 8in., then dec. 1 st. on shaped edge on next and foll. 6th rows 5 times altogether—41 (46) sts. Cont. in patt. for 10 rows, cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, join raglan, side, and sleeve seams. Sew down pocket linings. Flat seam hood edges tog. Flat seam hood to garment inside border sts.

Front Border

With m.c. and No. 8 needles, return to 6 sts. on holders and cont. border to centre front of hood, graft these sts. together. Press. Flat seam to hood.

Turn all st-st. borders in half to inside and slip-stitch in position on wrong side.

Edging: With c.c. 1 and No. 6 hook, join in yarn at lower side edge of jacket.

1st Row: Insert hook below hem, draw loop through, wool over hook, and form 1 double crochet, 1 chain, 1 d.c., ½in. from last d.c., ch. 1. Cont. in this way



along lower edge, keeping sts. evenly spaced, to corner. Work 1 d.c., 1 ch., 3 times in same place to turn corner.

Cont. working up front edge, round hood, down other front edge, working second corner as first, and join with sl-st. in first d.c. in row.

2nd Row: 1 ch., work 2 d.c. between first and second d.c. in 1st row inserting hook in space between knitting and first row. Cont. in this manner all round jacket. Join with sl-st. to commencing ch. 1. Fasten off.

Work edging round cuffs and pocket openings in same manner.

Buttons: With c.c. 2 and No. 9 hook, work 1 ch.

1st Round: Work 6 d.c. into 1 chain, and join with 1 sl-st.

2nd Round: * 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * all round (9 d.c.).

Join with sl-st. in commencing 1 ch.

3rd Round: * 1 ch., 1 d.c. in first d.c., (2 d.c. into next d.c.) twice.

Rep. from * all round (15 d.c.). Join with sl-st. as before.

4th Round: * 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c., rep. from * all round, working in backs of loops only.

Join round as before.

5th Round: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in first d.c., insert hook in next d.c., y.o.h. and draw through, insert hook in next d.c., y.o.h. and draw through (3 loops on hook), y.o.h. and draw through all loops (dec.), cont. dec. all round. Join as before. Before commencing next round, insert button mould into cover.

6th Round: As 5th round. Fasten off securely.

Using c.c. 1, embroider a row of chain st. along side edge of button.

Tie (Make 2): With c.c. 1, cut 2 lengths of yarn approx. 4yd. long and twist to form a cord. Make a tassel and attach to end of tie.

TO FINISH OFF

Insert slide-fastener. Sew on buttons and attach cords as illustrated. Gently press borders.

Next Row: K 1, p 14, k 1. Work 22 rows in patt. on these 16 sts. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Patt. 2, k 2 tog., patt. 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., patt. 3, k 2 tog., patt. 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., patt. 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Patt. 1, (k 2 tog., patt. 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., patt. 1) twice. patt. 1. Finish off as first finger.

Break wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

Second Finger: With right side facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of first finger, patt. 6, turn. K 1, p 15, cast on 3 sts., turn. Work 34 rows in patt. on these 19 sts. Dec. and finish off as given for first finger.

Third Finger: With right side facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of second finger, patt. 6, turn. K 1, p 14, cast on 3 sts., turn. Work 30 rows in patt. on these 18 sts. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Patt. 1, k 2, tog., patt. 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., patt. 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., patt. 3. Break wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

With right side facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of thumb. Patt. across rem. 23 sts. (thus working all sts. on to one needle).

Fourth Finger: With right side facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of third finger, patt. 6.

Beg. with a p. row, work 11 rows in patt.

First Finger—Next Row: Patt. 34, cast on 3 sts., turn.

Next Row: K 1, p 17, k 1, turn.

Work on these 19 sts. as given for first finger of right glove.

Second Finger: With right side facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of first finger, patt. 7, cast on 3 sts., turn.

Next Row: K 1, p 17, k 1, turn.

Work on these 19 sts. as for second finger of right glove.

Third Finger: With right side facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of second finger, patt. 6, cast on 3 sts., turn.

Next Row: K 1, p 16, k 1, turn.

Work on these 18 sts. as for third finger of right glove.

Fourth Finger: With right side facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of third finger, patt. 7.

Next Row: K 1, p 14, k 1. Work on these 16 sts. as given for fourth finger of right glove.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up thumb, finger, and side seams. Turn back lin. hem and slip-st. in position on wrong side.

PARADE OF HANDKNITS — Page 21

Gloves in black or white

Shown in color on page 22

Materials: 2 balls Patons Aalea Crochet and Knitting Wool; 1 pair No. 13 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 6-6½ hand.

Tension: 9½ sts. to 1in. in width.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; inc., increase; tog., together; patt., pattern; in(4), inch(es); t.b.l., through back of loop.

WOOLLY GLOVES

PATTERN

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

RIGHT GLOVE

Cast on 51 sts. Work 24in. in patt., ending with right side facing. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Patt. 27 sts., inc. once in next st., patt. 2 sts., inc. once in next st., patt. 23 sts.

9th Row: Patt.

11th Row: Patt. 27 sts., inc. once in next st., k 4, inc. once in next st., patt. 23 sts. Cont. in patt. in this manner, inc. at each side of thumb in every 4th row until there are 68 sts. on needle.

Work 3 rows straight.

Thumb: In next row patt. 45, turn, k 1, p 16, cast on 3 sts., turn. Work 3 rows in patt., inc. once in next st., patt. 23 sts. (length of thumb and fingers may be varied to suit individual requirements). Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** (Patt. 4, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, patt. 4.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Patt. 1, (k 2 tog., patt. 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., patt. 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., patt. 1) twice. patt. 1. Finish off as first finger.

With right side facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of thumb. Patt. across rem. 23 sts. (thus working all sts. on to one needle).

Work 11 rows in patt., beg. with a p. row.

First Finger: Patt. to last 18

The Australian Women's Weekly, March 24, 1965

SNEAK PREVIEW FOR THE SNOW:

- The Hooded Parka — in sizzling red, underlined in black, with a complement of green buttons.
- The Sharp White Sweater — complete with red embroidered eagle motif, the very new funnel collar, and gloves to match.

See these two designs paraded in the knitting wool departments at David Jones', Sydney, Adelaide; Foy and Gibson's, Perth; and at Finney Isles', Brisbane. Parade times are on page 2 of this booklet.



SHARP WHITE SWEATER

... with eagle motif

● The eagle motif is embroidered on after the sweater is knitted. The embroidery is worked with wool in satin-stitch following the life-size diagram below. See color picture opposite.

Materials: 15 (16, 17) balls Patons Azalea knitting and crochet yarn; 1 ball contrast color for motif; 1 pair each No. 8 and 10 knitting needles; set of No. 8 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22½ (23, 23½) in.; sleeve seam, 17 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 10 sts. to 1 in. in width measured over patt.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles and with yarn doubled, cast on 86 (92, 98) sts.

**1st Row: * K 2, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows for 5 in., ending on 2nd row **.

Using single yarn only and No. 10 needles, proceed as follows: 1st Row: K 1 (1, 3), * inc. once in next st., rep. from * to last 1 (1, 3) sts., k 1 (1, 3)—170 (182, 190) sts.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

3rd Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until work measures 17 in. from beg., ending with right side of work facing.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 10 (11, 12) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 130 (134, 138) sts. rem.

Cont. until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6½) in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Leave rem. 50 (54, 58) sts. on a st-holder.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5½ (5½, 6½) in.

To Shape Neck: Rib 43 (44, 44) sts., turn, k 2 tog., rib to end of row.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row 2 (3, 3) times more, at same time shaping shoulder by casting off 10 sts. 4 times. Slip centre 44 (46, 50) sts. on to a st-holder, join in yarn at neck edge, and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using yarn doubled and No. 8 needles, cast on 41 (50, 56) sts. and work as back from ** to **.

Using No. 10 needles and single yarn proceed as follows: 1st and 2nd sizes: Inc. once in each st. to end of row (82, 100 sts.).

3rd Size: K 3, * inc. once in next st., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3 (106 sts.).

Cont. in k 2, p 2 rib as given for back, inc. 1 st. each end of needle in 5th and every foll. 6 (8, 8)th row until there are 130 (136, 142) sts. on needle. Cont. until sleeve measures 19½ in.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each

end of needle in every alt. row until 40 sts. rem.

Work 5 in. in rib. Leave these sts. on st-holder.

NECKBAND

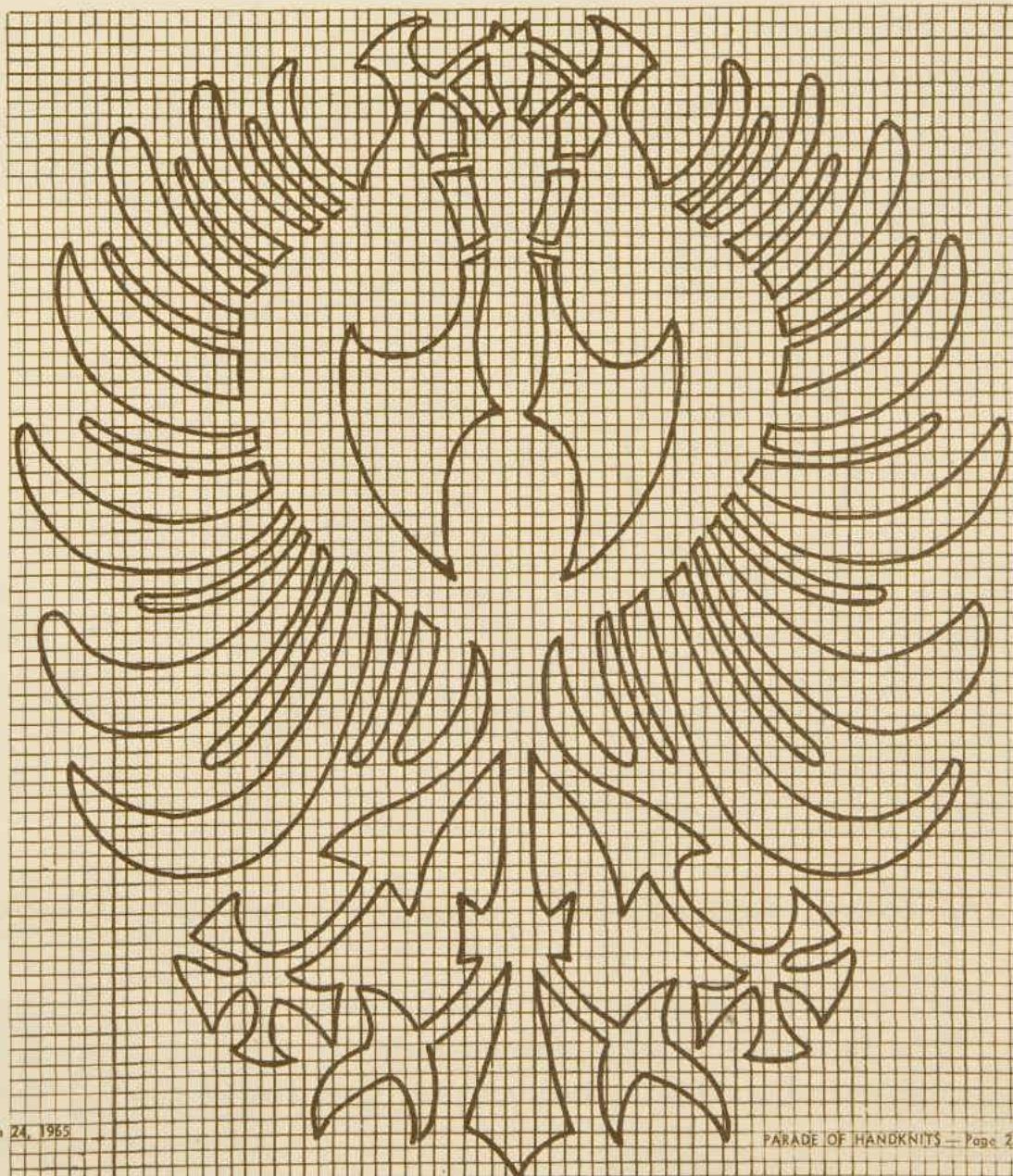
Back-stitch sleeve extensions to front and back. With right side of work facing and using yarn doubled and set of No. 8 needles, knit up 96 (102, 108) sts. evenly round neck edge. K 2 sts. tog. from st-holders. Work in k 2, p 1 rib for 5 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

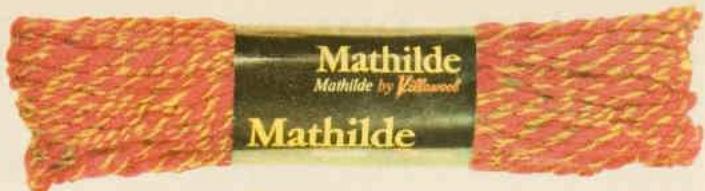
Press work lightly on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, join seams. Set in sleeves. Fold neckband in half and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Fold 2½ in. back round lower edges of garment and sleeves and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Press seams.

TO FINISH OFF

Using contrasting yarn, embroider motif as illustrated in chart.



There's a world of fashion in every Villawool design—and the world knows it. Villawool's annual collection attracts international attention, so this year we took a Pan American flight around the globe to present our 1965 designs. En route we photographed them for you in these glamorous overseas settings.



Villawool in Italy



Welcome a great look—and the wonderful warmth of Wool

The Scene | The National Stadium, Rome.

The Suit | A classical jumper suit.

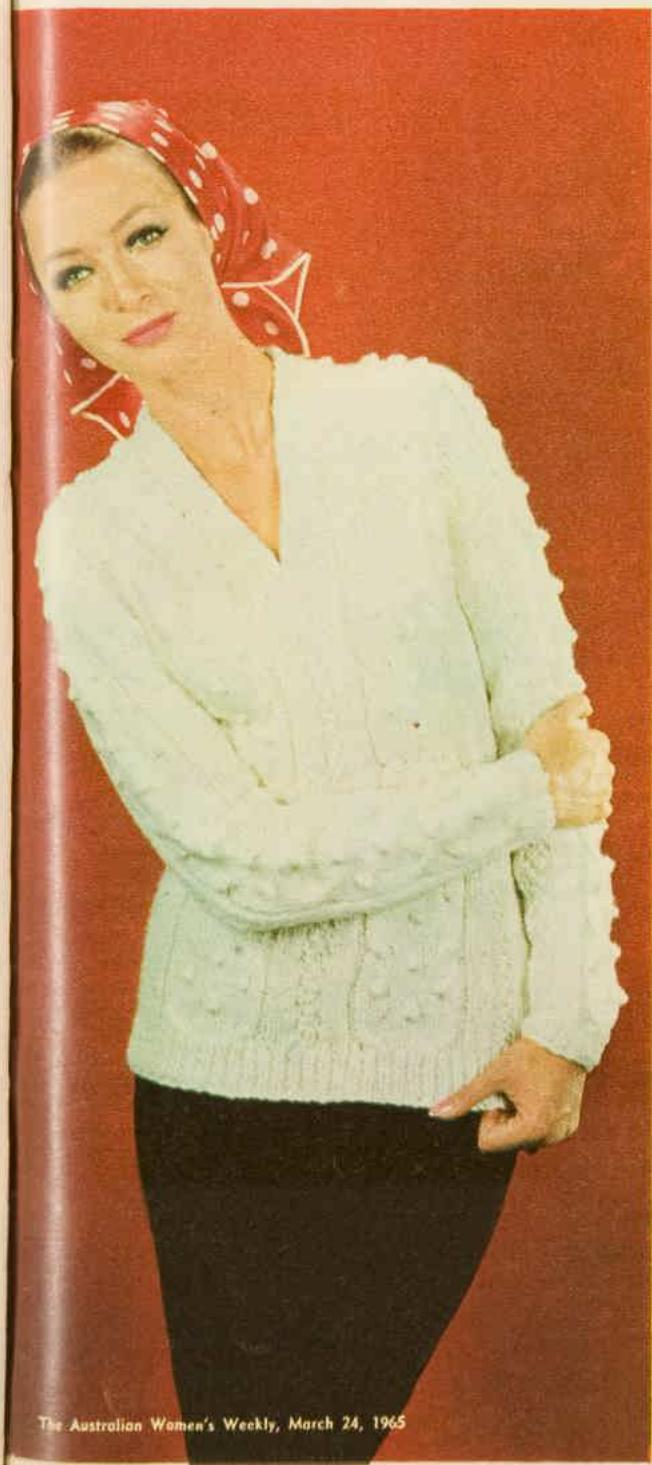
The Yarn | Mathilde, the exciting new tweed type.

VILLAWOOL
PAN AM

WHITE TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT:

- In a Tabard Sweater — it's in white, be-ribboned with blue velvet, fitting where it touches, with a little gentle undulation at basque and cuffs.
- For the Classic with a Difference — a warm-as-toast sweater to wear by itself or over a skivvy; note cable interest and bobble trim.
- With a Flair for the Basic — striped with citron it makes a well-loved, much-needed, lightweight jacket.

Parade times and other details are on page 2 of this booklet.



The Australian Women's Weekly, March 24, 1965



TABARD SWEATER with square set-in shoulders for top-of-the-moment fashion news. Directions, page 26. See it paraded at Farmer's, Sydney; Myer's, Adelaide and Hobart; and McWhirter's and Allan and Stark's, Brisbane.

A FLAIR for the basic (right) adds brass buttons and citron stripes to a lightweight hip-skimming cardigan. It will be paraded at Myer's, Melbourne; Adelaide; Farmer's, Sydney; McWhirter's and Allan and Stark's, Brisbane. Directions, page 28.

CLASSIC WITH A DIFFERENCE (left) for spectator sports — a quick-knit pullover. It will be featured in parades at David Jones', Sydney, Adelaide; Foy and Gibson's, Perth; and at Finney Isles', Brisbane. Directions, page 26.



PARADE OF HANDKNITS — Page 25



TABARD SWEATER

Show in color on page 25

Materials: 26 (27) balls Emu Magnum Crepe; 1 pair needles, size 5; 1 crochet-hook, size 6; 21yds. narrow velvet ribbon; 6in. slide-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust, actual measurement will be 3in. larger for comfortable fit; length from shoulder, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ (24 $\frac{1}{2}$) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17 $\frac{1}{2}$) in.

Tension: 5 sts. and 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; d.c., double crochet; rep., repeat; m 1, pick up and knit into back of loop that lies between the two stitches.

BACK

Using size 5 needles, cast on 95 (99) sts. and work in following patt.

1st Row: (wrong side): P 4 (6), * k 1, p 5, k 1, p 13, rep. from * to last 11 (13) sts., k 1, p 5, k 1, p 4 (6).

2nd Row: K 4 (6), * p 1, k 5, p 1, m 1 (see abbreviations), k 5, sl. 1, sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, sl. 1st sl-st. back on to left-hand needle, sl. st. from spare needle on to right-hand needle, k 2 tog., then p.s.s.o., k 5, m 1, rep. from * to last 11 (13) sts., p 1, k 5, p 1, k 4 (6).

These 2 rows complete the patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ (15 $\frac{1}{2}$) in. or 1in. shorter than required length. Shape armholes by casting off 5 (6) sts. at the beg. of next 2

rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 (4) rows. When armholes measure 3 (3 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., divide sts. for back opening as follows:

Next Row: Patt. 38 (38) sts., k 2 tog., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. in patt. on these 39 (39) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., shape shoulder and neck as follows:

Next Row: Cast off 12 (12) sts. at armhole edge, patt. to end.

Next Row: Cast off 15 (15) sts. loosely, patt. to end. Cast off rem. sts. Join yarn at centre back and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work same as for back, omitting back opening, until armholes measure 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ (5 $\frac{1}{2}$) in. Shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: Patt. 33 (33) sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 13 (13) sts., patt. 33 (33) sts.

Cont. in patt. on last 33 (33) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until dec. to 24 (24) rows. When armhole measures 8 (8 $\frac{1}{2}$) in., shape shoulder by casting off 12 (12) sts. at armhole edge on next and following alt. row. Join yarn at neck edge and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using size 5 needles, cast on 43 (45) sts. and work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: (wrong side): P 4 (5), k 1, p 13, k 1, p 5, k 1, p 13, k 1, p 4 (5).

2nd Row: K 4 (5), p 1, m 1,

k 5, sl. 1, sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, sl. 1st sl-st. back on to left-hand needle, sl. st. from spare needle on to right-hand needle, k 2 tog., then p.s.s.o., k 5, m 1, p 1, k 5, p 1, m 1, k 5, sl. 1, sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, sl. 1st sl-st. back on to left-hand needle, sl. st. from spare needle on to right-hand needle, k 2 tog., then p.s.s.o., k 5, m 1, p 1, k 4 (5).

Rep. these 2 rows. When work measures 2in., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 6th row until inc. to 69 (71) sts. (Keep the first 4 (2) inc. sts. in patt. and following increased sts. in sl-st.). When sleeve seam measures 16 (16 $\frac{1}{2}$) in. or 1in. shorter than required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until dec. to 59 (59) sts., then every row until dec. to 29 (29) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, work 4 rows of d.c. round neck, working last 2 rows very firmly, work 1 row of d.c. around back opening and sew in slide fastener. Work 4 rows of d.c. along lower edge of back, front, and sleeves, working 2 d.c. into every peak except on last row. Fasten off. Stitch sleeves into position. Thread ribbon through the purl st. as shown in photograph, fastening off at each end. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

CLASSIC WITH A DIFFERENCE

Show in color on page 25

Materials: 13 (14, 15, 15) 2oz. balls Sirdar Pullman Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 3 and 5 needles; 1 set No. 5 needles; 1 cable needle; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust, actual measurement 2in. larger for easy fit; length from shoulder, 25 (25 $\frac{1}{2}$, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$) in.; length of sleeve, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 2in. on No. 3 needles.

Abbreviations: Cable 4, right, slip 2 sts. on to cable needle and place at back of work, k 2, then k 2 from cable needle; cable 4 left, slip 2 sts. on to cable needle and place at front of work, k 2, then k 2 from cable needle.

BACK

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 68 (72, 76, 80) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Change to k 1, 3 needles.

1st Row: K 0 (2, 4, 6), * p 2, k 3, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 3, p 2, k 13 *, rep. from * to * once, p 2, k 3, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 3, p 2, k 0 (2, 4, 6).

2nd Row: P 0 (2, 4, 6), * k 2, p 3, (k 1, p 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 13 *, rep. from * to * once, k 2, p 3, (k 1, p 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 0 (2, 4, 6).

3rd Row: K 0 (2, 4, 6), * p 2, k 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, k 3, p 2, cable 4 right, k 5, cable 4 left *, rep. from * to * once, p 2, k 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, k 3, p 2, k 0 (2, 4, 6).

4th Row: P 0 (2, 4, 6), * k 2, p 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 13 *, rep. from * to * once, k 2, p 3, (k 1, p 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 0 (2, 4, 6).

5th Row: Same as 1st row.

6th Row: Same as 2nd row.

7th Row: K 0 (2, 4, 6), * p 2, k 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, k 3, p 2,

k 6, (p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1) into next st., k 6 *, rep. from * to * once, p 2, k 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, k 3, p 2, k 0 (2, 4, 6).

8th Row: P 0 (2, 4, 6), * k 2, p 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 6, p 5 tog., p 6 *, rep. from * to * once, k 2, p 3, (k 1, p 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 0 (2, 4, 6).

9th Row: Same as 1st row.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row.

11th Row: K 0 (2, 4, 6), * p 2, k 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, k 3, p 2, k 2, (p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1) into next st., k 7, (p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1) into next st., k 2 *, rep. from * to * once, p 2, k 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 0 (2, 4, 6).

12th Row: P 0 (2, 4, 6), * k 2, p 3, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 2 *, rep. from * to * once, p 2, k 3, (k 1, p 1) twice, p 3, k 2, p 0 (2, 4, 6).

13th Row: As 1st row.

14th Row: As 2nd row.

15th Row: As 7th row.

16th Row: As 8th row.

Rep. last 16 rows until work measures 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan (right side): Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Continue thus: **1st Row:** K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work in patt. to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: P 2, work in patt. to last 2 sts., p 2.

3rd Row: K 2, work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Rep. last 4 rows 2 (1, 0, 0) times, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows only until 22 sts. rem. Cast off in patt.

FRONT

Work as for back to armhole. To Shape Raglan (right side):

Continued on page 28





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notice
people
in

Emu
TWEEDLE

It's new . . . it's different . . . it's the ultra fashionable fabric look you'll want to knit this winter - a wonderful combination of Tweed and Boucle.

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Ask for Tweedle - available in 12 fabulous tweed colours - at your favourite store or wool shop and see the wide range of leaflet patterns available.

(Illustrated is Pattern Leaflet No. 0202)

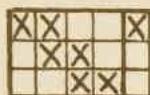


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FASCINATING FAIR ISLE

GRAPH No. 1



4 STS. REP.

A	<input type="checkbox"/> M.C.
	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> C.C.1
B	<input type="checkbox"/> C.C.1
	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> C.C.2
C	<input type="checkbox"/> C.C.2
	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> M.C.

Materials: 6 (7, 7, 8) balls main color (m.c.), 6 (7, 7, 7) balls 1st contrast color (c.c. 1), 3 (3, 3, 4) balls 2nd contrast color (c.c. 2). Villawool Slalom Sports and Ski yarn; 1 pr each Nos. 5 and 7 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length 25½ in. (all sizes); sleeves, 17 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 9 sts. to 2 in.

BACK

** Using c.c. 2 and No. 7 needles, cast on 81 (85, 89, 93, 97) sts. 1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Change to m.c. and rep. 1st and 2nd rows for 2½ in. altog. ending on the 2nd row **.

Change to No. 5 needles and stocking-stitch. Knit 1 row, then work the 3 rows of Graph No. 1A, rep. the 4 sts. to end of row, plus 1 st. for each size.

Proceed as follows:

Next Row: Work 17 (19, 21, 23, 25) sts. in m.c., work the centre 47 sts. from Graph No. 2A, work 17 (19, 21, 23, 25) sts. in m.c. Cont. as established, keeping the 17 (19, 21, 23, 25)

sts. each side in m.c. and working 42 rows of Graph No. 2A. Work the 3 rows of Graph No. 1A. Change to c.c. 1 and work 1 row, then work the 3 rows of Graph No. 1B, then proceed as before to work Graph No. 2B, then 3 rows Graph No. 1B. At the same time when work measures 17 in. end on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 3 (4, 4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 1, k 3 tog., knit to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog.tbl., p.s.s.o., k 1. 2nd Row: Purl. 3rd Row: Knit. 4th Row: Purl.

Rep. the last 4 rows, at the same time, when Graph No. 1B has been completed, change to c.c. 2 and work 1 row, then work the 3 rows of Graph No. 1C, then proceed as before to work Graph No. 2C over the centre 47 sts. At the same time, cont. shaping raglans until 27 (29, 29, 31, 33) sts. rem. Purl 1 row and cast off on the next row.

FRONT

Work as back until 39 (41, 41, 43, 45) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a knit row.

To Shape For Neck — Next Row: P 15, cast off the centre 9 (11, 11, 13, 15) sts., p 15.

Cont. on the last 15 sts. and shape raglan edge as before, at the same time cast off on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row 3 sts. once, 2 sts. once, 1 st. twice. When raglan edge measures exactly the same as back raglan, k 2 tog. and fasten off.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using c.c. 2 and No. 7 needles, cast on 39 (41, 45, 47, 49) sts. and work as back from ** to **. Change to No. 5 needles and stocking-stitch. Proceed as for back, working Graph No. 1, but only work the centre 19 sts. from Graph No. 2, at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd, then every 6th row thereafter until 63 (65, 69, 71, 73) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 17 in., ending on the same row as back before raglan shaping. Shape raglans as for back until 9 sts. (all sizes) rem. Purl 1 row and cast off on the next row.



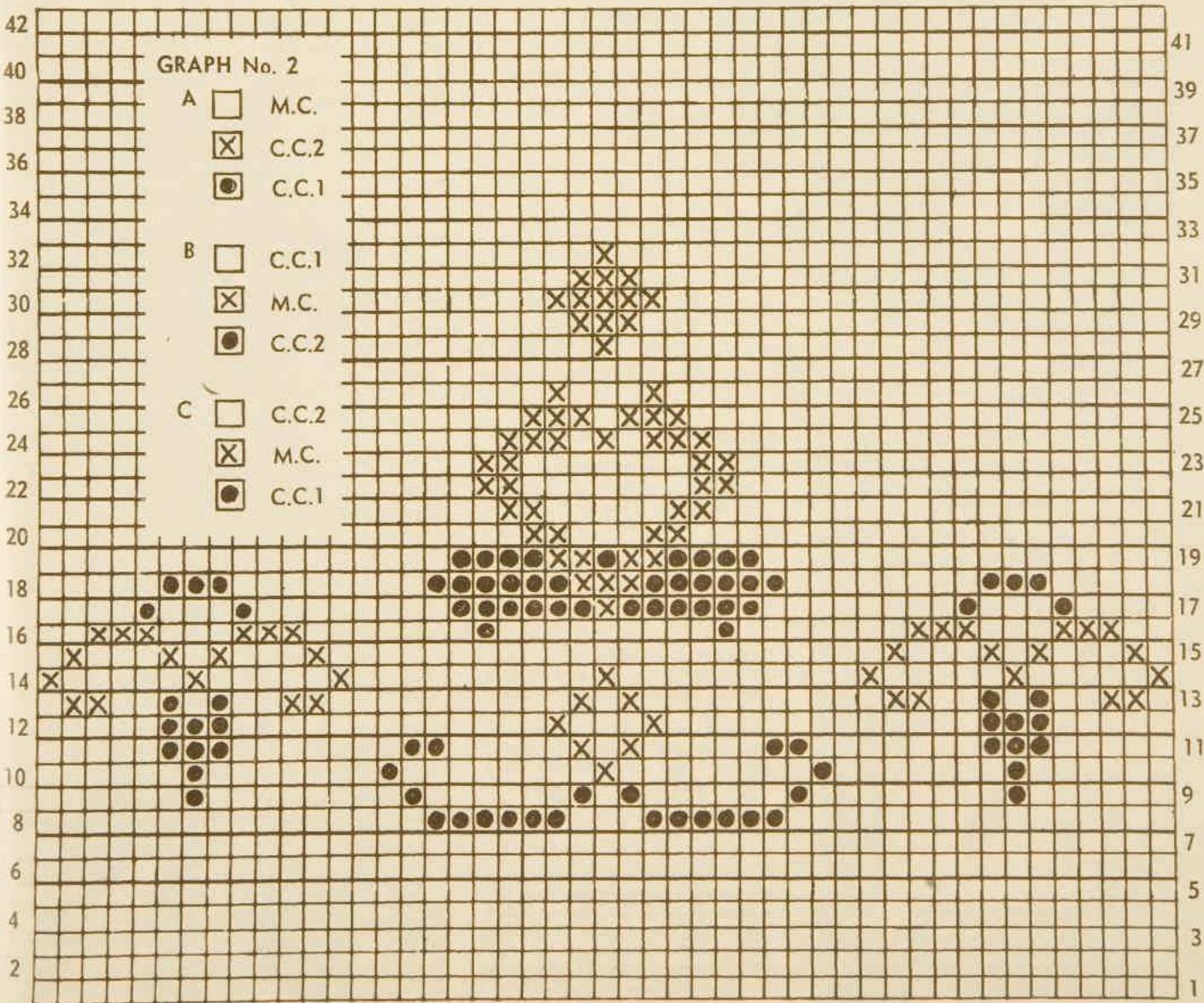
TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch sew up the two front and right back raglan seams. Press seams.

Neckband: With right side of work facing, using No. 7 needles and m.c., neatly pick up and knit 8 sts. on sleeve top, 41 (43, 43, 43, 47) sts. on front neck, 8 sts. on sleeve top, 27 (29, 29, 31, 33) sts. across back neck—84, (88, 88, 92, 96) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Change to c.c. 1 and knit 1 row. Change to c.c. 2 and purl 1 row, then work 2 rows in rib of k 1, p 1. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up raglan and neckband ends. Press seam. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.





FASCINATING Fair Isle sweater (above) comes in five different bust sizes from 32 to 40in. See it paraded at Myer's, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart; Farmer's, Sydney; and McWhirter's and Allan and Stark's, Brisbane. Knitting directions, page 29.

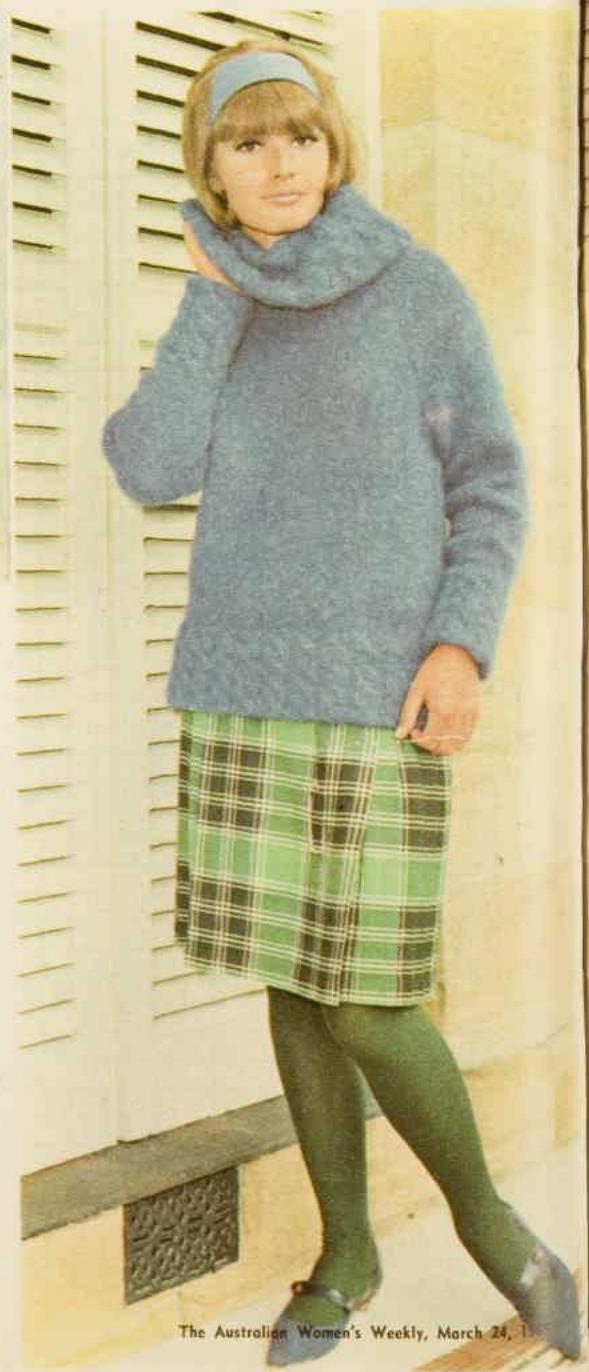
CABLED COMFORTER (right) is long in line; you'll wear it with pants as well as skirts. Directions, page 31. This sweater will be paraded at Myer's, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart; Farmer's, Sydney; and McWhirter's and Allan and Stark's, Brisbane.

DASHING DIAMONDS (left) on a shorter-line sweater with plain set-in sleeves will be paraded at David Jones', Sydney and Adelaide; Finney Isles', Brisbane; and Foy and Gibson's, in Perth. Knitting directions are on page 31.

GADABOUTS ARE WEARING:

- Fascinating Fair Isle—in a pulsating three-tone pullover for townly weekends or snowfield holidays.
- Cabled Comforters — like the blue mohair sweater worn below with an off-beat, checked green skirt, stopping short at the knees.
- Dashing Diamonds — a girl's best friend in winter or any other season, used here in warm brown and gold to decorate a polo sweater.

Parade times are listed on page 2 of this supplement.



CABLED COMFORTER IN DARK BLUE

Shown in color opposite page

Materials: 16 (18, 20, 22, 24, 26) balls Panda Fantasy Mohair; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 6 needles and a spare double-pointed needle.

Measurements: To fit 28 (30, 32, 34, 36, 38) in. bust.

Tension: 4½ sts. to 1 in.

PATTERN

Hems and neckband are in k 1, p 1 rib. Main part is in st-st. Welt, cuffs, and collar are in the cable pattern below.

1st Row: P 2, * k 6, p 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 2, * p 6, k 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: As 1st.

4th Row: As 2nd.

5th Row: P 2, * slip next 3 sts. on to spare needle and hold at front, k next 3 sts., k 3 from spare needle, p 2, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: As 2nd.

7th Row: As 1st.

8th Row: As 2nd. Rep. these 8 rows inclusive.

BACK

With size 8 needles, cast on 74 (82, 90, 98, 106, 114) sts. Work 20 (20, 20, 26, 26, 26) rows in rib. Change to cable patt. Work 24 (24, 24, 32, 32, 32) rows **.

Next Row: Knit, decreasing 2 (4, 6, 8, 10, 12) sts. evenly spaced across row — 72 (78, 84, 90, 96, 102) sts. Change to size 6 needles and st-st. Beg. with a purl row, work until back measures 12 (13½, 15, 15, 15½) in. from beg. of cable patt., or desired length to armholes, ending with a purl row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes:

Cast off 3 (4, 5, 6, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. thus:

1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2. Work 3 rows without shaping. Rep. last 4 rows until 30 (32, 34, 36, 38, 40) sts. rem.

2nd Row: Purl. Rep. last two rows until 22 (24, 26, 28, 30, 32) sts. rem. Leave sts. on holder.

FRONT

Follow instructions for back until 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 42) sts. rem., ending with a purl row.

To Shape Neck — 1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 2 turn. Finish this side first.

2nd Row: P 2 tog., purl to end.

3rd Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Rep. last 2 rows once more.

6th Row: P 2 tog., p 4.

7th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 1.

8th Row: P 2 tog., p 2.

9th Row: K 1, k 2 tog.

10th Row: P 2 tog. Fasten off.

Slip centre 6 (8, 10, 12, 14, 16) sts. on to holder. Join wool to neck edge of rem. sts. and knit to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2. Now finish as for other side, reversing rows and shaping.

SLEEVES

With size 8 needles, cast on 42 (42, 50, 50, 50, 50) sts. Work as for back to **. Change to size 6 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 10th (10th, 14th, 12th, 8th, 8th) row until there are 50 (54, 58, 62, 66, 70) sts. Work until sleeve measures 16 (17, 17½, 17½, 17½, 18) in. from beg. of cable patt. or desired seam length, ending with a purl row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 3 (4, 5, 6, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. thus:

FRONT

Cast on 78 (82, 86) sts. on No. 8 needles.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until work measures 3in., finishing with 2nd row; inc. 1 st. on last row — 79 (83, 87) sts.

Using No. 5 needles and following chart, work in st-st., starting with a knit row until work measures 13½ (14½, 15) in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5

sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of needle in next and every 6th row until 59 (61, 63) sts. rem.

Work without shaping until work measures 4½ in. (all sizes)

from 1st dec.

To Shape Neck: Still following chart, work across 19 (20, 21) sts. Slip 21 sts. on holder for neck and cont. to end of row.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 16 (17, 18) sts. each side rem. Work without shaping until armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½) in. from 1st dec.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 5

sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 6 (7, 8) sts.

1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2. Work 3 rows without shaping. Rep. last 4 rows until 30 (32, 34, 36, 38, 40) sts. rem.

2nd Row: Purl. Rep. last two rows until 22 (24, 26, 28, 30, 32) sts. rem. Leave sts. on holder.

NECKBAND

Sew raglan seams of fronts, sleeves, and right back, leaving left side unsewn. With right side facing and size 8 needles, knit up st. round neck as follows: 12 from left sleeve top, 12 down left front, 6 (8, 10, 12, 14, 16) from holder, 12 up right side, 12 from right sleeve, and 22 (24, 26, 28, 30, 32) from back — 76 (80, 84, 89, 92, 96) sts.

Work 9 rows in rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

COLLAR

With size 8 needles, cast on 106 (114, 122, 122, 130, 130) sts. Work in cable patt. Work 8 rows. Change to size 6 needles.

Work 8 rows. Inc. 1 st. every p rib in next row. Work 7 rows. Inc. 1 st. in every p 3 rib in next row.

Work to end of 4th (5th, 5th, 6th, 6th, 6th) cable twist. Work 3 rows. Change to k 1, p 1 rib. Work 12 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew rem. raglan seam. Sew side and sleeve seams. Turn ribbed parts under and slip-stitch. Join collar at sides, fold ribbed part under and slip-stitch. Placing seam at centre back, sew cast-on edge to neck, easing collar evenly all round. Press.

TIPS FOR KNITTERS

- Check tension carefully before you begin a garment. If the pattern says 7 sts. to 1 in. and you are knitting more than this it can make a big difference to the overall size when you finish. Try a size finer needle if you are knitting too loosely, a size coarser if your tension is too tight.

- Be sure to buy enough yarn at one time to complete the garment. Pigments can vary very slightly from one dye lot to another, and if you don't buy all your wool in one batch it is impossible to guarantee that the color will be exactly the same each time.

Don't put knitting aside in the middle of a row. The extra minute or two needed to complete row will help to ensure a smooth, even finish.

- If, for any reason, you have to leave off knitting for a few weeks, unpick the last row worked and re-knit it, otherwise the wool may stretch and leave a ridged mark across your work.

- Fold knitteds carefully before you put them away and store in individual plastic bags. If you roll them in a ball and shove them in a drawer, they will need constant ironing and may lose their shape.

DASHING DIAMONDS

Shown in color opposite

Materials: 18 (20, 22) balls main color (m.c.), 2 (2, 3) balls 1st contrast color (c.c. 1), 2 (2, 3) balls 2nd contrast color (c.c. 2). Panda Drip-Dri 12-ply; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 8 knitting needles; 1 set of 4 No. 8 knitting needles.

Measurement: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust.

Tension: 4½ sts. to 1 in.

FRONT

Cast on 78 (82, 86) sts. on No. 8 needles.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until work measures 3in., finishing with 2nd row; inc. 1 st. on last row — 79 (83, 87) sts.

Using No. 5 needles and following chart, work in st-st., starting with a knit row until work measures 13½ (14½, 15) in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5

sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of needle in next and every 6th row until 59 (61, 63) sts. rem.

Work without shaping until work measures 4½ in. (all sizes)

from 1st dec.

To Shape Neck: Still following chart, work across 19 (20, 21) sts. Slip 21 sts. on holder for neck and cont. to end of row.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 16 (17, 18) sts. each side rem. Work without

shaping until armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½) in. from 1st dec.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 5

sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 6 (7, 8) sts.

SLEEVES

Cast on 38 sts. on No. 8 needles.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. these 2 rows until work

measures 2½ in., ending with 2nd row.

Change to No. 5 needles.

Cont. in st-st. Inc. 1 st. at

each end of needle in first row

and every following 6th row until

there are 58 (60, 62) sts. on

needle. Cont. without shaping

until sleeve measures 17 (17½,

17½) in., ending with a p row.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off

5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then

dec. 1 st. at each end of needle

in next and every alt. row until

18 sts. rem. Cast off 3 sts. at

beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem.

sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 6 (7, 8) sts.

BACK

Cast on 78 (82, 86) sts. cont. as front in main color only until armhole shaping has been completed. Cont. armhole without shaping until it measures 7½ (7½, 7½) in. from 1st dec.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off

5 st. at beg. of next 4 rows, then

6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Place rem. sts. on holder.

SLEEVES

Cast on 38 sts. on No. 8 needles.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. these 2 rows until work

measures 2½ in., ending with 2nd row.

Change to No. 5 needles.

Cont. in st-st. Inc. 1 st. at

each end of needle in first row

and every following 6th row until

there are 58 (60, 62) sts. on

needle. Cont. without shaping

until sleeve measures 17 (17½,

17½) in., ending with a p row.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off

5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then

dec. 1 st. at each end of needle

in next and every alt. row until

18 sts. rem. Cast off 3 sts. at

beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem.

sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 6 (7, 8) sts.



Work in k 2, p 2 rib for 5in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Using a flat seam for ribbing and back-st. seam for other seams, sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seams to side seams. Press all seams lightly.



Knit the new cuddle-soft ALPAGUA by Panda



Genuine **ALPACA** wool — now available in 17 excitingly different, exclusive colours

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Illustrated above from Panda Pattern Book No. 639. (Left) Design No. 639/2 in Alpaga "Gold" from as little as 7 balls for 71/4 (also available with crew neck). (Right) Design No. 639/3 in Alpaga "Llama" from as little as 8 balls for 80/3. Both styles available in matching "his and hers."

